Doctor Who Infinite Loops

By: Bardic Knowledge

Yggdrasil, the computer that runs the Multiverse, has broken. This has caused chaos and destabilized the very underpinnings of reality. To help keep things stable, the Administrators started activating various realities to start looping through time. One, because of its massive use of time travel was thought unable to activate. They were wrong about that. The Doctor is in.

Status: ongoing

Published: 2014-08-03

Updated: 2015-08-15

Words: 75129

Chapters: 12

Rated: Fiction T - Language: English - Genre: Humor - Reviews: 79 - Favs: 335 - Follows: 327

Original source: https://www.fanfiction.net/s/10590667/1

Exported with the assistance of FicHub.net

Doctor Who Infinite Loops

Introduction
Chapter 1
Chapter 2
Chapter 3
Chapter 4
Chapter 5
Chapter 6
Chapter 7
Chapter 8
Chapter War
Chapter 10
Chapter 11
Chapter Ten

Chapter 1

Doctor Who Infinite Loops

Rules of the Loops:

One person in a Loop, often the main character, is an Anchor. They are the person who first starts to Loop through time.

There is always at least one Anchor present in a given Time Loop snippet, though it may not be the local one.

The standard pattern for a loop is that the Anchor (and whoever else is Looping there) come to awareness in a loop at a particular point in the story. From there, events will play out as influenced by the Loopers present, acting with the benefit of their foreknowledge, until either a predetermined end point is reached or all the Loopers have copped it.

To be Awake is to be aware of the time loops (that is, to have gone back in time *this* time.)

The Anchor is the only character guaranteed to be Awake. Even after others have started looping, it is mostly random as to whether they will be Awake this particular loop.

Crossovers, fusions, and alternate pasts can also take place. It is perfectly possible, for example, to have the characters Awaken into a loop which conforms to a fanfic universe rather than reality.

Loops do not have to be in chronological order, but it is strongly preferred that they not require a mutually contradictory order (where A must be before B *and* B must be before A.)

Just about every Looper is very, very stir crazy.

The Doctor checked over one of the bits of "junk" in Totter's Lane. Yes, this would be a decent place to stash the Hand, he thought. He had to hurry, though, as Susan would be back from that "school" fancy of hers in a few minutes.

"Message for you, sir!" chirped a voice to his left, causing him to jump for a moment. Looking in that direction, all there was was a single envelope, with the words "To the Doctor, from Zurvan" on it. Mildly suspicious, he poked at it with his cane, then opened it up. He'd never heard of another Time Lord called "Zurvan" before, but that didn't mean it wasn't from someone he just hadn't met yet.

Dear

The Doctor stopped reading for a moment. That was his name. Not "Doctor," but his *name* . With renewed trepidation, he continued on.

As stated on the front of the envelope, I am Zurvan, Administrator of Yggdrasil and in charge of your Branch of the multiverse. There have been a great deal of issues in trying to get your universe online again after The Event, even in the stabilization form of a universe-wide Time Loop that we have managed to administer to other universes. This is in part due to the incredible potential for errors via the time travel you and your race are capable of. What this letter is for is part of an experiment I have gotten one of our top technicians to sign off on: you will have a single Loop through a modified Nesting Doll Protocol as a test that the Jormungandr upgrade to our Ouroboros Patch will prevent catastrophic failure if you accidentally break something in your timeline.

Part of the reason you have been sent this letter now, and not simply thrown into the experiment is that I trust you can follow the guidelines I lay out for you to minimize damage, while simultaneously taking a better reading of your normal travels. As such, I request that you keep this letter on you at all times, even after you regenerate, so I can use its sensors (yes, there are sensors, but they're placed in a dimension you can't see very well) to keep track of various phenomena. At the start of your first Loop, another version

of this letter will be sent to remind you of the guidelines, as you will not be able to carry this one back with you.

The guidelines are as follows:

The Doctor briefly scanned the rest of the letter, noting that the "guidelines" were all easy to follow, being such things as "complete stable time loops (for example, don't have a future self save you from something, then not go back and save yourself)" and "try not to use the Key to Time to fix things, it'll just break everything worse." He then noticed the post-script:

P.S.: Do try to act normally this time around, would you? We wouldn't want to contaminate the experiment by having you do something you wouldn't normally do, now would we?

"Certainly not," scoffed the Doctor. Grades to the contrary, he was a scientist.

Many hundreds of years later...

The Doctor lay dying. His vision just starting to fade. By his side he could see his companion, laying a hand upon his shoulder.

"Doctor!" the voice said. Ah, his companions. Such wonderful people, all of them. "Please, Doctor! Regenerate!"

"No... Not this time," he wheezed. "I've put this off long enough. It has been wonderful, travelling with all of you, but now it's time I go back." He nodded, with some amusement in his voice. "Yes. I will go back. It will be nice seeing Susan again."

"What do you mean, Doctor?"

He shakily reached into his pocket, fishing out both his latest Sonic and the letter. It was surprisingly still crisp and white, despite having carried it for so long. "I received this... Oh, so long ago. Back when I

was a young man, playing at being old." The coughs racked his body. "And now I return to then. As part of a grand experiment. If it doesn't work, however, I want you to use the Sonic to have the TARDIS take you home. Oh, my dear, sweet TARDIS. My most faithful companion. She's been... with me.. for so... long..."

The Doctor shuddered, almost dropping the bit of "junk" in his hand. Glancing at his hand confirmed the presence of his old class ring, the one he had lost so long ago.

"Message for you, sir!" chirped the voice, just as he was expecting.

Time for a new, old adventure.

It would be so wonderful to see everyone again.

Jean-Luc Picard leaned back into his chair. Just another day on the Enterprise-D. It did get a little monotonous at times, but it was home. And then, of course, there were the Loops where he could start making changes, usually because of a Variant, or a minor Fused Loop.

"Captain," Unawake Data shook him out of his reverie.

"Yes, Mister Data?"

"We are picking up an unusual object on the scanners. It appears to be a rectangular prism, only approximately four times larger than the Nomad device encountered by Captain Kirk, with a small cylinder on top."

"On screen." The sight of a blue box bearing the words "Police Public Call Box" was something of an annoyance. Having a Loop suddenly turn out to be Read-Only barely gave the Looping Staff a chance to make sure they hadn't pocketed anything unusual. He'd have to get word to Beverly, Miles, and Geordi somehow.

Regardless. "Open hailing frequencies." A chirp signalled his compliance.

"This is Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the U.S.S. Enterprise to the mysterious blue box. Please respond." After a moment without an answer, Picard was set to repeat himself as was standard procedure, when one of the doors opened and a hand pulled a phone out of the sign on the other door and back inside.

"Hello, the TARDIS," said a voice. Then came a slightly muffled, "Did you really have to put the phone back on the outside? I was getting used to it being back in the console!"

"This is Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the-"

"Enterprise!" interrupted the same voice. "Excellent! Hello, Captain! I'm afraid I've been knocked for a Loop and am looking for an Anchor!" Again, muffled, "That was the right phrase, wasn't it?"

Picard had long ago mastered his composure, but if there was any moment he dearly wished to faint, it was now.

1.3 (OathToOblivion)

Harriet Jones, former Prime Minister of Britain, was a lot of things. One thing she wasn't, however, was someone holding a grudge against the Doctor for deposing her from her elected office. She did, however, expect that he didn't want anything to do with her, so imagine her shock when the familiar *VWORP* of the TARDIS was heard outside her door. She froze in the silence until there was a knock on the door. "Coming!" she called, rushing over to it. She opened the door, revealing the Doctor as she last saw him, with the hair that stood up and a brown, pinstriped suit with overcoat.

"Harriet Jones. May I come in?" he asked almost hesitatingly. A bit unusual for the Doctor, but British manners and all.

"Doctor...yes, of course," she replied, leaving the threshold and letting him walk in.

"I won't be long, Harriet; I just needed to tell you something," the Doctor said, stopping in an effort to choose his words very carefully. He then ventured out. "I...I don't really know where to start," he sighed.

"The beginning is always a good place," Harriet pointed out.

"Heh. Doesn't really matter much to a Time Lord. I met my wife in the opposite direction of time than she met me. Caused me all sorts of headaches when I met her for the first time on my end," he reminisced. He shook his head. "Anyway, that's not the point. The point is I'm...I'm..." he stumbled trying to finish the sentence.

"You're what?" Harriet wondered.

"I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry, Harriet. I never should have done what I did by deposing you," the Time Lord in the room said in sorrow.

"What? But Doctor-" the former Prime Minister attempted to argue back.

"Let me finish, please!" he pleaded. At her silence, he continued. "I still don't approve of your genocide of the Sycorax. But you had a point; humanity does deserve to have the right to protect itself when I'm not around. I'm not so arrogant to think that I'll always be around; not anymore," he explained.

"But if you think that, then why did you do it in the first place?" Harriet couldn't help but ask.

"My people, we have this trick where we can cheat death up to 12 times. In between the first and second times we saw each other, I was forced to use that trick, which is why I look so different. But you know that already." With that summary of regeneration out of the way, he continued on. "But after it happens, while I'm physically fine

after a bit, mentally there's a bit of trauma. Everything about me is changed, from my taste buds, to my hair color, to the way my neurons fire. Because I'm not used yet to how the neurons fire differently, I don't always act the way I should. In short, I wasn't really thinking clearly when I did that. Now that I am, I came to apologize. Harriet, if there's anything I can do to make it up to you-" he began to offer.

However, Harriet cut him off. "Doctor, you may think what you did was wrong, but it's the same for me. You're right, I shouldn't have committed genocide the way I did. But I don't regret anything I did that day. You shouldn't either," she said, piercing through him with his gaze.

At this, the Doctor cracked a grin. "'No regret', eh? You humans always continue to surprise me. Regret...I suppose she was right. Even after all this time, like this I'm still 'the Man Who Regrets'," he murmured.

"What?" Harriet asked in confusion.

"Oh, nothing. Just something someone once told me a long long time ago," the Doctor waved the question away. "So! Guess I better get going. Places to see, people to meet! ...See you around, Harriet Jones, former Prime Minister of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland," the Doctor quietly said, turning to leave.

"I know who I am," Harriet wryly said. "Godspeed, Doctor," she saluted him.

"...And the same to you," he murmured, before leaving and shutting the door behind him. The hum of his Sonic Screwdriver was heard as he locked the door behind him.

1.4 (TrueZero2)

"I don't believe it," Skuld said, looking at Zurvan's screen. "I… you… HOW?!"

"I've got to admit," Themis said, "I thought I had a challenge with the Cooper Gang and their lot, since I've got to deal with a band of thieves for an Anchor and the related Loopers. I thought Hephaestus had pulled of the impossible task with getting the Megaverse stable for Looping, after the hell that went on getting that one going. Then there's *this* . You've probably just won Administrator of the Millennium right there."

"While Skuld's brain reboots itself," Sleipnir added, "Would you mind explaining just what needed to be done to enable this?"

The assortment of Admins that were present nodded in agreement. It was normally a small victory when certain difficult Loops were made Loop-capable. This one though was a whole other story altogether.

On Zurvan's screen was a few lines that conveyed the situation.

Branch: Doctor Who

Anchor: The Doctor (All Incarnations)

Stability: 97%

LOOPING ENABLED

"It wasn't easy, I'll say that much. Any entities that would be classed as Loop-Aware needed to lose some of that awareness. For that, there were a few modifications that needed to be made to the Ouroboros Patch, which I managed to get going with some assistance from Jormungandr. Those mods made it stricter on the system, but to make an analogy, the differences would be like having Diet Cola and Regular Cola. Take the other Time Lords as an actual example here. As a race, they were aware of the Loops, they were able to rather easily deduce that a Time Loop existed. Now, the likely result is that they'll believe that time is distorted to some degree, but

that it's something benign, no need to fix it because it'll fix itself eventually. That's what I was aiming for at least," Zurvan began to explain, as he pointed out the various changes to the data that formed the patch in question.

"Then there was the problem with the different versions of the Doctor. I know we'd been bouncing around ideas like 'The Doctor as a Travelling Looper' or the JoJo solution. The main problem with the former was that it left the rest of the branch in the lurch. The latter had the problem of splitting a single individual into around a dozen Anchors. The code just didn't like that one; it dropped concept like a bad habit." This part was accompanied by images depicting the two ideas.

"The idea that I had was awkward, but ultimately simplistic. I've opted to have the Doctor Loop through his own personal timeline, and to leave the start point on a randomiser," Zurvan explained, turning to face everyone.

"A randomiser? What's the point there?" Skuld asked, having regained her composure.

"Well, it'll put him at a random point in his personal timeline. Using the names that the Hub does for each version of him, he'll be able to Loop from his birth prior to the William Hartnell era, all the way through to the end of the Matt Smith era. On the whole though, it'll treat the entire timeline as a single entity and it allowed us to lock-on to him more effectively. If he was to Awaken in his fourth incarnation, every one that comes after would be Awake too. For him, a Loop will last for one Regeneration Cycle, so should he Loop in as any of his first pre-Trenzalore incarnations, then he'll finish at Trenzalore. If he Loops in as one of his second Cycle incarnations, then they'll be ones he has for the Loop. At the moment though, only the first one, the one played by Peter Capaldi in the Hub, is eligible for Awakening. It'll adjust itself should new ones appear in the Hub World."

"His Regeneration presented another problem as it's a racial ability. I dealt with that by locking it to his Gallifreyan data and not him specifically. If he's in a Fused Loop, and he's not from Gallifrey or any variation of, he won't be able to regenerate. Likewise, I've locked the Time Lord species data to prevent Loopers from ending up as one themselves, for the time being at least. I left that part able to be adjusted as we need to. Moving on, it's time for the big one. How to deal with his tech."

At the mere mention of the technology for this Loop, most of the present Admins looked at each other nervously.

"For this, the problem was if he put the stuff into a Subspace Pocket and carried it from one Loop to another," Zurvan said, the screen showing the appropriate images. "Because of that, I've left a number of items as Read-Only, so we won't need to worry too much. Those are mainly the things that enable time-travel."

That alone relieved some of the spectators.

"For the things that aren't Read-Only though, such as Sonic Screwdrivers, I've imposed a limiter on them. They'll simply not work at full capacity or at full reliability whenever they're used outside of the Doctor's home Loop. It'll turn Loopers away from using any of them as the go-to items, and thus, reduce their usage overall. Less usage, less chance of something destabilising the system, and there you have them: the measures that were put in place to allow the Doctor to Loop," he finished.

"Impressive, I've got to say, Zurvan. Well done," Sleipnir replied.

"So, how're we going to break the news to the Loopers?" Themis asked.

"Now that, I really don't know," Zurvan replied. "I say let them find out on their own. We should probably let the Doctor know about that whole regeneration clause though. Professional courtesy and all."

"Alright, where am I now?"

The Doctor had woken up to a new world entirely, in his younger days as his Time War incarnation. From what he could tell, it was a Fused Loop, given the heads up display showing up in his field of vision. Looking at his Loop memories, he was currently in a virtual world, connected to a game called Elder Tale.

"So, you must be the Doctor," a voice from behind him said. He turned to see a man dressed in white robes, with a staff in one hand, and a book in the other. "I'm the local Anchor. My username is Shiroe. According to my Loop memories, I was helping you to level up before the new expansion sucked us in here. Come with me, we'll get to know each other properly while we make some arrangements for you during your stay in our branch of Yggdrasil."

A little dubious, the Doctor agreed nonetheless. It was a little later that he found a note from the Admins in his inventory that explained what he needed to know about the terms on his Loop.

1.5 (crossoverpairinglover, edited by OathToOblivion)

The Doctor, currently as the incarnation directly following the Time War (the 9th Doctor), found himself surrounded by a small army of Daleks in the New York Subway Systems (which he had entered because he had heard an interesting rumor about adolescent turtles who lived down here and ate pizza a lot) in an abandoned subway station.

But not just any old group of Daleks was surrounding him this odd Fused Loop.

No, these Daleks had large, metal arms on them that looked good for crushing things.

"Well, this is an...interesting variant," the Doctor muttered to himself as he drew from his Subspace Pocket a lightsaber. He then ignited

its blue blade. "So Daleks, any interesting one liners you may or may not wish to shriek out before I exterminate you?" he asked in bravado, pointing the lightsaber at the Daleks.

"...HUG."

The Doctor just stared at the Dalek that spoke in confusion "Wha-?"

"HUG."

The Daleks charged.

A few Loops later, the Doctor found himself surrounded by Daleks again, this time with large feathers sticking out of their fronts like odd, reverse flamenco dancers. They were in a great valley surrounded by crystal near a town called 'Radiant Garden' or something of the matter.

Drawing his wand from his subspace pocket, he pointed the magical conduit at the nearest Dalek. The end started to glow. "So, Daleks, any interesting one liners before I see what my Patronus actually looks like?"

"...TICKLE."

The Doctor's wand stopped glowing as he stared at the Dalek who just said that. "Wha-?"

"TICKLE."

The Daleks charged...again

Several dozen loops later, the Doctor, having enjoyed his time in his latest fused loop (Though this 'Providence' group that kept running around catching the E.V.O's was kind of annoying), had went out

grocery shopping after hearing about the health benefits of Avocados.

Instead, he found himself surrounded by Daleks while his grocery basket was still empty.

But these Daleks, unlike the regular ones, had giant needles attached to them, like a bunch of blood collecting nurses.

The Doctor sighed. "What do you want this time?"

"...BLOOD."

He cocked an eyebrow at this one.

"THE DA-LEKS MUST FEED ON THE BLOOD OF IN-FE-RI-OR BE-INGS! GIVE US YOUR BLOOD!" The Daleks charged, before realizing that they had missed the Doctor and just punctured themselves with their needles.

Having Apparated out of the way, the Doctor retrieved his basket and went back on his Avocado hunt. "Honestly, I think I prefer you this way," he muttered.

1.6

The Doctor fingered the gold star in his pocket, given to him by Adric. The first time this happened, he'd killed the Cyberleader, but it damaged the console and he'd failed to save Adric. In his first actual Loop, he'd practically forgotten about that and failed again. It had nagged at him a few times as he started Looping into his later incarnations, mainly his tenth and eleventh, annoyingly enough. But this time, he'd Awoken in Castrovalva and that gave him plenty of time to prepare. He let go of the star and grabbed something else in the deep pockets of his coat.

"You've failed, Leader," he said, just as he had before.

The Cyberleader turned its gun on him. "But you will not enjoy the victory. I shall now kill you, Doctor."

Tegan, bless her brave heart, jumped up behind the Cyberleader, grabbing it and distracting it enough to make it turn around.

"Time to go off-script, I think," the Doctor said, raising the glitter gun he had returned to Voga to borrow. This particular version did far more than cause a Cyberman to suffocate. The Cyberleader turned back just in time to get a jet of molten gold straight to the chest, which gummed up the works enough that it's gun never fired even as it gasped in pain and anguish. He then quickly ran over to the console, tossing the glitter gun to Tegan.

"Please hurry, Doctor. We must get Adric off the freighter," begged Nyssa.

"I'm working on it, Nyssa!"

"We must save Adric! There's so little time"

Distracted by putting the coordinates in, the Doctor again failed to notice a Cyberman enter the room. But Nyssa did see it. "Look out!"

"I won't let him die again!" the Doctor almost growled. He'd had many companions over the centuries, but Adric was the first one he'd truly *lost* . Even those that had accidentally been left behind were still there to be visited. He wouldn't let that happen again.

Nyssa, recognizing the Doctor's focus, though she was confused by his statement, snatched the Cyberleader's gun and opened fire. Tegan, remembering her own armed status, attempted to fire the glitter gun.

However, it had only had enough in it for the shot that took out the Cyberleader.

With a clunk, the TARDIS landed, and the Doctor threw open the doors.

"ADRIC!" He shouted. "PLEASE HURRY!"

The genius of E-Space was startled out of his musings by the Doctor's shout, and seemed torn between answering the question and complying. He was so certain he had the answer. Fortunately for the Doctor, the choice was taken out of both their hands by a lone surviving Cyberman, who fired at the controls for the freighter, destroying it.

Adric raced on board and the Doctor began dematerialization.

As they left for the next adventure, Adric looked out of the viewer and said, "Now I'll never know if I was right."

The Doctor could only laugh and hug him.

1.7

Variations to the Loop were only slightly more common on the other side of the mirror than in Equestria proper, since most other Loops were populated by humans, so whenever Sunset Looped into "home," she was generally prepared to meet visitors to Canterlot High, especially those who were resistant to attending high school a second time. Teachers were a different matter, since most Loopers had little idea on *how* to teach. She sat down in her sciences class, already familiar with the subject for the most part.

So the new arrival was only sort of expected.

After everyone was seated, the teacher entered. He was tall, with gray hair and a frilly, almost Victorian-looking, outfit. His skin was peach in tone, which while somewhat normal for a regular human, it tended to stand out amongst the technicolour population of Canterlot High.

"Good afternoon, class," he announced. "I'm your new teacher. My name is Doctor... John- no, that doesn't fit this world does it... Time Turner, yes, that's right. I'd prefer, however, if you just refer to me as Doctor.'" He started writing on the board. "Now, to establish a bit of a baseline, who here is familiar with the concept of a 'Time Loop?' Anyone at all?"

Sunset was the only one to raise her hand.

"Excellent. Miss...?"

"Shimmer, Doctor. Sunset Shimmer."

"Miss Shimmer. I have a special assignment for you, then. Please see me after class. Now then, we'll see how much knowledge we can stuff into your heads by the end of the period, shall we?"

Sunset was certain she heard him mutter, "Hopefully you'll retain more than the Brigadier ever did."

Time Turner spoke with an unusual accent, which now Sunset realized was similar to British from some human loops, though Sunset realized it could be easily faked with no special Looper skill required. And the famously long scarf was just in one corner on the hat rack, right next to a fez. How she hadn't seen it before was a mystery. In the end Sunset decided to give the benefit of the doubt on Time Turner being the Doctor, as she didn't know enough about him to disprove any evidence he may have with him.

After classes ended both waited until all other students left the class. The teacher spoke first as he approached Sunset Shimmer: "Now, Miss Shimmer, if you would be so kind. Might I ask after the Anchor of this quaint Loop? I haven't had much experience outside my own, you see. Even my first Fused Loop was in my own universe."

No ping and now this… is the Doctor a young looper? It made a weird kind of sense. "Um, okay," still baffled, Sunset did her best to

answer. "This is a sort of parallel subset of the Equestrian Loops. Our Anchor is Twilight Sparkle, and she's probably just moving to Ponyville now. I don't know if anyone else is Awake, the ping doesn't work very well through the mirror."

The Doctor nodded.

"Actually… are you the Anchor of your world?" Sunset Shimmer asked in a pensive look.

"Yes, I am indeed the Anchor for my little Branch of the World Tree. Still working on the ping, too. Rather more complicated than you all let on." He tapped his chin. "Perhaps if I reverse the polarity... No, that couldn't possibly work."

"Well, in that case there's no guarantee Twilight's Awake," Sunset continued where she had left. "While multiple Anchors might be Awake in any given loop, only one is required and you'd fill the quota."

"I see."

Seeing the conversation being under control Sunset decided to launch the most complicated question she had. "Look, I don't mean to be rude, but who are you? You can't possibly be who I think you are, but there's no other choice left."

"And as the great Sir Arthur Conan Doyle said, through Sherlock Holmes," the Doctor said back,'"when you have eliminated the impossible, whatever remains, however improbable, must be the truth.' Though, between you and me, I think he got that phrase from me."

"Only in loops you exist." Sunset sniped back.

The Doctor chuckled "True, true."

Taking a more serious stance Sunset pressed on. "But seriously, isn't your world Read-Only and forbidden to Loop?"

"It was," the Doctor corrected. "You see, my original Administrator enlisted the help of Jörmungandr to upgrade something called an 'Ouroboros Patch.' And, with that, I was activated as a Looper. It is rather annoying to Awaken as a different me all the time, though."

Sunset Shimmer blinked "So it's like Link and Zelda?"

"Who?"

"Loopers from Hyrule." Sunset Shimmer explained. "Their loop has reincarnation built in its life and death cycle so they tend to Awake in whole different eras."

The Doctor smiled wryly, "Somehow I don't think they can regenerate into different bodies and personalities about a dozen times in a single life."

"Point."

The conversation paused at this point and Sunset Shimmer looked outside. "It's night already and everybody left. You said you wanted to meet our Anchor?" At the Doctor's nod she pointed to Canterlot High's front yard, "then let's go the the statue. That's our ticket to meet her."

The Doctor stepped over to a wardrobe in the corner opposite the hat rack. How she missed that one was even more baffling, considering it's blue colour. As he pulled out a light coat, she spotted a hard-to-miss overcoat with enough colours to make a clown jealous. With confirmation that he was the Doctor, she supposed it made some sense that he'd have all his outfits.

After leaving the classroom they walked in silence, leaving enough time for Sunset Shimmer to digest what had happened today. A grin started to creep its way across her face as she realized this had to

be the biggest news in the entire Multiverse and she got to hear it first (not actually true, but she could be forgiven for thinking otherwise)! She had to see if the others were Awake. And if so, they needed to know *immediately* .

"If you're just starting to loop, Doctor, I'm guessing you've always been a biped, right?"

"Yes," The Doctor answered back, slightly confused. "Your point being?"

"Travelling through the portal will change your shape." Sunset answered back as she summoned her Keyblade. "You'll probably become a pony just like me, and walking on four legs may be difficult if all your life… lives you've been a biped. Oh, and I'll have to seal the gate behind us. First time I did this, I forgot to do that, and some of the people here followed me through."

"Understood, Miss Shimmer." The Doctor said, apparently fascinated with how Sunset Shimmer summoned her giant key and worked it through the solid marble of the statue. "You know, it's quite the experience being the inexperienced one for a change."

With a shared laugh, both walked through the portal into Equestria.

The Doctor tugged at his colourful coat. He didn't see why everyone thought it was "terrible" or "an eyesore." Honestly, it's as if they'd never heard of "being ahead of the curve!" But all that was a bit off topic. "And there you are, Peri! Conflict resolved in record time, with only a few Daleks as casualties."

"I still don't know how you knew this Davros guy was there, Doctor," his companion complained. Honestly, while he didn't mind having someone with him, did she have to be so *blind* ?

"Oh, I doubt you would understand," the Doctor retorted.

"Try me."

"The Multiverse is broken and I've been chosen to keep it stable by constantly repeating my life. It's not often one gets to interfere with one's personal history without actually meeting oneself in the process!"

Peri blinked a couple times. "Okay, you were right. I didn't understand. Can't you be clearer?"

The Doctor scoffed. "Clearer? *Clearer? CLEARER?!* My dear Peri, that's about as clear as one can get when it comes to multi-dimensional errors in the very fabric of reality itself!"

Peri just sighed. "Oh, fine Doctor, I won't ask. But, where are we going next?"

"We, my dear, are going to save a future version of Earth, as well as the whole universe, from a black light explosion. Then, we're going to steer completely clear of Thoros Beta so you don't get your mind switched with one of the Mentors and killed by King Yrcanos."

Peri looked further confused. "Um, thanks?"

"You're welcome, my dear. I wonder what the 'Courtyard' will have to say about things THIS time around!" The Doctor paused in his flipping of switches. "Hmm... I wonder. The Valeyard always claimed he was a dark reflection of my future self, but he's obviously not one of me, now that I've been all of me. I wonder how ol' Zurvan will handle that...?"

Peri had no idea what to say to that.

1.9

The assembled Time Lords finished watching the events of his revised adventure on the displaced Earth. It was odd, he mused, that

they never, in any iteration, pulled any evidence from his past selves, including the time his toothy fourth self was outright *ordered* by the council to commit genocide on the Daleks.

The Valeyard stood up. "And that was only the *some* of the meddling the Doctor did in his travels."

"Oh, it was hardly meddling," the Doctor remarked calmly. "All I did was repair a black light converter, shut down a robot tyrant, and stop a robbery while I was at it." The Valeyard glared at the Doctor out of the corner of his eye. It was just so satisfying to infuriate the faker by not rising to the bait, even if it did feel slightly out of character for himself.

The Inquisitor turned to the Doctor, "And do you have any evidence for us, Doctor?"

"As a matter of fact, I do. Even better, I have an excellent character witness who is willing to submit some of his memories to the Matrix for my defense. And don't worry, he *is* a Time Lord."

As the Inquisitor opened her mouth to reply, the doors to the courtroom swung open, revealing a tall man with disheveled brown hair, wearing a suit and long brown coat. "Hello, everyone! Am I early?"

The Doctor nodded to the newcomer. "You're right on time."

"Just who is this, Doctor?"

"Why, the best character witness one can have, of course! He's a future me! The tenth Doctor, so to speak."

"And he's got a heart of gold, just like the rest of me. Though it is a bit hard to see with that coat." said the older Doctor.

"Excuse me? *My* coat? *You* look ready to go fight in a rebellion!"

"Silence!" shouted the Valeyard. "Sagacity, how can we allow this? One should not be allowed to act as his own character witness, especially when his future is still in flux."

"Oh, my future's not the one in danger, Valeyard," replied Ten. "Well, not from you at any rate. Still, I'm not going to be just speaking on my behalf, I'm here to offer memories to the Matrix!"

The Inquisitor looked contemplative. "I believe we shall have a short recess to deliberate on the matter. And if the witness is allowed to submit memories to the Matrix, we will do so in that recess. We will reconvene in one hour."

Everyone but the Doctors and the Valeyard filed out of the room. After everyone left, the Valeyard leaned toward his foes. "You will not win this, Doctor. I swear it." Then he swept out of the courtroom.

"Good. Good," said Six, still leaning back in the defense's chair. "Now, what were you thinking about submitting?"

"I figured I'd put in our adventure with Mister Saxon and the Toclafane. It's half again as long as the evidence the faker's putting forth, but it should suffice to show how we help people."

"Are you sure? I mean, that *is* during the time we thought Gallifrey was destroyed."

"True. I'll just skip over any mention of the Time War. It only comes up about four or five times."

"They might be a bit suspicious, you know. And with the Master in the Matrix manipulating things..."

"Ah, but he won't have *this* ." Ten whipped out a complicated-looking gadget. "Once my memories are in there, I just switch this on and it prevents all in-going signals from reaching the Matrix. 'Course that means you won't be able to pause the video, so be ready to act

shocked about that. It'll also pop popcorn, extinguish fires, and create personalized force fields for any living thing in ten meters."

"Do you *ever* stop adding features to things?"

1.10 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The doors to the TARDIS flew open as the elderly first doctor raced for the console with a speed unusual for men his age. Susan was already in the TARDIS, meaning he could take off immediately. The Doctor's granddaughter looked at her relative, who had a ghastly expression on his face. "Grandfather, what's wrong? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Oh, just someone I'm supposed to meet...900 or so years in the future, don't worry about it. I'll have us off in a jiffy."

A series of raps echoed into the control room. "Hello, Sweetie! Open up, I just want to talk!"

With a flip of a lever, the TARDIS started grinding only for it to cut out. "Oh Sweetie, you can't leave that quickly, we just met."

Looking at a display, the elderly doctor frowned. "Locking down the Time Circuits using a future sonic screwdriver, clever girl."

The Time Lord reached into his coat, then into his subspace pocket and withdrew the 11th's Screwdriver. Susan asked. "What is that?"

"A Sonic Screwdriver I picked up back at the Academy from Rani," the older man lied.

Susan bought it as she pointed at the door. "And who's that?"

He looked at the TARDIS entrance. "A variant."

Susan blinked. "A what?"

"I'll tell you about it later."

He pointed the green tipped Sonic at the console. "Nice try, River, But you'll have to work harder to kill me than that."

With a push of the button, the Time Circuits unlocked and the grinding resumed.

1.7 cont.

After the rather disorienting experience of traversing the barrier between worlds unprotected, the Doctor found himself rather awkwardly falling from an upright position into his new body's proper quadrupedal stance.

"Odd," commented Sunset, hovering her Keyblade in her magic as she re-locked the gateway. "I would've thought you'd look a bit... browner."

The Doctor gave himself a once-over. His tail was as grey and curly as his hair (and what an novel experience, having a tail), and his coat retained a peach-pale tone. He kept his suit jacket and frilled shirt, but his light jacket and pants seemed to have vanished. And on his rear was an hourglass, with most of the sand in the top bulb. "And just why is that?"

"Well, we have a pony-slash-person in our Branch called Time Turner who's brown with a spiky mane. He's got the hourglass cutie mark, too." She looked closer at his hourglass. "Though, yours seems to have more sand in the top."

"Sounds like he'd be very similar to my tenth self. You say this image is called a 'cutie mark?'"

"Right, it's supposed to signify a pony's special talent. And, as a Time Lord, yours would obviously be time."

"Quite right. Now, you were going to-" The Doctor paused as he felt an unusual burst of energy pass through him. "My word. Is that what a ping is supposed to feel like?" A moment later, several more bursts of energy were felt.

"Oh, that's right, you haven't quite gotten the hang of pings yet. Here, let me give you some tips..."

After Sunset explained the ping to the Doctor, Sunset said, "Hang on, Doctor. This is going to be a wild ride!" Using the Force to grab the Doctor, Sunset cast the Rey Wing spell she learned from Lina Inverse to take flight.

"How exhilarating!" The Doctor had rarely flown without a craft of some sort, the closest he'd ever come being the time he borrowed the power of the Archangel Network to hover for a bit in his tenth incarnation.

Sunset chuckled in reply. "I've picked up a few tricks in my time as a Looper." Soon enough, Sunset landed near Ponyville. Taking the time to grab a newspaper, she noticed it was a few weeks after the 1000th Summer Sun Celebration. "It's a bit later than I thought. Still, this works just fine."

The Doctor straightened his suit jacket. "My word, Miss Shimmer. What was that just now? Some form of telekinesis?"

"One was the Force, from the Star Wars universe. It's a bit easier to carry people that way than using my personal magic sometimes. The other was a spell called 'Rey Wing.' Speaking of, if you ever have a Fused Loop with Lina Inverse, be careful. She tends to cause mass destruction."

The Doctor cocked an eyebrow, curious. "And why does she cause mass destruction?"

"Well, the first time she Awakens to a new Fused Loop, she casts her signature spell to make sure it works. Said signature spell can

flatten small villages. Other than that it's often incidental damage from fighting."

"My word. I hope I don't run into her any time soon." The Doctor looked around the quaint village of Ponyville. "Now then, you were going to show me to your Anchor."

"She lives over there, in the house-tree-library." The Doctor wasn't quite sure what to make of that, but he had seen some very odd things in his time.

As the two trotted toward the library, Sunset gave the Doctor some tips on several of the Loops she had been to.

"Now, one of the Original Seven, Ranma, has a rather interesting home Loop. It's so focused on various martial arts, that it started making some up, like Martial Arts Tea Ceremony-" Suddenly, Sunset saw a certain pink party pony out of the corner of her eye, shaking like mad. She held up a hand to the Doctor as she paused.

Smirking, Sunset said to the Doctor, "Follow my lead. I just thought of something that'll make your big debut as a Looper more fitting for you. After all, you're the one person everyone thought would never Awaken." The Doctor cocked his eyebrow in a specific manner, Delphon for "you're the expert here."

Sunset, loudly, asked the Doctor, "So, feeling a little Loopy?"

Doing his best to guess where she was going with this, the Doctor replied, "Yes, but now I feel quite Awake. For the first time, so to speak." Pinkie looked at the Doctor, curiously.

"So, you're a Doctor, right? What's your specialty?"

Ah, he thought, *this other pony must be Awake as well.* Out loud, he replied, "Well, anything, everything. Time in particular."

Pinkie stared at the two of them for a long moment, blinking, before shrugging and continuing on her merry way.

"Well, that's not the reaction I was expecting," remarked Sunset.

"What do you mean?"

"I thought for sure she'd zip off, raring to get a party together for you." Sunset shook her head. "She's acting odd, even for herself."

"Hmm. Well, regardless, you were going to introduce me to your Anchor, Miss Shimmer."

Once they were out of view of pretty much anypony, but still quite a ways from the library, Sunset paused. "Doctor. There's something that's been nagging at me for a while now, but it's difficult to talk about with people from here. We're all so very forgiving, after all."

The Doctor looked at her, puzzled, "Nothing wrong with a bit of forgiveness. But, why are you asking me? There must be more experienced Loopers out there who can advise you."

"I know, but there's something about you. I think it has to do with all the experience your baseline alone gives you."

Sunset took a deep breath. "Anyways, in our baseline... I go a little insane. I stole Twilight's crown, the Element of Magic, one of Equestria's most powerful artifacts, and intended to use it to invade Equestria and take it over with an army of mind-controlled teenagers." Sunset looked at the ground, haunted by her baseline memories.

"And I take it you're worried about potentially backsliding, is that it?"

"In a way. You see, Equestria is ruled over by Alicorns, a pony made of all the pony tribes. And almost all the Looping Equestrians are or can become them at will. I'm worried that if my time to ascend to

Alicorn ever comes, that I'll wind up going mad with power again. Especially since I'm told emotions run a little hotter when someone ascends."

The Doctor nodded in understanding. Fortunately, he had a few examples he could pull from. "I see. Tell me, my dear, do you know of my Warrior incarnation?"

"I've heard of it, yeah."

"He did many terrible things in the Time War. Enough to feel that he should renounce the very name of 'Doctor.'" It was difficult to think of that era in his life. The Time War had been so long and so brutal, that by the end of it he had practically forgotten his true age and just reset the age he gave to around eight hundred and something.

The haunted look faded somewhat as he looked into her eyes. "I have since learned that there are many ways of being a Doctor. However, it is still very difficult to forgive that part of myself for what he did – and what he intended to do. It's the same for what my tenth incarnation did when he tried to break a Fixed Point, calling himself 'the Time Lord Victorious.'"

The Doctor paused. "What I'm getting at, Miss Shimer... Sunset, is that even if you do something terrible, if you learn from it and use its lesson to be better, you have nothing to fear from that part of you."

Sunset stood in silence for a minute. "Thank you. I'm still not sure I'm ready to be an Alicorn. But if it happens, I'll try not to fear myself."

The Doctor patted her on the shoulder. "That's all anyone can do with themselves. Shall we continue?"

Sunset shook herself. "Right."

"Well, Doctor, this is it," said Sunset, as they stood in front of the library.

"No need to stand around, I think." And with that, the Doctor pulled open the door, inwardly marvelling at the dexterity of his hooves.

"Hello," greeted Twilight. "Oh, Sunset! We don't usually see you around now. What's up?"

"We have a new Looper," grinned Sunset, gesturing to the Doctor.

"Good afternoon, Miss Sparkle. I'm the Doctor."

"Nice try, but I don't think so."

The Doctor gave her an incredulous look. "I beg your pardon?"

"He sounds like one of the Doctor, but that's easy to replicate. I'm surprised you thought this would work, Sunset."

"Now see here-" The Doctor restrained himself from yelling angrily at the unicorn. "What must I do to prove to you who I am?"

"Time travel."

"The TARDIS didn't follow me over. And even if she had, there's no artron energy in your universe, so she wouldn't be able to move."

"Sonic Screwdriver."

"Is there anything in here [i]not[/i] made of wood?"

"Regenerate?"

"Aside from wanting to remain myself, I'm not currently Gallifreyan and therefore cannot."

Sunset looked between the two as they continued their verbal tennis match. Every time Twilight asked something of the Doctor, he'd give a good reason he couldn't do it or an answer that Twilight would dismiss as "common knowledge" about the Doctor's adventures.

After several minutes of this, Sunset and the Doctor found themselves outside the library.

"Of all the nerve," grumbled the Doctor. "I have half a mind to-"

"Please, Doctor, let's just try someone else, okay? Rarity lives closest, we can see if she's Awake."

As it turns out, she was. However, while she complimented the Doctor on his current outfit, she didn't believe them either. Nor did Fluttershy or Rainbow Dash. And with each failure, the Doctor became angrier and angrier.

"Millions of Loops under your collective belts and not one of them seems to think I could possibly be who I say I am?! The absolute nerve!"

"There's still a few ponies left to try, Doctor. We've only met half the pings out there. Going by the trend, I'm sure Applejack must be Awake, and she's the Element of Honesty. She [i]has[/i] to believe us."

"I don't believe it."

The pair stared incredulously.

"That does it!" The Doctor shouted. "I-"

"No, that ain't what I meant," interrupted Applejack. "I can feel the truth in what yer sayin'. He's really the Doctor. I was just so shocked I could scarcely believe my own senses."

"I knew we could rely on you, AJ," sighed a relieved Sunset. "Every other Element wouldn't believe us at all. They thought we were pranking them."

"Now, I could be a mite offended that ya didn't come ta me first, but I know I'm a bit out of the way compared to everypony other than Fluttershy."

"Do you think you could help us tell everyone else?"

"Well, first we should go meet up with Apple Bloom. She's going to be so ecstatic to meet ya Doctor. She's been working on her own Sonic Screwdriver, y'see. After that, we'll hope that nopony thinks ya managed to rope me inta a prank."

"Won't she have met me when I was unAwake?" asked the Doctor.

"I'm not actually sure. The only time I've heard of her meetin' a version of ya was when we were replacing all of ya'll."

"My word, replacing all of me? How did that work?"

"Well, Princess Celestia was in the place o' yer first self..."

1.11 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The door swung open, issuing forth Donna Noble, followed closely by the 10th Doctor. They stood on the edge of a vast mountain, overlooking a vast burnt out wasteland leading to the sea. Donna looked to the Doctor with her head tilted. "The view is quite lovely, but I thought you said you would show me something I've never seen before?"

The Doctor gave his patented smile. "Indeed I did. Now, look down in the valley below, just before the ocean. Do you see anything?"

Donna peered to where he indicated, "I see...something. It's large and white...but, I'm not sure what it is."

The Doctor issued her back into the TARDIS and flipped a few levers. "Now, let's get a lot closer. You're gonna love this."

As the grinding ended, the door opened again, only for Donna's mouth to drop. "Oh...My...God...is that-"

The Doctor chuckled. "Yes, yes it is. The eighth wonder of the world, or soon will be anyway."

In front of them was the legendary 13 foot chickens of the Valley of Pompeii. Of course, the Doctor couldn't bear to tell her it was one of his more foolish plans. That Malon girl seemed so nice too, loaning him an egg just for this purpose and making them to reproduce asexually while putting a stasis spell on said egg. What she failed to mention was their ability to resist attacks that could ordinarily could bring down buildings and, if irritated too much, would summon an entire swarm from nowhere to kill the attacker. And then there was-

The doctor was jostled out of his thoughts. "Uh, Donna, don't stand in front of one of them...ever. They have a tendency to randomly shoot flames from their beaks."

Donna looked at him skeptically before light erupted behind her. She turned in time to see a gout of flame echo from one of the bird's mouth. The Doctor scratched his forehead. "Yeah, before these creatures lived here, the valley was quite fertile. What caused this is a complete mystery."

He stepped back into the TARDIS and issued Donna to join him. "Yeah, it's about time to set off the volcano. Surely you don't think the Romans took time to randomly carve statues of chickens in the valley, do you?"

Donna shrugged. "Why not? They have statues to the chicken god, Scootaloo, alongside the statue of Sleipnir in the temple of Yggdrasil."

She failed to notice the doctor's double take before he caught himself, muttering. "You got to be kidding me."

With that, the Doctor made silent plans to visit Ancient Rome and see about getting a second companion as he prepared to set off a volcano that would erase his slight miscalculation. At the very least, he did manage to prevent Pompeii from being destroyed...by making the area uninhabitable, but it was a small price to pay to save so many lives.

1.1: How not to break a universe.

1.2: When the impossible happens to you.

1.3: Regeneration Trauma takes many forms.

1.4: The Admins are just as shocked as we are.

1.5: Davros never has a sense of humour. He is, however, a little odd sometimes.

1.6: Saving those lost before.

1.7: Doctor Whooves has arrived. (Slight edit to the second part, due to conflicts from the MLP Thread end of things)

1.8: Even when he's Looping, Six is loud.

1.9: Advance warning can do wonders for your case.

1.10: River was trained to kill the Doctor. This time they never specified which one.

1.11: Malon of the LonLon Ranch has some curious breeds of Cucco.

Chapter 2

The Doctor looked up as Miss Hartigan's Cyberking towered over London. He looked over to Jackson Lake and grinned.

"I've been waiting a while for this, you know."

Jackson just looked at him in bafflement. "You have? Why?"

"Because my last Fused Loop had giant robots too. And my pocket had finally gotten big enough to keep one in."

When retrieving pocketed items, most Loopers reached behind their back or simply let the item they needed (and maybe a few they didn't) appear in their hand. The Doctor liked to use his actual cloth pockets, to give the illusion of being even bigger on the inside than they really were. And so his temporary companion was treated to the sight of a hundred foot tall humanoid machine get pulled out of a four-inch square coat pocket.

The Doctor was surprised to find that time didn't quite snap back to normal after that event, as it had in the original timeline. He had apparently impressed the people of London so much that it changed the course of human technology towards the creation of robotics a few decades early. This created a few ripples through his timeline, including the lovely sight of Daleks getting crushed like tin cans in the grips of giants.

There was a slight issue of the occasional robot uprising, but he was somehow always there to calm things down again.

It had been a year since Tegan Jovanka had left the Doctor, running from the terror and carnage that had followed him. She never really regretted the decision to leave then, though she did occasionally

miss the safer trips, like their time on the Eye of Orion. So it came to some surprise when she heard the distinctive sound of the TARDIS materializing. She didn't have to look far to find out where, as a strangely colourful room appeared around her, replacing the living room she had been sitting in.

"Tegan Jovanka," said a voice. "It's been a long time. Longer for me than you, but then that's to be expected sometimes, eh?"

Tegan was only mildly confused at the bow-tie and tweed wearing man before her. "You've regenerated again?"

"A few times, yes. I was wondering, would you like to go on an adventure again? Don't worry, this one is purely for the fun of it. I know almost everything that's going to happen in it."

Tegan thought it over. "You're absolutely sure?"

"Cross my hearts," the Doctor replied, drawing "x"s over his hearts with his fingers. He then started running around the console, much more active than her Doctor- either of them. "There might be a little danger, because of dinosaurs, but the only one who should die is the bad guy. He committed genocide, so he kinda deserves it."

Tegan paled slightly. "But why are you asking me?"

"Well, I was thinking I didn't really have a gang before this adventure, until I remembered I did once. You, me, Nyssa, Turlough. We were a bit of a gang, weren't we?"

Tegan smiled at the thought of Nyssa, one of her dearest friends. "A bit. Is that who we're going to pick up next?"

"Nyssa, yes. We should arrive not long after she's finished completely curing Lazar's Disease. Turlough, I don't know. We are, however, going to pick up the Ponds, my companions for this regeneration."

"If they're your companions, why aren't they here already?"

"They have a life outside the TARDIS. Have for a while. Also, they had some rougher times than you, plus it can be a bit "eugh" to watch them make out. Rory's been dead a few times. Coming back every time gave him a bit of a reputation as a certified badass, too." With a clunk, the TARDIS finished materializing. "Well, shall we pick up Nyssa, then?"

Tegan stood up from her living room's easy chair. "I'll get her. It'll be good to see her again."

A short trip later and the Ponds (plus Brian Williams) were on board as well.

"Rory, Amy, Brian, I'd like you to meet Tegan and Nyssa. They used to travel with me. I hope you get along with them. Sarah Jane certainly got along well enough with Rose."

Amy looked at the Doctor askance. "Do you always travel with girls, Doctor? Young, pretty ones?"

"No, not always. There have been plenty of men along. Jamie McCrimmon, Vislor Turlough, Ian Chesterton - always had fun messing up his name, Captain Jack Harkness." The Doctor hesitated. He had only just Awoken while crashing into Amy's back yard this Loop. "Adric." Tegan and Nyssa looked at each other and shared a fond thought of the otherwise insufferable genius.

"So, what are we doing today, Doctor?" asked Rory.

"Very special treat. Dinosaurs on a spaceship. Wanted to have a gang for this adventure, so I got half the old gang to meet with half the new gang."

"Half? Is there someone else you're travelling with when you're not with us?" asked Amy.

"Nah. Baseline I have Queen Nefertiti and Riddell as the other half of the gang. This time, I thought I'd bring in some dear old friends instead. Maybe next Loop I'll mix things up a different way. Might even try to pick up companions out of order. That ought to make things interesting." Everyone not the Doctor shared a confused glance. Especially Brian, who still hadn't gotten an explanation for where he was.

2.3 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The Eleventh Doctor rubbed his hands together with Amy and Rory standing behind him as his mouth formed a mischievous grin. "Question, do you want to see the most dangerous creature in the entire multiverse?"

Amy nodded. "Sounds like fun!"

Rory seemed more skeptical. "Is that wise, Doctor? I mean, why would you actively take us into a Dalek stronghold?"

The Doctor chuckled. "No, no, no, no, no. The Daleks are easy to fool. No, this creature has collapsed an entire universe."

Rory raised his hands to protest, only for the Doctor to twist a knob on the control panel and lift a lever. The TARDIS started vibrating violently. Amy slipped and tumbled to the ground. "Should it be doing that?"

Eleven fiddled with several more buttons and knobs. "No problem! We have to head back in time 2000 years ago, then forward to bypass the Dwarf Star Alloy. Everything is perfectly fine!"

Rory managed to get his protest out. "Doctor, I don't think this is such a good idea."

"Not to worry, you have nothing to fear as long as I'm around."

With those reassuring words, the TARDIS came to rest. The Doctor raced to the door and turned to face Rory and Amy, who stopped mid-stride in surprise. The Time Lord's excited demeanor turned serious. "Now, Amy, you especially, must never, ever under any circumstances agree to do anything he says. If he asks for a contract, refuse immediately. Nothing good ever came from his contracts. He can teleport across the universe if he escapes this prison. I spent an entire regeneration to catch this creature and seal it up. Do...you...understand?"

Amy nodded, her eyes wide. She had never seen the Doctor this serious before. In the face of Daleks he laughed as he easily outmaneuvered them and seemed bored when being locked up in the Pandorica. She wouldn't let him down. With her clearly understanding the severity of the situation, the Doctor seemed jovial again, "Right, as I always say, Geronimo."

With that, he pushed the door open to what could only be described as a kitten-like creature. "Hello, Doctor. Come to free me?"

The Doctor's smile disappeared immediately. Amy looked the creature over with a disbelieving stare, "Is...this the creature that caused an entire universe to be destroyed?"

The creature's eyes shifted from the Doctor to her. "Hello, do you want to become a magical girl?"

The Doctor said with a small growl, "Hello, Kyubey. Madoka sends her regards."

Kyubey suddenly disappeared, only to reappear, smashed against what seemed to be an invisible wall. The Doctor's frown shifted for the slightest moments into a smirk, "You're not getting out through my TARDIS. It's shielded against creatures that can distort the fabric of reality."

Dazed, Kyubey didn't notice the Doctor go on to describe the creature in a low tone of voice, filtering out anything related to the

time loops, "Kyubey is an alien from another dimension. He contracts typically with young girls or women at their weakest moment, offering them a wish, any wish, in exchange for them becoming magical girls to fight witches that pop up throughout the universe. What he fails to mention is being a magical girl is unstable. Should the magic girl fall into despair, her essence would become corrupted, turning her into the witch she ultimately fights. One girl wished to become a god, and the wish was more than her universe could take. It collapsed, now only existing in the form of a bow, the one with arrows, not the one on her head."

He turned to exit the prison in his TARDIS and spoke with authority. "Let that be a lesson, Pond. Even the most harmless creatures can end up destroying entire universes. Now, to somewhere more exciting. How about a trip to a delightful town called Mercy in the Old West?"

With that, the TARDIS doors closed behind Rory and Amy's backs, leaving Kyubey trapped within his prison.

2.4 (crossoverpairinglover)

It wasn't the first time in the loops Ahsoka Tano had decided to go out with the younglings again on their crystal hunt, and it probably wouldn't be the last.

Ahsoka, one of only two non human, organic life forms looping in her verse at the moment (the other being Chewbacca), had over time found several events of her baseline she could avoid if she did the right things.

If she used her foreknowledge to its fullest effect, she would always manage to break the blockade of Ryloth in the first try, making things all the better for the Republic and the Twi'Leks alike.

If she did not stop Awake Anakin from flying off on his own and causing mass amounts of damage on Zygerria with one of his giant

robots, the Separatist attack on Kiros did not occur, the colonists did not end up being captured by slavers, and she did not have to dress up as a slave girl.

If she talked to Barriss in just the right way, she did not go crazy, and Ahsoka did not have to go on the run from Tarkin and the Jedi Order.

It was easy to not be the one taking the younglings out hunting for force crystals. She just had to say no, and in fact she did so several times in the start. However, in her earliest loops she made bad calls and viewed things the wrong way.

This resulted in her displaying Sakura Syndrome, and a lot of things she would rather not discuss occurred, among which was the origin of Anakin's feud with the Joestar loopers.

She had, of course, recovered from that long ago, and stayed that way in part because of loops like this one.

Being able to see the joy in children's happiness, so simple and unclouded by hate and violence, did her heart good after many loops dealing with monsters such as Palpatine, Ragyo and Ghetsis.

It was refreshing, at least when Anakin was anchoring reality. The time that a different anchor was around...well she had to think about how to remove said younglings from the temple at the end of the clone wars if she was not able to get Palpatine away from Anakin, which was easier said than done.

Of course, the chilly part of the job was over. The Younglings had collected their crystals, and now they were going to visit Huyang, the droid who was responsible for constructing light sabers who bore a striking resemblance to the Tenth Doctor in more ways that one.

The Doctor...

Ahsoka and Anakin had met him a couple of times in various incarnations, and found him likeable. It wasn't that easy to find a non

looper who matched them in eccentricities, after all.

It was sad he wasn't a looper though. It was always hard to end up feeling like he was a friend, then have to do it all over again the next fused loop. At least if she continued to work on being Barris's friend, she could eventually start looping.

Though not anytime soon, the current bets on who would be the next looper was generally set for either Padme, Yoda, Rex or Bail Organa. Though Han did put a decent bet on Fives while C-3PO had the oddest belief that Corran Horn would start looping for some reason Ahsoka could not fathom.

"...Place your crystals on the table, your lesson begins now", Ahsoka began with a big smile on her face as the younglings did as she asked equally eagerly. "Allow me to introduce..."

Turning around to properly introduce Huyang, she stopped mid sentence, as what stepped out was not the robot she was expecting.

"Oh, hello there. I don't think I introduced myself, I am The Doctor, master maker of Light Sabers, and I just recently woke up and found myself in a loop to find this place again after I got a little lost." Somehow, it was the 10th Doctor who she found on this ship "I do believe we haven't properly met yet."

Ahsoka subtly pinched herself to make sure she was not hallucinating this.

"A Wookie!"

Still in shock, Ahsoka watched the Doctor, the Freakin, not supposed to be looping, Doctor, lecture her personal little tribe of younglings slash minions when it suited her in that eccentric way of his.

"You know, I always was fond of Wookies. So few of your kind are Jedi, yet the few who are are brilliant paragrims of good and justice.

Why, I feel as if a Jedi without a wookie friend is hardly a Jedi at all."

Meanwhile, the anchor of the Prequel branch sneezed before he resumed his watch for his wife's 408th assassination attempt this year.

"Er..."

Noting the human Petro trying to not be rude, yet also wanting him to hurry up, the Doctor got back on track.

"Oh yes, the lightsaber." Using the Force, the Doctor drew their lightsaber crystals to him and had them begin to orbit around him like moons.

"From the battles of Bellatrix and Trenzalore to peacekeeping after the Babel Crisis, the lightsaber is a Jedi's greatest weapon and his one true ally bar The Force itself." The Doctor began the speech Ahsoka had heard Huyang a hundred thousand times, though spiced with his own experiences (and apparently Federation history, he had apparently run into Starfleet already) "The lightsaber is a weapon known far and wide, beyond even the Jedi themselves, but how do they work you may ask? What makes them so special, as opposed to something everyone has? You may have the crystals, but they still need to be given life."

With the force, he returned the crystals to the spellbound younglings, as he began walking towards the holo projector

"You see my eager younglings, you must awaken the Force within your crystals. Now, as I am pretty sure none of you have a clue about how this is done, I will show you. There are few questions after all, that I cannot answer, and here is one thing I can, how to build a lightsaber"

With that, the Doctor activated a hologram showing diagrams to build a powerful hand held weapon. "I'm sure you can follow..."

He absently noticed Ahsoka looking at him in some level of annoyance "Oh, is there a problem, Miss Tano?"

"Master...those are the wrong plans," she deadpanned, causing the Doctor to scratch his head.

"Wrong plans, what do you-?" The Doctor turned and realized the hologram he set up was in fact not that of a lightsaber, but a sonic screwdriver.

"Oh...my bad." The plans quickly changed to those of an actual lightsaber. "Please take no note of what you just saw."

"But..."

"You didn't see anything."

"So, I take it you know me already?"

While the little kids worked, and failed, at building lightsabers with the force (without even looking Ahsoka had corrected Petro at least 4 times before he took his own eye out or set off an explosion), the two loopers found themselves in the corner, the sound of their conversation muffled by a Muffliato charm to discuss looping things where small, inquisitive younglings could not hear.

"Yes" Ahsoka quietly told him "We met you several times...Anakin and me, just me, me and Anakin and R2...you've met most of us at least once. Not sure if you met Revan..."

The Doctor lightly frowned. "Not sure if I could tell you if I had." The Doctor gave Ahsoka an even look. "Were we friends?"

"Friends..." Ahsoka sounded a bit startled at this, but quickly composed herself. "Yes, by the end of our loops there we always were friends of yours. We were friends, allies and mutually despised enemies of the Daleks together, many times over."

The Doctor lightly chuckled at the last one. "I'd hate to find someone looping who wouldn't be despised enemies of the Daleks. I do have one thing to ask of you," he trailed off as Ahsoka's eyes went wide.

The Doctor extended his hand to her with a large grin. "I hope to be friends with you are for real now that I am properly looping."

After a moment's shock, Ahsoka extended her own hand, affirming her own desire to see that happen.

"Splendid," the Doctor grinned. "So,what happens now? Do I just get to watch the Rugrats this loop before being left alone with a bunch of lightsaber parts for years on end again?"

Ahsoka frowned at the last one, not exactly sure why that was the case, but she did have an answer for him.

"Well, Hondo's pirates are going to attack soon, so we should be ready for them before they rob us blind and..."

"Pirates?! That sounds fun!" The Doctor seemed a bit too interested in meeting alien pirates in Ahsoka's opinion. "Oh, I do hope they are non-humanoid ones!"

Before Ahsoka could ask him exactly what he meant by that, an explosion shook the ship.

"Oh, an alien pirate on a flying saucer. I could have sworn it would have been more imaginative looking," The Doctor commented to Hondo's invading Weequayan pirates. Behind him, Ahsoka facepalmed in immense irritation. "You really just look like humans in suits...which a lot of aliens do for some reason, have you ever noticed that?"

Really, they just looked like humans with leathery skin, no lips and some bony frill things.

It wasn't even just here, he noticed the same thing when he was over with the Federation, and his own 'verse for that matter, where many species resembled humans or humans in suits.

Hondo just stared at this Jedi's odd remarks, before he turned his gaze to Ahsoka and asked, in complete seriousness, "You there, Skywalker's Pada-whatsit! Did I just board a Jedi cruiser filled with Khyber Crystal, or did I just board a Jedi cruiser filled with your crazies?"

Ahsoka, idly checking to make sure the Younglings were behind her, ignited her lightsabers in response. "Why don't you come over and find out?"

Hondo laughed at that. "You Jedi are so weird. But my men have taken down Sith Lords, what do two Jedi and a bunch of Younglings think they can do against a crew of Pirates?"

The Doctor's response was to simply wave his hand in front of them, with a face that was actually curious to see exactly how this would work. "Why don't you go leave this place and go bother someone else?"

Hondo laughed. "Oh ho ho! The Jedi Mind Trick? Silly clearly-off-in-the-head Jedi, I'm not so weak as to allow that to affect me. Now, men, let us plunder this ship of its riches..." he stopped talking as he noticed that the rest of his men had in fact left.

Hondo promptly sighed. "Damn. Why can't you get good, obedient minions who can't be messed up by your Jedi hocus pocus? Well, apparently I have to go rob someone else, have fun with your war."

Hondo promptly ran for his life after his mind altered men.

The Doctor grinned as his gaze returned to Ahsoka, who just shook her head.

"This, younglings, is why only droids should be left on ships alone for extended periods of time," she snarked, though she knew his...eccentricities were not caused by that alone.

Force help her when she thought of the question of what he'd be like in a few thousand more loops.

2.5 (novusordomundi)

Cthulhu leaned back into his chair with a smile that could only be compared to the feline devouring a avian. When the Doctor Who loops had finally been started, a lot of processing power that had originally been needed was now freed up for other uses in fixing the multiverse. Even the Admins probably didn't know how much. Which made it easy to divert a little of it for themselves.

Of course, one could not take too much, or Hephaestus might notice. But enough to power a few projects he had in mind, plus a couple of things for Yog-Sothoth to create things in. There was even enough power to make a new playground for the Thousand Young. (Glitch-proof, of course. Zero Day kept going through swings like nothing.)

Cthulhu stood out of his chair and went to grab his coat. He didn't dare risk spreading the news on Soggoth-Chan (the Admins DID keep track of it), and that meant going in person. But hey, he needed to meet with some of them anyways to discuss the day's events. And besides, a computer was a lousy friend to have at a pub anyways...

2.6 (Scorntex)

That Dalek.

That Dalek.

That. Bloody. Dalek.

Looping hadn't really changed the Doctor's opinion about Daleks, on the whole. Oh, Daleks Caan and Sec were usually alright (-ish), but those two were two examples spread across a two-thousand year long lifetime.

But the Doctor really, really hated That Dalek.

He was pretty sure it wasn't the same Dalek, not every time, which was why it'd gained the capital letter.

Because every time, every single Loop, during the Reality Bomb incident, That Dalek shot him.

Didn't matter where he was. London, Boston, Germany, New York, Shanghai, St. Petersburg, Glasgow, even in the middle of nowhere Utah, there was a Dalek waiting for him and Rose.

And it always hit him, no matter how hard he tried to avoid it. And Jack always arrived just a few seconds too late.

One Loop he'd even brought along Jack's Sonic Blaster, to see if that would work. He'd aimed, pulled the trigger... and the battery had made a sad little noise and fallen out. He was still impressed at how quickly he'd managed to roll out of the way of the first blast. The second one had grazed his leg.

And the worst part was that he'd been doing so well this Loop, too. He'd not ruined Harriet Jones's career, meaning the Master's take-over of Great Britain hadn't happened the same way, and Martha's family hadn't been traumatised. He'd managed to get Reinette on-board the TARDIS, which had almost worked, despite Rose's repeated objections, though she'd left a while before he met Martha. He'd avoided getting possessed by that sun, or arrested for unpaid parking tickets. He'd managed to save most of the crew of the Titanic this time. He'd even avoided being banished by Queen Victoria (though Torchwood had still been founded, only they'd been like a corporate version of LINDA. He still had nightmares about that one). And he'd even managed to save Jenny from Cobb.

Of course, he'd had to show off his sword-fighting skills this time, meaning there wasn't going to be a handy spare hand waiting inside Sexy.

He woke up as Jack and Rose finished dragging him inside the TARDIS.

"He's dying," he heard Jack say, "and you know what happens next."

He stood up. Jenny and Donna just looked confused and terrified. Jack looked mostly calm, and Rose... well, Rose was looking like Rose.

"Will someone please tell me what's going on?" Donna demanded. He felt it coming, tried to fight it back just for old time's sake. But it was coming. That chin was coming.

"It's too late," he managed to get out, eventually. "I'-"

He promptly exploded in a blaze of golden light.

'Oh, that's not fair!' he thought to himself. 'You can't cut me off mid-sentence!'

And he'd really wanted to keep this face for more than five years, just once.

He was going to kill That Dalek next time.

The light dimmed, the pain stopped, and he turned to look at the completely blank looks on everyone's faces. He looked down at his hands, which were still the same manly hairy hands they were before.

"Um..." The Doctor declared, caught more than a little bit flat-footed. "Okay. Am I-?"

"Yeah," Jack said. The still-the-Tenth Doctor paused a second to take that in.

There was a strange feeling in his pocket, as something fell out of it. He quickly checked, and found a small letter.

For: The Doctor.

Might have forgot to mention this, but your regenerations remain constant in the Loops.

Meaning your eleventh and twelfth incarnations keep the same face."

Zurvan.

The Doctor stared at the note for several minutes, ignoring the TARDIS lights turning off, and the feeling of being pulled up by the Dalek's beams.

"Well, that would've been nice to know before I let the Sycorax chop my hand off... over a dozen times..."

2.7 (OathToOblivion)

Ash Woke Up just as he was about to go into Professor Oak's lab to pick up his first Pokemon. Sending out a ping, he immediately got two back from inside the Lab, as well as one from the general direction of the Orange Islands. As the one from the Islands was no doubt Tracey, he decided to focus on the ones from the Lab. One obviously had to be Pikachu, but that there was another was only moderately surprising. 'I guess that means Professor Oak is Awake,' he thought to himself, walking in.

As he did so, he couldn't help but notice a few strange changes. For one thing, it was a bit more ornate than he remembered it being. For sure, Professor Oak was the world's leading Pokemon expert, but that didn't really translate into money. Besides which, the Professor liked living humbly, and spent most of his money on the Ranch to

expand the habitats for the Pokemon who lived there, as well as the lab equipment.

There were also an almost disturbing number of clocks all over the place. Either the Professor was doing something time-related (Had he Awoken in the past during the thing with Celebi?) or somebody had replaced him. Truthfully, Ash was betting on the latter. 'Probably Doc Brown again, what with all the clocks,' he thought as he walked in.

The person he saw was decidedly not Emmett Brown though. No, he was a fair bit shorter than him. He was wearing plaid pants, a white jacket and hat, and a sweater with an almost absurd amount of question marks on it.

"Well, you're definitely not Professor Oak," Ash commented as the other noted his appearance.

"No, I'm not. This is an interesting Loop though. And my Loop memories have revealed something interesting. This is the Pokemon Loop, isn't it? Are you the Anchor?" he asked in an accent Ash recognized as Hub-standard Scottish.

"Well, it's one of them. And no, I'm not the Anchor. He's in there," Ash said, motioning to the machine that kept the Pokeballs for the Starter Pokemon.

"Ah, the fourth Pokemon I had ready. Very well then," the other said, going to open it. As he tried to remember how to do so, Ash decided to say something.

"So who are you anyway? I've never seen you around," he noted in curiosity.

"Oh, I'm a fairly new Looper. My Loop just activated, with me as its Anchor," the other said.

Ash grinned. "Always nice to meet someone new. I'm Ash Ketchum," he introduced.

"Well met, Ash. As for myself, my name is a bit of a secret. I'd give you my usual alias, but I've actually been called Professor before, so you can just keep referring to me as that," the Professor offered.

"Alright. So, Professor, what's your Loop like?" Ash asked.

"Oh, pretty standard compared to most Loops. I go about righting wrongs, and traveling around. I've been called a bit of a chessmaster in the past, and quite frankly, I understand why. I have a bit of a knack for manipulating people," the Professor said, opening the center that contained Pikachu's (hated) Pokeball.

Ash raised a brow. "Isn't it a bad idea to tell me that then?" he wondered.

"On the contrary, the best manipulators can be known as such and still get people to do what they want. It's best you watch out for those types, Ash," the Professor advised, handing over Pikachu's Pokeball.

Ash immediately opened it...and got shocked as Pikachu came out. As he fell to the floor, he couldn't help but ask, "Why do you keep doing that, Pikachu?"

"Tradition," Pikachu replied. "I got the Ping, is the Professor Awake?" he wondered, turning around to find the other Looper in the room. Upon noticing him, he immediately went deadpan. "Ash, why is the Doctor standing right there where I got the other Ping?" he questioned.

"Because he's the visiting Looper?" Ash said rhetorically, getting off the floor and putting his hat back on. "I guess that's your normal alias then?" he asked.

"Yes. I understand you've met me before, Pikachu?" the Doctor asked in clarification.

"Yeah, it was a while ago, and the Daleks were trying to use some Tentacruel to...Hey! Don't change the subject! How can you be Looping?! You've got more time travel trouble in your Loop than 500 Dialgas!" Pikachu exclaimed.

"Well, obviously, it was patched. Zurvan, my Admin, received some rather generous help from Jormungandr and managed to get my Loop off Read-Only," the Doctor said.

"I don't believe this. Twilight said that you were Looping last time she was here, but I thought she was just trying to prank me," Pikachu muttered.

"It was a shock to me as well when I found out about the Loops. Even more so when I started. Still, I think it's been a pretty interesting experience. It's refreshing, being the inexperienced one. Makes me almost feel young again," the Doctor reminisced.

"Anyway, what are you going to do this Loop, Doctor?" Ash asked.

"Well, I consider myself a bit of a polyglot-" he started, before Ash interrupted.

"A what?" he asked in confusion.

"Someone who can speak a lot of languages. We're polyglots, Ash," Pikachu pointed out.

"Oh."

"Anyway, as I was saying, I was hoping to take this Loop to, while I'm not doing my in-Loop job, learn the Pokemon language," the Doctor summarized.

"Don't look at us, we're not sticking around for long," Pikachu stated.

Ash had a better idea though. "I got a ping from the Orange Islands that was probably Tracey. He's Professor Oak's lab assistant. I can ask him to come over here," he offered.

"Stupid Pokeball…" Pikachu grumbled. Pokeballs in some variants tended to muffle far-off Pings, and it looked like this is one of them.

"I would be very appreciative if you would," the Doctor graciously said.

Ash grinned. "Don't mention it."

2.8 (Blazingen1, edited by OathToOblivion)

"Well, this is strange. No one's glaring at me. Guess it's not a baseline Loop then."

A young Uzumaki Naruto, Anchor of the Narutoverse, walked down his usual path towards the Hokage Building.

"Nope, there's some glares, but no real actions there. Earlier, I was not overcharged for buying my breakfast, no one threw me out of their stores and no parents pulled their children away. All I could find out from them with my negative emotion sensing, is that they all fear someone, just simply not me. Whoever did this to them must have them really scared if they're fully willing to abide by the rules."

It was then that he looked down at his stomach, where the seal was. "And a certain someone isn't really being as chatty as normal," he commented.

"I'm catching up on my sleep. Last Loop was in Ichigo's Loop, remember? You pretty much spammed Bankai the entire time, so guess who had to pick up the slack?" Kurama grumbled, before curling up in a ball and returning to sleep. Naruto rolled his eyes, but decided to leave him alone for now.

Now Naruto, as one of the Original Seven, has had many normal baseline loops and variant loops. He can easily tell the difference between them.

It seemed like a baseline loop, because no one had hurt him yet or do anything other than ignore him. Yet, Naruto still felt that something was amiss. 'Maybe someone's been replaced. I sent out a ping earlier, and the response came from the Hokage Office.'

As he walked past a shopkeeper, he overheard the conversation that two men were having.

"Whatever you do, do not treat that boy with nothing less than respect. If you don't, who knows what might happen to you. We've all been warned by the former civilian council."

"Why would I respect that-?"

"SSSHHHH! Don't you dare call him that. Ever. Don't you remember what the Hokage did to those who beat him? He was simmering with anger, yet he never raised his voice. That was the scariest thing. He didn't shout, he didn't command, he just asked the offenders to stop. When they didn't, he mercilessly beat them bloody, healed them, and then beat them over and over again. Anyone who has caused any kind of harm to him, mentally or physically, it's said that the Hokage will make you feel it ten times worse. As expected of the man feared as the War Doctor."

Naruto's eyebrows shot above his hairline. Alright then, definitely not a baseline loop. Also, the only War Doctor he knows is from the Doctor Who loops. But that's not possible, unless…

Upon entering the office, everyone there stopped for a moment, took a bow, and then continued from where they stopped.

Still puzzled, he walked up to the third floor, and entered the Hokage's office.

"Hey! Old man, have you been feeling loopy today?"

"Oh yes, I Awoke earlier feeling just a bit dizzy, that's all."

The person sitting on the chair was in fact not the usual figure of Sarutobi Hiruzen, but that of the man he fought side by side as they protected the Elemental Nations from the threat of the Daleks. It was the freakin' War Doctor.

He swept his hand and commanded the ANBU to stand guard outside, then, in a series of hand-signs, sealed the room totally. Naruto, feeling like he should contribute, took out two seal tags and flung them at opposite sides of the wall. The seal tags activated and large black characters surrounded the room.

"There. Now we should be safe to talk," they both said simultaneously.

"So you're the guy who pinged in earlier. I've been through over countless loops, but I haven't been this surprised since…I forget. But I definitely haven't been this surprised in a very long time-ttebayo."

"Oh, so you do recognize me. Well then, do you recognize this then?" He took out a pen-like device and pushed a button, making it emit a high frequency sound. There was also a red light on top.

"That's a sonic screwdriver. How'd you get your hands on that? It shouldn't be possible, unless…"

"That's right; my universe has just started Looping too. Allow me to introduce myself," he said as he stood up and put his hands behind his back. "I am the Doctor. Are you the Anchor?"

Nodding, the Doctor continued, "Now, as to how I can Loop, well, I'll be brief because I heard from the staff that you have a tiny attention span in your current body."

Naruto just pouted at that comment.

"Basically, I can loop due to a modification to the Ouroboros Patch with the help of Jormungandr, making other loop aware beings in my universe outright ignore the Loops. They know they're happening,

but they just don't care enough to fix it and allow the Loops to fix themselves. Some items like Vortex Manipulators and my dear TARDIS were made Read-Only, with some others made to function at limited capacity, like my Sonic Screwdriver."

He took out his sonic and pressed the button. The red light was noticeably much dimmer. Pocketing the device, he continued, "Finally, I can Awaken as any of my regenerations at any point in a single Regeneration Cycle, preventing any Doctor prior to the Awakening from being Awake. Should I loop into another world in that regeneration, then if I am not at the very least some analogue of Gallifreyan, I will stay in that form until the loop ends."

"I see," Naruto said as he tried to understand what was just told to him. "By the way, I heard what you did with the offenders."

"Yes, well, apparently I heard from others that baseline Sarutobi lacked a bit of backbone. Not only did he fail to properly quell the anger of the citizens by providing a proper explanation of the sealing of Kurama, he failed his successor by failing to provide more for you. He lacked the courage to stand up to the cruel and corrupt civilian council. He didn't even tell you what happened to your parents in fear of you outright hating him. At least, that was what this variant's loop memories tell me."

Naruto really couldn't counter that, as much as he wanted to defend his grandfather figure. He knew both variant and baseline versions of Old Man Hokage had made plenty of mistakes in the past, notwithstanding himself and everyone around him.

"So, once I found out I looped into your world, I decided to formally punished those involved. Trust me, neither the civilian council nor Danzo could ever bother us for the rest of the Loop.

Naruto felt something drop in his belly. Nervously he asked, "What exactly did you do to them?"

"They were greedy people. These politicians would most definitely not stop trying to usurp power from me. So I took their power instead. When they protested, I made them fear me."

There were angry outbursts coming from all the civilian council members. He didn't respond to any of them. All he heard was the squabbling of angry, selfish children. It was only when he ordered one of the ANBU members to pick up one member of the civilian council and send him to Ibiki that the hall became deathly quiet.

"You all seem to be forgetting where your positions lie." It was obvious the Doctor was angry. "You civil servants are meant to serve the people, not yourselves. Mataoki Hideo, the man I just sent away, has been pillaging the village finances just so he could fill his already full cup of riches. The man to the right over there was the main instigator of the Naruto Lynch Mob, and I know everyone here has tried overtaking their positions, haven't they? Everyone here has crimes that they have committed, and I have all the evidence. You children really don't know who you're talking to do you?"

To the civilian council, he was scarier than any Tailed Beast. He didn't even release any killing intent, he never raised his voice, and yet he was so scary that one even peed his pants.

He continued speaking in that same tone. "I give you two options. One is that you leave this village. Your family will be safe, I will assure it. You may only take food, water and some money with you. You will be given seals placed on your necks that will induce death upon attempting to reveal secrets of the village."

Now they were really scared. "The second, well, why don't I show you."

ANBU appeared before the terrified civilians, and whisked them off in a shunshin to Ibiki's torture room.

"It's alright; I can take it from here." He walked into the room. The captured civilians could only watch in horror at what happened to

their fellow mate, as they were all pulled in to see a realistic genjutsu of him being pulled into a black hole, not that they knew what it is. The screams made the watchers pale.

"Soon, rumors of what happened spread, and then after that, no one tried to kill you anymore, nor did they decide to break anymore laws. I convinced them, that I am scarier than any bijuu that they may see. With that, people started giving you a chance, before finally realizing that they had made a very big mistake by making biased opinions of you. Some of the smarter ones has realized the connection between you and your father soon after, but they understood why you must be kept hidden lest your enemies find out who you really are. That's how I did it."

"And Danzo?"

The Doctor stood still for a bit before answering. "Unlike the civilians that still could be saved from their own greed, that man is completely irredeemable. I won't go into details, because it still spooks even me. To be brief, I gave him total sensory deprivation. All his soldiers and his recruits were sent to the Yamanakas for mental treatment. I destroyed all the implanted eyes, his good arm, made him deaf, blind and dumb. He no longer has proper nerves to feel, move, use chakra, or any of the six senses. He's totally isolated in a room where no one will ever find him. Ever."

Naruto couldn't really help but to gulp. The 'Fury of the Time Lord', no normal person would want to see that.

"Speaking with experience, the price for peace, in this world at least, is certainly a hard target to achieve, isn't it?"

Naruto could only look back at the multiple loops he had attempted to make everlasting peace in his universe. It was more tolling than any other attempts in some other worlds. The true Naruto, the old man who has lived longer than anyone should, could only sigh and nod in agreement.

"Well, now that the gloomy part is over, could you help me with all this paperwork? I heard from the others you have a secret way of defeating it."

Naruto could only chuckle, put his hands up onto his head and say, "Shadow Clones."

The Doctor widened his eyes before smacking his hands over his temple. "Four Hundred loops and I have already forgotten what they told me."

Full out laughing, Naruto reached out his hands and said, "Welcome to the Naruto loops, Doctor Who!"

"That's not my real name," said an annoyed but smiling Doctor, as they shook hands.

2.9 (Scorntex)

It was an interesting Loop he found himself in now. One where mankind had apparently left Earth at some point, as they were so fond of doing, and wound up finding a great big system to live in, and fight over, and get into trouble over. He'd woken up in a spaceport, travelling around looking for somewhere to be, looking for the local Loopers. Then he'd met that nice young lady with the bright smile, the one who'd said very confidently he was going to end up on "her" ship.

And while he wasn't sure it had been the safest idea, the local Loopers, who lived on said ship, had certainly been inviting, in their own way, their apparent familiarity with him notwithstanding. He decided not to ask them about that one. And he couldn't really fault them for the thefts, given his own murky history of borrowing without permission.

Which is why he'd been unable to argue against joining them on their current caper.

It had been easy enough, use the psychic paper to fake a way into a heavily guarded hospital to take medical supplies that his fellow Loopers needed. The young doctor, and he was going to reluctantly admit the young man was definitely clever given the plan had been his, had warned him that there was a good chance that their unAwake crewmember was likely going to betray them for money, and the situation was going to get worse from there.

They were betrayed and arrested, and his new friend's non-Looping sister had begun mumbling something. And she was frightened.

The Doctor, presently stuck looking like his Tenth incarnation, looked over towards the young man at the other end of the bench (which wasn't easy with a clearly nervous gorilla of a man sitting between them).

"Is she-?" he asked. There was a look of fear on the young doctor's face he did not like.

"She gets like this, when there's danger coming. Sometimes," Simon Tam's eyes darted towards the edgy looking gorilla in their midst, "sometimes it's like she knows what's about to happen."

"Ain't no such gorram thing," Jayne growled.

"Then why's she so worried?" The Doctor asked. Suddenly the girl stopped shaking, and mumbling, and stared straight at the Doctor, or more accurately at the pocket where he was keeping his screwdriver.

Any further conversation was interrupted by their being dragged onto their feet and marched away into another room. The Doctor looked toward Simon, who just looked exceedingly calm.

A few minutes later, and with a handy application of some Venusian aikido, followed by a brief bout of sonicing, they were free. Only River was mumbling again.

"Didn't need no help from you," Jayne growled, cradling the gun he'd stolen from one of the guards, as he began walking towards the door they'd come through.

"Not that way," Simon said. Jayne turned to look at him, looking irritated and annoyed.

"There are going to be more of them coming," he said, glancing toward the Doctor again. He wished they'd explained exactly what it was they were so afraid of. They'd explained only in the briefest terms that "bad people" were coming, even when Jayne wasn't around. Which meant they either didn't know, or didn't want to talk about it. And all the admittedly headstrong Captain Reynolds had said was not to ask.

So naturally the Doctor was growing increasingly curious.

"I kin take 'em" Jayne said, "only eight of 'em."

"Gun's broken," The Doctor noted. Jayne stared at him, the Doctor nodded at the gun.

"Landed pretty hard when its last owner fell down. You'll probably get one shot, maybe two. Might actually be easier to use it as a club, if you can't get close enough."

"Know a lot 'bout guns for a man of learning" Jayne grunted. The Doctor shifted.

"Well," he sighed, "had a lot of them pointed at me."

There was a sudden, loud horrible scream. It was River, who was clutching her head. Simon grabbed her. "We have to go, now!"

River was muttering something to herself. Jayne looked at the door, then to River, then to the gun. He muttered something foul under his breath and started running. The Tams and the Doctor followed suit.

"So," the Doctor asked, once he was certain Jayne was just far enough ahead not to be listening. "What's after us?"

Simon glanced back briefly. "Men."

The Doctor tried not to pout in disappointment. "Men? Is that it?"

"They have something," Simon said. "I don't know what, but it causes a lot of screaming. They'll kill those soldiers just for seeing River, and follow after us."

"So we run?" The Doctor said. Simon nodded, to which he grinned. "Well, you go on and run then. Nice and healthy, fresh air and exercise, I'll just..." he stopped. "Be a minute."

"They'll kill you," Simon said, emphatically.

"Oh," the Doctor shrugged, "I'll be fine. Really. I do this all the time."

"Regeneration is still disabled outside home-Loop," River murmured. Simon gave the Doctor a meaningful glance.

"Don't worry," he said, "I've got a lot of experience in not-dying."

Simon paused, looking over toward the stairs, and heading the sound of Jayne trying to smash his way through the door at the bottom.

"Have you got a weapon?" he asked. The Doctor grinned.

"My brain, my mouth and my screwdriver. Three deadliest things in the world."

"Failed basic theoretical engineering," River murmured, "Destroyed spare manual."

"Only a bit," the Doctor said reflexively, before catching himself. "Anyway, more escaping." Before Simon could add anything else, he lifted out his screwdriver and pointed it at the door. There was a brief

pause before they heard Jayne inform them that the door was open. Simon looked at the Doctor intently for a moment, before shaking his head and hurrying down the stairs with River.

The Doctor turned, and marched backwards, trying to ignore the screaming that he could still hear. He walked back into the room and waited. Shortly after the screaming stopped, two men calmly entered the corridor. Both of them were dressed immaculately, and their hands were covered with what looked like gloves. They stared at him dispassionately, as if they were calculating whether he needed killing or not.

The Doctor paused, wondering if some of the local language was beginning to rub off on him.

"Okay," he declared, "Guessing from the posh suits and total lack of concern, I'm guessing government. Because if you've got something you want hidden you send two people to murder everyone involved, very subtle. You could teach Torchwood a thing or two."

The two men just kept staring. Slowly, one started to reach into his pocket. The Doctor quickly drew out his screwdriver.

"Don't," was all he said. The arm quickly fell to the side.

One of the men blinked for a moment, their eyes focused entirely on the screwdriver. "What... what is that?"

"I'm thinking it's the girl. You're after her. Government experimenting, that would explain why you-"

The man's arm hurried back to the pocket. He withdrew a small something, and it began to make a noise. From the look of it, tiny and bright blue and innocuous, the Doctor decided not to take his chances, especially with the odd sound it was beginning to make. There was a small spark as the screwdriver did its work, and the remains of the object dropped to the floor.

"Sonic weaponry," he said, trying not to let his rising anger show. "Horrible way to kill someone. Not very subtle, though. But then I'm armed with a screwdriver, what do I know about subtle?"

The two men turned to look at one another. In an instant, their hands rushed to another pocket, drawing guns this time. The Doctor pressed again, the guns also sparked and dropped to the floor. Now the men in suits were glowering at him. In fairness, he had broken what looked like some very expensive guns.

As they approached, he shifted slightly, readying himself to run at a moment's notice.

Instead, the two men suddenly found themselves being riddled with gunfire, and dropped to the floor. The Doctor whipped around to see a content-looking Mal Reynolds and Zoe Washburn walking into the room holding guns.

"That never gets old" Mal said, walking past the outraged Doctor and over to the remains of the men. He kicked one of them, before turning to look at the Doctor.

"Yeah, Zoe and me usually deal with these two early on, Doctor. The replacement's a lot easier to deal with."

A dark look briefly crossed Mal's face. "Usually."

"But," the Doctor sputtered, "you-"

"These men were gonna try their level best to kill you, me and mine, Doctor," Mal said calmly. "And while you and I may have our differences, you are on my crew for this Loop. Now, c'mon, we gotta get going."

The Doctor nodded, staring at the two men lying prone, before glowering at the backs of Mal and Zoe. Gritting his teeth, he followed after them.

The Doctor sat hunched over the bar, not saying a word to anyone. The patrons were somewhat used to mopers, but one in particular knew him, and knew this wasn't normal behavior for his friend.

"Doctor."

There was no reply.

"Doctor, it's me, Jack. You look horrible."

"It never works," he slurred slightly. "No matter what I do, it doesn't change."

"Well doesn't that sound ominous. C'mon, tell your old buddy Jack Harkness what's wrong."

"I'm looping through my lifetime. I've done so much, helped so many I failed before. Susan, Adric, Traken, Peri, Rose, Jenny... But not her. Every time, even when I've managed to not lose my hand, something makes me lose Donna."

"Donna? Donna Noble? But I thought she was back home after we beat Davros."

"Oh, this time she is. I played it out the same as the first time because even if she can't remember, at least she's alive. I've tried so much. So many different ways, but they've all failed. Reverse Chameleon Arch, modified Lazarus Project, but always she's lost."

Jack wasn't sure what to say. He couldn't claim to be an expert on the Doctor, but he had known him in two lives, and had met a few others in his incredibly long life. And he'd never seen any like this.

"You know what she calls me?" the Doctor said rhetorically. "'The One Who Regrets.' The rest of my lives have other titles. 'The Young One,' 'The One Who Plans,' 'The One Who Shouts.' But all I do is regret."

"What about what Rose did to me? Make her immortal, too."

"Didn't work. She just kept burning up and coming back only to burn again. I couldn't let her stay in that torturous state, so I crashed the Loop. Eiken was almost a paradise compared to her screams." The Doctor slammed back his drink and signalled for another. "I'm sorry, Donna. I'm so, so sorry."

And all Jack could do was sit down and give the Doctor, who had always seemed so strong, so powerful, a shoulder to cry on.

"Grandfather? Is everything alright?"

The Doctor glanced up at Susan. It was rare for him to Awaken this early, not that he really changed much before going to Totter's Lane to meet Barbara and Chesterton again. "Yes. Yes, my dear. I'm just rather lost in thought." He looked at the rows of Time Capsules, all Type 40, and mused on how much of an understatement that was. While he felt it most strongly during his tenth incarnation, the crushing loneliness of repeating the same stretch of two thousand years over and over with no one to share it with was starting to get to him. "Now, then. I believe we were going to take this one, hmm?"

And as he stepped towards the doors of she-who-would-be-Sexy (he barely paid any attention to the "Great Intelligence"'s attempts to waylay him anymore), he heard her voice. Clara's voice.

"Doctor? Is that you?"

Wait. That's not what she was supposed to say. He looked back, and saw her, every inch a Time Lady to his senses, looking at him incredibly confused.

"I only ask, because the last thing I remember is being in the TARDIS and you, a new you, complaining about the colour of your kidneys."

Susan looked incredibly confused. "Grandfather? Who is this? And what's she talking about?"

Joy blossomed in the young Doctor's old heart. "An old friend, child. One I am very glad to see. Clara, my dear, this is my granddaughter Susan." The Doctor giggled cheerily. "Would you like to come with us? Hm? We have so much to talk about! Oh, And I'll explain everything to you, as well, Susan."

The other Loopers had said there would be a Loop like this.

He was so glad they were right.

2.1 There are some opportunities that can only happen in the Loops.

2.2 Meeting with old friends

2.3 Kyubey can be delayed quite easily. The hard part is catching it.

2.4 Cosmetic similarities can lead to interesting encounters.

2.5 The Cthulhu Mythos is well integrated with the Expanded Whoniverse

2.6 Multiversal constants

2.7 Now, are you a boy or a girl?

2.8 If you thought Ten's punishments in The Family of Blood were bad...

2.9 Ten's always had a bit of an issue with guns

2.10 Another title held by the Doctor (Ten, at least): The Lonely God

2.11 Not so lonely anymore

Chapter 3

3.1

Lucca sighed as she put the last connections of the Telepod into place. It was odd, this strange time loop she had found herself in. At first she thought it was some sort of revenge from Lavos, or something those strange Mystics did to her, but when the time for the two to attack her orphanage came again, she was ready for them and found herself continuing past that point until Porre's sudden army attacked Guardia and took it over.

Life as a refugee wasn't fun any of the times she did it. Getting killed, of course, made everything worse by sending her back to today. At least the kids did alright for themselves, forming a rebellion group called "Radical Dreamers" and fighting guerrilla warfare. She was somewhat surprised with how talented Kid was at thievery, however. Maybe they could visit the El Nido Archipelago together sometime, instead of Kid running off on her own.

Eventually she started taking advantage of the Loop, learning as much about 2300 technology as she could. She could now safely say that she could easily advance technology a thousand years without any problems.

Once the final wire was plugged in, her dad went to alert the fair staff that they were ready. He had been mildly surprised to find her ability to put the Telepod together so quickly, but just chalked it up to enthusiasm (despite all her sighing).

Immediately, two guests arrived, but she recognized neither of them. This was important to note because she had long since memorized the faces of the crowd that gathered at the Telepod exhibit. Since they were unfamiliar, she decided to go speak with them.

"Hello, I'm Lucca."

The man, who wore a green coat and ruffles and had shoulder-length wavy brown hair, held out his hand, which Lucca shook. "How do you do, I'm the Doctor." He gestured to his companion, a short woman with black hair and a red dress. "This is Clara." Clara waved. "I must admit I find myself rather curious. This Telepod technology, what does it do?"

"Dad will explain when the exhibit itself happens, but in a nutshell, it's a point-to-point transportation system."

"Fascinating. You know, when we saw all those swords and things, I thought we were in a far more medieval period. But to have dematerialization and rematerialization with such limited tools, it's a credit to your genius." The Doctor then went over to the console and started looking it over carefully.

"Don't mind him," said Clara. "He's good with machines. Well, mostly. The TARDIS gives him trouble sometimes. She still gives me trouble sometimes, and I've been learning as much as I can about her just in case."

"TARDIS?" Lucca asked. This was starting to get strange.

"Time And Relative Dimension In Space," answered the Doctor. "Speaking of, I notice that there's a weakening in the fabric of time in this area. You might want to be careful, as an overload in the demat circuits could cause a rupture."

Lucca just stared in shock for a few moments. "Time and... space? Who are you? Do you know why time is repeating for me?"

"See, Clara? I knew that someone would react."

"Yeah, yeah. Next time I Loop with this incarnation of you I'll pay for our shoe shopping trip."

"Now, I'm afraid this is going to take a while to explain, so shall we find someplace nearby to sit?"

3.2

The Doctor Awoke to find himself in the curious state of not having a body. But before he could contemplate the situation, he became aware of the words "activate the EMH," and found himself standing in the med-bay of what appeared to be a Federation starship (in all his Fused Loops, he'd yet to find anything that looked quite like them).

"Please state the nature of the medical emergency," he automatically recited. "Oh, yes, I see. I haven't been a medical doctor for some time."

"Doctor?" asked the person in front of him. She wore the red and black of twenty-fourth century command staff and had short, brown hair. On her breast was a communicator that had three bars behind Starfleet's crest. Hmm. Must be the Voyager. "You aren't the Doctor we usually get."

"Yes, I hear that rather often. If you'd prefer, you can refer to me as Doktor von Wer."

"Isn't that German for 'Doctor Who?'"

"Well, yes, but at least it's not the usual 'John Smith' thing my future selves tend to give out. Tell me, have you seen my recorder anywhere?"

"I'm afraid not, Doctor. As for me, I am Kathryn Janeway, Captain of Voyager. Just to be on the safe side, you *can* perform as a medical doctor?"

"In the baseline, barely. But I have managed to learn quite a few things, and the programming of this 'EMH' business can help with that. Now, if I remember from my encounter with Captain Picard, your ship is the one that was lost in the Gamma Quadrant?"

"Delta Quadrant actually, but yes."

"Should be exciting," said the Doctor, shaking Janeway's hand excitedly. "Now, what's our first stop?"

3.3 (Scorntex)

Hogwarts. He was finally in Hogwarts. Ever since he'd read the books, so long ago, he'd wanted to see it. And yet, in another sense, he hadn't. Something about the school, with its Houses and horrible teachers and bullying brought back several painful and unpleasant memories he'd tried constantly to bury.

But there was another part of him that really wanted to see a phoenix, and thestrals, and to meet one of the original Loopers, and to get a good look at the way that world's magic worked.

And the train, because even with all the time-travel he rarely got a chance to use trains.

But there was the one everyone seemed to speak of. Dolores Jane Umbridge. A horrible, nasty and as utterly vile woman as there was disguising herself in the thinnest veneer of sugary sweetness. Indeed, the first day he'd met the local Anchor (and goodness, he actually had the scar), he'd been warned about her.

Curiosity piqued, he wanted to meet this woman.

But he'd looped in on the first year. Meaning he was going to have to wait.

In all honesty, Harry Potter thought, he was surprised the Loop had gotten as far as it had.

It had started four years ago. There they'd been, standing in line outside the great hall. Neville had lost his toad, and Malfoy had been

Malfoy about it.

Then an absolute giant of a first year student had stepped in. There had been something about that giant mass of curly hair that set Harry's brain off, or the smile that made its owner look like he was about to go for someone's throat. And there was the way he'd talked so loudly. Harry had a sinking feeling the moment he'd seen that.

Then, during the sorting, Professor McGonagall had actually stopped while reading out the list, before announcing "Doctor of TARDIS." Harry counted himself lucky he hadn't been drinking or eating anything at the time, as the giant curly-haired boy had practically bounded over to the chair, still grinning like a maniac.

He'd been under the hat for several minutes before it'd declared him for Gryffindor.

That had been four years ago. Four long years with the Doctor. And not just any Doctor. The Fourth one.

However, and he wasn't necessarily going to complain about it, but watching Snape drop to the floor the minute he'd tried to read the Doctor's mind had been a highlight of the first year.

And watching the Doctor verbally trounce Lockhart, not to mention swanning into Professor Dumbledore's office carrying a sword, Ginny and the remains of a book that Harry could quickly recognise as Tom's diary, grinning madly while smelling insanely bad. When asked how he found it, he'd just smiled even further and said he "spoke snake".

Harry was used to visiting Loopers doing strange things, but this version of the Doctor seemed to insist on doing everything by himself.

It was probably the teeth.

Funnily enough, on the fourth year, when the subject of Barty Crouch Junior had come up, he'd said nothing, and disappeared for several weeks. He was found later in the Room of Requirement, yelling at a mountain of books.

And then in the fifth year Umbridge had arrived. At which point Harry had decided to sit back, fetch some popcorn and watch.

She lasted all of one week.

There had been shouting, yelling, shaking and rumbling for a few minutes, no necessarily all in that order. It had started simply enough. The toad-like woman had been trying to quash rumours of Voldemort's return, enforce her will over the entire school, essentially standard for her. Then the Doctor had raised a hand, and asked about the book, much as Harry had himself, only with more veiled insults aimed at Umbridge.

She had insisted he not ask questions.

He'd insisted it was his job to ask questions.

She had told him that if that was the case, he could ask questions in his detention after class.

He had simply ignored her and kept asking questions. She'd quickly turned a funny pink colour and then she'd started yelling.

He started yelling back, much louder. It didn't help that he was already pretty loud to begin with.

Some of the Ravenclaw students had already begun making their way toward the door by that point.

Not even two minutes later the entire classroom was empty save the Doctor and Umbridge. The students hadn't actually gone far, they'd just planted themselves at the nearest safe distance and listened to the noise.

"Harry?" Ron asked. "Whose idea was it to give him a wand anyway?"

Harry dwelt on that one for a few minutes. "Good question," he admitted.

The two of them shared nervous looks.

Then the door of the classroom opened.

Well, the door fell off its hinges, followed by a great plume of smoke. From it, a scarfed shape flourished out, wand held firmly in the grasp of a battered but otherwise intact Doctor. Hovering a short distance away from the wand was a small rotating shape.

Spotting the small crowd, the Doctor made his way over to his fellow students, grinning triumphantly.

"Ah, hello," he beamed. "That did take a while, didn't it? Still haven't quite managed to get this wand working yet."

Ron stared at the object hovering next to his wand, as he looked toward the small crowd.

"By the way, is there anyone here willing to look after this?"

He noticed something Harry couldn't, and his smile somehow managed to increase.

"Ah, Misters Weasley. Would you two mind terribly holding on to this for me? Be careful, though, it's sharp and bad-tempered."

Harry swivelled to look. There, towards the edge of the crowd were Fred and George, who it seemed were handing out food and merchandising to everyone.

"What are you two doing here?" Hermione asked, as one of the twins carefully took the whatever-it-was from the Doctor.

"Oh," George said, trying to look offended. "We heard it from upstairs. And we've got to keep an eye on our chief bread-maker."

"Quite so," added Fred, handing out a shirt to another student. "Quite so. Our Doctor does earn us a tidy profit. Got to make sure he hasn't accidentally blown himself up."

"Oh," George added, handing Harry a small bag. "I believe these are your earnings, Mister Potter. Very lucky guess by the way."

Harry calmly took the bag of coins and shrugged. "Just happened to be right, I suppose."

Hermione gasped in horror, and stalked off. Ron meanwhile couldn't help staring at what the Doctor had been levitating.

"What is that, anyway?" he asked. He got his answer when it unfurled and hissed angrily at him.

"It happens to be Professor Umbridge," the Doctor mused, staring at what transpired to be an angry grey-ish kitten.

"But I'm not certain I got it right. It was supposed to be a toad."

3.4 (OracleMask)

As a seasoned time traveler, the Doctor knew better than to alter important past events to suit his whims unless the timeline really needed tampering with (as well as whenever he thought he could get away with it). But there was no harm with doing minor fixes, getting certain people to the airport on time, and so on.

Becoming a looper simply meant there were more events to choose from.

The Doctor, having Awoken just shy of his regeneration into Body No. Four, was once again aiming to drop Sarah Jane Smith off in

Croydon instead of Aberdeen. Not being a looper meant Sarah couldn't properly appreciate the effort he went to but it helped to ease her resentment later on. And then there were the times the TARDIS decided to counter-meddle, making sure they arrived on Mars or Mexico or anywhere else that wasn't Aberdeen OR Croydon.

Once it had been Pompeii, at the same time that his Tenth self was there with Donna. It had been an interesting experience, though it also became immensely awkward when Sarah and Donna started gossiping.

This time, the Doctor landed square in Croydon. Sarah took her things and stormed out of the TARDIS without a backwards glance, letting the doors swing shut behind her. He had just turned back to the controls when there was a great banging at the door.

It opened to reveal a Sarah Jane who was somehow more incensed than she'd been five minutes ago.

"Alright, the joke's gone on long enough."

"Joke?"

Sarah waved behind her.

"This isn't Aberdeen," she said, "It's Croydon! Which means you've known all along about - about what's going on!"

His hearts gave a leap, and the Doctor did nothing to conceal the wild grin that appeared on his face.

"Yes, Sarah, I've known for quite some time that you live in Croyden and not Aberdeen."

"That's not funny - "

"But I hadn't known you were looping in time," the Doctor interrupted, "I was a bit concerned with making sure we didn't land in Ancient Italy again."

"Looping? ...Ancient Italy?"

"Although I recall that Pompeii was rather nice this time of year…"

3.5 (Masterweaver)

"PA-THET-IC LIFE FORMS! WE, THE DA-LEKS, WILL IM-PROVE YOUR STAN-DARD OF LIV-ING! WOR-SHIP OUR GEN-ER-OS-ITY AND BE GRATE-FUL WE DO NOT EX-TERM-IN-ATE YOUR SCUM FROM THE U-NI-VERSE!"

The Doctor blinked for a bit as his archenemies started building up shelters for the impoverished. Behind him, Clara hid a datapad and a smile.

3.6 (crossoverpairinglover, edited by OathToOblivion)

The Doctor, currently in his Time War incarnation (and considering he wasn't in it right now, it hopefully wasn't going to start up this time), couldn't even relax properly as he had a nice cup of coffee in the town he was visiting this loop.

For one thing, the town was sort of weird, even by his standards. He was sure some of his other incarnations would like it, but it was too...crazy looking for him.

Plus, it was named Death City. Death. City.

Who'd want to live in a place like that?

The Doctor had no idea who was looping here, and it really didn't matter. He just wanted a nice, quiet loop with no war, no murder and no pointless fighting.

One loop with a giant hand was more than enough for him…

"YAHOO HO HO!"

The Doctor barely jumped out of his chair in time as a small shape crashed from the sky and shattered his table, breaking his cup in the process.

The person who landed in front of him was a short human male, with blue hair that spiked in ways gravity should not allow, in a black muscle shirt that exposed a star shaped tattoo on his shoulder.

He sort of reminded him of Naruto, except more hyperactive, if that was even possible.

"I am Black Star!" he shouted in a way that even a Dalek would call 'dramatic'.

"...And your point?" the Doctor dryly asked. The boy pointed his fist at him, which began to glow sort of like that Danny Rand fellow from that loop with the Spider person.

"Fight me!"

"...Why the hell would I do that? I'm on vacation!" The Doctor complained. "I'd like to not be a warrior for a change, even if I cannot be a Doctor."

"You can call yourself whatever you want," Black Star smirked "The Juggler, The Painter or The Cook, I still want to fight. You cannot surpass the best if you do not climb the ladder of badasses, and I'm sure you fit in somewhere on that ladder."

The Doctor wasn't sure if he was glad the boy had no idea who he was, or not. But it looked like a fight was imminent...

"EX-TER-MIN-ATE!"

A small army of Daleks suddenly warped into being around them, all armed for war. This caused the Doctor to feel a sense of relief that Daleks should really not bring him.

"You know, Daleks are said to be the ultimate life forms, the superior species and the murderers of all other life forms," the Doctor said nonchalantly. The boy looked up the Doctor in surprise, apparently thrown off by their somewhat 'dorky' appearances, and ignoring the fact they were charging their lasers. "I'm sure you'll gain more points on your climb to being the best by taking out a Dalek Army than simple old me." And with that, he apparated away.

"WE ARE THE DA-LEKS! WE EX-TER-MIN-ATE IN-FER-IOR BEINGS!"

"Inferior huh? Well, I guess you mustn't have heard of me" Black Star gave a wide grin as he charged at the nearest one with his still glowing fist. "I AM BLACK STAR! I WILL SURPASS THE GODS LOOPING AMONG US! I WILL DEFEAT YOU ALL!"

"IL-LOG-ICAL!"

"HELL IT IS, TIN CAN!"

BANG!

Dusting his hands off after a long fight, Black Star proceeded to apparate away from the mass of broken Daleks.

Another win for the man who would surpass everyone.

3.7 (Scorntex)

It had started when he first woke up in the new Loop. He'd started off incredibly late in his life, after his tenth regeneration. Things had gone as they usually tended to, Rose, Mickey, Cybermen, Sarah (who wasn't awake), Martha, the Master, Titanic, Wilfred, Donna, all the usual things.

Except there hadn't been any Daleks. At all. Not even a peep, or a glimpse. And that troubled him.

So when the Medusa Cascade incident finally came along, he was surprised when Daleks weren't the ones that abducted the Earth. He still got zapped and wasted a regeneration, though, but it wasn't That Dalek that got him.

It only got worse once they reached the Crucible. The demonstration of the Reality Bomb was still there, only this time it didn't kill those unfortunate souls. Oh no. Davros' replacement for this Loop wasn't anywhere near as kind as that.

That was why they'd kidnapped the twenty-seven planets, and abducted lifeforms from each one. They needed a control group for the weapon.

And now they had it working.

Beside him, there was a horrified noise from Rose as the screen closed.

"Fascinating, isn't it?" their captor grinned, horribly. It was worse than Davros. At least he was Davros. In any other time and place, he would have called the person talking now a friend. "The bomb forcibly alters a beings' morphogenic field, permanently altering their body, enslaving their mind."

She nodded towards the screen, casually, "That was just tested on the prisoners. Full transmission will alter *every* living being."

"The twenty-seven planets," the Doctor repeated, and this time the horror wasn't feigned, or subdued by confidence in Davros' failure. "They become one big transmitter."

"Across the entire universe..." the mad woman grinned. "...every species in its path will be altered. They will become like us, perfect. Harmonic. And that wavelength shall continue, breaking through the

rift at the heart of the Medusa Cascade into *every* dimension, *every* parallel, *every single corner of creation!"*

Twilight Sparkle, the monster behind the Conversion Bomb, was now shaking with manic excitement.

"THIS IS OUR VICTORY, DOCTOR! ***THE PONIFICATION! OF REALITY! ITSELF!***

3.8 (crossoverpairinglover)

The Doctor didn't know exactly how he ended up in a line up surrounded by a green skinned female, a raccoon, and a large, sentient, mobile tree, but it was probably interesting.

As was likely the tale of why a human six was tattooed to the back of each of his hands.

"...Peter Jason Quill..." one of the guards began discussing someone while the technological restraints were flashing around him for a change.

Odd, that wasn't his name. Did he just happen to be borrowing it for a loop?

"He's also known as Time Lord."

"Who calls him that?" a second guard asked in befuddlement.

"Himself mostly, wanted mostly on charges of minor assault, public intoxication and theft of over 4 tons of Jelly Babies."

The Doctor sighed to himself. It was going to be one of those loops... though the Jelly Babies sounded good right about now.

"So, you're replacing Quill?" the Raccoon huffed as the Doctor eyed his fellow prisoner.

"It would appear so. So... we just stay in prison all loop?"

The Raccoon shook him off. "Nah, we have to bust out to keep an Infinity Stone from ending up with Thanos, which is bad."

"With a name like Thanos, I highly doubt it would be good," the Doctor snarked back to the Raccoon looper.

"Well, it might be a bit tricky. Bar you and me, the rest of the gang who appears in this part of this Variant aren't Awake, and we aren't exactly carrying many of our big hitters around this part of the loop like Warlock and Quasar/Martyr/Whatever she's calling herself at the moment, so we can't afford to not have any of them. Sure, Groot will do what I ask him to here rather simply, and this Gamora isn't much harder, but man you don't want to know the incidents Quill's had with an Unawake Drax."

"Oh, Drax?" the Doctor seemed interested in that one. "What's he like?"

"They call him Drax the Destroyer."

"...Oh." That name was somewhat ominous, and painful.

3.9 (Blazingen1, edited by OathToOblivion)

The TARDIS materialized yet again in a familiar museum, the grinding noise of the Time Rotor fading out. A curious 11th Doctor poked his head out of the doors, quickly leaving the TARDIS. Following him was a confused looking Amy Pond, still so young, as she looked into the Museum the Doctor had brought them to.

"You've got a time machine. What do you need museums for?" she questioned.

The Doctor, deciding to stick to the script, declared, "Wrong! Very wrong! Ooh! One of mine! Also one of mine."

"Oh, I see! It's how you keep score," Amy decided.

Once again, they stood before the home box of the category 4 starliner, the black and burnt machine with Gallifreyan words written on them. Something that intrigued the Doctor was that the words on it often differed from baseline, even when there was no reason for River to do so.

"There were days, there were many days that these words could burn stars and raise up empires and topple Gods," the Doctor said, continuing his baseline spiel.

"What does it say?" Amy asked in impatience.

The Doctor took a good look, only to blink at the latest weirdness to cross his paths in the Loops. "Place Ads Here?" he asked in confusion.

3.10 (Scorntex)

It was a lovely beautiful day, the beginning of a new Loop, fresh with promise of excitement, a world holding its breath in anticipation.

"DOOOCCCCCCTTTTTTTAAAAAAAAAAHHHH!"

Or perhaps the breath was actually that of a seriously aggrieved woman from Chiswick suddenly finding themselves Awake for the first time.

"Donna!" The Doctor exclaimed cheerfully, and perhaps a bit too loudly, given he'd been only a few feet away from his friend when she'd yelled.

The cheerfulness of seeing his friend again stopped dead when he saw the Look heading in his direction. And he felt the capital letter was needed, because it was the sort of gaze that caused some peoples heads to explode.

Donna was angry.

"WHERE AM I?" she bellowed. "HOW DID WE GET HERE?"

Donna paused, blinked and stared down at herself, then at the Doctor.

"AND WHY ARE WE FLIPPING PONIES?!"

Donna, in this case, happened to be an Earth pony, her mane and tail their usual bright red, and her coat a shade of brown not too far removed from the brown the Doctor happened to be sporting. And as a Cutie Mark she appeared to have a typewriter.

She blinked, then stared at him again. "Last I remember..."

Her eyes narrowed, and she glowered at him again. "Did you wipe my memories?" she hissed.

The Doctor paused for a moment, as he felt the sudden desire to be very far away. Very, very far away. Perhaps a few light years away. He wasn't sure it would actually save him exactly, but he'd at least have time to think.

Unfortunately, his mouth hadn't paused, meaning while he'd been pondering exactly what to do, his mouth had helpfully supplied Donna with "um."

"Did. You. Wipe. My. Memories?" Donna repeated, slowly this time.

The Doctor paused, scratching the back of his head with a hoof. "Er..."

Donna gave the Doctor a glare that should've, by all rights, incinerated him twice over.

"Right," she said. "I'm gonna KNOCK YOUR HEAD OFF!"

At this point Donna started advancing towards him. The only thing that saved the Doctor was that Donna wasn't used to the idea of hooves, and promptly fell over. Suddenly all thoughts of running were abandoned, and the Doctor moved over toward Donna, cautiously.

She didn't look angry now. She just looked embarrassed, and scared, and hearts-breaking-ly hurt.

"I haven't gone insane, have I?" she asked quietly. "This isn't something Time-Lordy you're doing while my brain melts, is it?"

"No," the Doctor said quietly, as he sat down next to her. "It's... it's tricky to explain."

"Try me," Donna muttered.

"Well, essentially there's this tree, called Yggdrasil..."

He explained, slowly and carefully as he could manage. After it was done, Donna just paused thoughtfully.

"But why am I Looping?" she eventually asked. Caught flat-footed by that, he didn't respond.

"I mean, why isn't Rose Looping, or Martha, or Jenny? Or all those others who travelled with you? Why am I ahead of them? I mean-" she scoffed slightly, "I'm just useless."

"No," the Doctor said, firmly, "no, you aren't."

"Yeah, I am," Donna frowned. "Can't even get being important right. Just messed it all up and failed."

"That's your mother talking. And..." he paused, staring at the sky above them. "If I were to use my not inconsiderable wisdom for a moment, it's because you're brilliant."

"'m not."

"Yeah," he said instantly. "you are. You're one of the most brilliant people I've ever met."

"Don'cha mean "pony"?" Donna asked, a very small grin appearing on her face.

"Oh," the Doctor sighed. "that's... detail, not important. But you are."

"Okay," Donna nodded. "If you don't wanna really tell me, fine. But why did you wipe my memories?"

The Doctor bit his lip. "Donna..." he started.

"C'mon," she said, staring straight through him as she did. "Just tell me, why didn't you do something about that?"

"There wasn't another way." He took a deep breath before continuing. "And I did try, in the Loops. I've tried every means I know, even a few I didn't, to try and find a way to stop that. Nothing ever works. Nothing."

Donna looked around at the sight of Ponyville, in all its brightly-coloured glory, before staring at the Doctor again. "Then how come I'm not dying right now?"

The Doctor stared at Donna. He blinked. With great care he brought his screwdriver out of his subspace pocket and scanned her. He stared at the screwdriver and hit it against the ground. He scanned Donna again. He stared at the screwdriver again. He brought out a spare screwdriver and scanned her with that. The same result.

"Hmm," said he.

"What?" Donna asked.

"Well..." he stretched out, "apparently you're a perfectly healthy pony."

"No brain-melting, then?" Donna asked.

"None, apparently."

"No need to get emotional for me, spaceman."

"I wasn't," he started, before smiling again. After a few seconds Donna smiled back.

"So, if we're in a Loop with ponies," Donna started, "are we safe?"

"That..." he paused. "That depends."

"Depends on what?"

"On who's Awake," he grinned.

"S' what's this place like, then?" she asked.

"Nice. Mostly harmless. Locals can be a bit weird, but they are really very nice ponies."

Donna hummed slightly, before frowning. "Do they have beaches?"

"They..." the Doctor paused. "I think they must have. I could ask."

"Alright," Donna smiled. "Let's ask the ponies if there are beaches."

"You sure you don't want to see what this place is like?" he asked, temptingly.

Donna gave this lengthy consideration. "I wanna relax first, after not having my brains melting."

"You know," the Doctor sighed, "Your brains weren't really going to... forget it. Beaches?"

"Beaches," Donna said firmly. "And if they've got cocktails, that's even better."

"Alright then," he grinned, "Welcome to the Loops, Donna Noble. Allons-y!"

3.11 (OathToOblivion)

Clara Awoke rather jarringly all things considered. *'Okay, where am I?'* she wondered. She tried moving, but couldn't move. She tried blinking, couldn't do that either. Couldn't feel much of anything either. 'Just what is going-?' That was when the Loop Memories set in, much to her shock. At the same time, the memories of one of her many echoes across the Doctor's lifetime came to the forefront.

"I am Oswin Oswald. I fought the Daleks and I am human. Remember me."

"...BLI-MEY."

Elsewhere in time and space, a certain Type-40 TARDIS zoomed through the Time Vortex on its way to where its Thief needed to go next.

"Well! Business at the Ood Sphere taken care of ahead of schedule; Martha won't be calling for a while; where do you want to go next?" the Doctor asked of Donna while the two of them operated the console in tandem. While it was a bit hard to access at times, Donna could still call upon all of the memories the Doctor had at the time of the Meta-Crisis. Obviously, this gave her some skills in TARDIS Operation, among others.

"What, you're giving me a choice for once, Spaceman?" Donna asked in an amused tone.

The Doctor shrugged. "Truth be told, I want to shake things up a bit. Break the monotony," he admitted.

Donna snorted at this. "What, like the time you wore that sombrero everywhere?" she mocked.

"Oi! Sombreros are cool!" the Doctor cried indignantly, before facepalming at what he said. "Oh great. Chinny's surfacing ahead of schedule," he muttered.

"Chinny... the you with the bowtie I haven't met yet?" Donna asked in clarification. At his nod, she forged on. "Why do you never come visit whenever you're like that anyway?" she questioned.

"Oh, well, Chinny's my last regeneration in this cycle, meaning the Loop ends with him. And then I'm usually too busy making sure the Ponds, River, and Clara are alright, not to mention dealing with the "Great" Intelligence as well as a lot of other things that really end up eating away my time. Anyway, I-" The Doctor was interrupted, when the phone on the console started ringing.

Donna stared at it in confusion. "I thought you said Martha wasn't going to call for a while?" she asked.

"She won't," the Doctor replied. "And I mean, not only that, but Martha doesn't even have the TARDIS number; I've got her mobile," he continued, waving the mobile phone around in his hand.

"So who's calling?" Donna wondered.

"I guess we're going to find out," the Doctor said, picking up the phone. "Hello?" he asked.

"Doctor? Is that you?" a very familiar voice rang out.

"Clara? You're certainly calling pretty early. I haven't even become Chinny yet," the Doctor said in surprise.

"Yeah, it's me. Well, to be more accurate, my name this Loop is Oswin..." Clara trailed off on the other end.

"Oswin? But isn't that...ooh, that's not good," the Doctor winced, realizing what had happened.

"Yeah, tell me about it. Can I get a pickup?" Clara asked.

"Right. Don't worry, Clara, we'll be right over!" the Doctor said before hanging up.

"What was that about?" Donna couldn't help but ask.

"One of my other Companions is Awake and in a precarious position right now. I need to go rescue her; it'll just be a simple go in, pick her up, get out. Simple, really," the Doctor said, zooming around the console.

"Since when does anything you do involve 'simple'?" Donna pointed out. The Doctor ignored her, and set the destination.

"Alright! Next stop, the Dalek Asylum!" he declared.

"Wait, Dalek what?!"

3.1 Doctor Who was the hardest time travel-based Loop to get started. But once that was done, places like Chrono Trigger were going to be easy.

3.2 Both of them are the Doctor, after all.

3.3 Stymieing Umbridge has become a favourite past time for Loopers in a Hogwarts Loop.

3.4 Sarah Jane Smith, known to many as the quintessential companion, has come to the Loops.

3.5 Clara became a genius-level hacker in the baseline. With the Loops...?

3.6 The War Doctor has a reputation he'd rather not have anymore.

3.7 Bureau Loops are considered among the worst of the Pony variants.

3.8 Well, he *is* a Guardian of the Universe at home. A galaxy shouldn't be too much harder.

3.9 It's the little things that change sometimes.

3.10 Donna Awakens. The reason she's not dying is because Yggdrasil is now managing her memories, so her brain doesn't have to.

3.11 Clara can Awaken as any of her time-displaced selves. So the Doctor gets a Dalek companion this time around.

Chapter 4

4.1

Clara was mildly confused when she Awoke to meet an Unawake Eleventh Doctor. She didn't get a ping from anyone, so it could have been one of those "Stealth Anchor" things the Doctor had talked about, but she wasn't sure on that.

"Doctor?"

"Yes, Clara?" he said, fiddling with something.

"How can you not be Awake?"

"What are you talking about? If I wasn't awake I couldn't be talking to you. Well, I suppose I could, but I'm pretty sure I'm not prone to sleep-talking. Or sleep-walking. Or sleep- Ow!" The bit of machinery the Doctor was working on sparked and he shook his hand. "Sleep-fixing!"

"No, that's not what I meant. You're the one who explained all this to me in the first place, you know. Okay, the Multiverse is broken and time is repeating-"

"Oh, the time-thing. Yes, the Time Lords have known about that for eons. Nothing to worry about. Though, the White Guardian is a little miffed, he told me ages ago that the Black Guardian was acting out because things kept being the same all the time."

"Sorry, what guardians?"

"Oh, just the Six-Fold Guardian of Time. Nothing to worry about."

"Anyways, not the point. You are the Anchor for our universe, which means that you are always Awake. And by 'Awake,' I mean able to remember other Time Loops."

"I guess that is a mystery. Bit hard to solve, though, considering I'd be both investigator and investigated."

"It could be that an Anchor from another Loop is here. That can happen sometimes. If they are, I'm sure we'll run into them sometime." Clara shrugged. "Let's just keep going. There's plenty to do, yeah?"

The time had come. Clara had been both anticipating and dreading this day. The Doctor on Trenzalore and his regeneration.

"I will always remember... When the Doctor was me." Eleven dropped his bow-tie, and with a flash Twelve took his place. "Gah! Kidneys! Still can't stand their colour!"

"Doctor?"

"Ah, Clara. I hope you've figured out how to fly the TARDIS by now, 'cause I don't think I can do it right now!"

"Wait, Doctor, you're Awake?!"

"Keep up, Clara, I'm always Awake, you know that!"

4.2

"Well, this is when we normally part ways, Doctor. I guess I'll be seeing you a few faces down the road." Sarah Jane stood in the TARDIS console room, bag packed for home.

"Actually, Sarah, I had a bit of a poor experience last Loop," said the Doctor, fidgeting with his scarf. "You see, I decided to do something strange for me and actually be Lord President of Gallifrey after I won the election." The Doctor shivered. "So many plots to keep track of, all that corruption and politics. Honestly, I could do with staying with you on our journey for quite a while longer." After a moment, the

Doctor grinned his toothy grin. "I wonder what the Master will do if I don't show up for his plan?"

Sarah Jane smiled back and set her bag aside. "I have been wondering lately what you get up to between now and your next face."

The Doctor gave Sarah Jane a hug and moved over to the console. "Well, then, let's see how you get on with Leela of the Sevateem, eh?"

4.3 (Scorntex)

Webley's World of Wonders, proclaimed as one of the biggest human-build amusement parks throughout all of history, was quiet. There were people there, to the tune of several dozen nervous soldiers, one reluctant ruler, and a time-looping time-traveller who was occasionally checking her watch. But they were all keeping amazingly quiet.

The quiet may have had something to do with the Cyberman that had shown up, kidnapped a human girl, and vanished into the woodwork again. But also, they were in a giant abandoned amusement park in the middle of the night. On the plus hand, the soldiers had discovered why the place had a reputation for people disappearing.

It had been about thirty minutes since the Cyberman had made off with Angie and Artie Maitland, and the Doctor had promised to go find them. No one had seen him, or a hint of a Cyberman since.

And Clara Oswald was getting concerned. The first time she'd been through this nightmare, the Doctor had been possessed or taken over by an incredibly bizarre cyber... thing, one that apparently hadn't even been programmed with an indoor voice. And this time he'd assured her he had a means of "dealing with" the Cyber-Planner.

Like every other time the Doctor had asked her to trust him, this made her feel increasingly uneasy. The Doctor and well-formulated plans, as she had learnt from experience, weren't on speaking terms. And this was even after the however-many Loops he'd been through before her.

So she sat, checking her watch, outside Natty Longshoe's Comical Castle, worrying about Artie and Angie.

Well, she was worried about Artie. She was certain about that.

Then she heard the sound of a soldier yelling something. That caught her attention. That was probably the Doctor, meaning he was alive. Quickly, but not so quickly as to leave Porridge behind, she made her way to the drawbridge where the Doctor probably was.

That was when things went differently. He was yelling frantically to the soldiers. Angie and Artie were running, not towards the castle, but in the direction of the TARDIS.

And he wasn't covered in Cyber-things, or carrying a chessboard. That probably explained the frantic shouting.

What it didn't explain was what was in the small bags he, Angie and Artie all appeared to be carrying.

"Doctor," she asked tentatively, noticing the sheer amount of panic on his face, and the fact that he was almost out of breath, "what did you do?"

"No time!" he stated, before turning back to the soldiers. "C'mooooooon! Everyone off the planet!"

"What's going on?" she heard Porridge, or Emperor Ludens Nimrod Kendrick Longstaff the 41st to his mates, ask.

The Doctor turned to him. "Still no time."

The soldiers, each looking increasingly bewildered, stared.

"Everyone, get to the Spacey-Zoomer," he hurriedly listed. "Box. Big blue box. Get inside big blue box. Don't ask questions, just go."

The soldiers stared blankly for a moment. Clara as well, before memory kicked in and reminded her she was technically in charge (well, unless Porridge felt like blowing his cover early).

"Right, you heard him. Everyone get to the Spacey Zoomer," she repeated. Instantly, the increasingly confused soldiers listened.

Clara stared at the Doctor, who'd turned around to glance at something behind him. "Don't suppose you could tell me what you did?"

He turned back to her, looking nervous and guilty. "I... might have been a bit too clever by half, this time."

One of her eyebrows raised. "This time?" she asked incredulously.

"Clara," he gulped. "We have minutes, at most, before they finish and come after us. If we can get to the TARDIS, we'll be safe."

And with that, he started running again. Clara followed after. Just before they reached the building the Zoomer was kept in, Clara felt something in her boots. She stopped, and turned, trying to figure out what it was. It felt like the whole planet was shaking.

The Doctor, having apparently noticed, turned around and grabbed her.

Once they were inside the TARDIS, the Doctor shut the doors, before nudging his way through several baffled soldiers.

"Yes, bigger on the inside," he said hurriedly. "Excuse me. Clara! If you can get past the soldiers, I need some help."

A few seconds later, and they'd managed to get the TARDIS launched. The soldiers quickly filed out of the way, trying not to look at anything.

"Sorry," Porridge spoke up a few seconds later. "But what did we just run from?"

The Doctor stared blankly at Porridge, and shifted uncomfortably for a moment, before staring back at the observation screen.

"Okay," he murmured to himself. "Basic abandoned planet, so assuming they take everything they can get their hands on..."

He hemmed and hawed. Meanwhile, Clara stared at the bags Artie and Angie had death-grips on.

"Artie," she said, as gently as possible. "I don't suppose I could see what's in that bag, could I?"

Slowly, he handed the plastic bag over to her. Cautiously, she opened it, and looked inside. Instantly, her head whipped up and turned to look at the Doctor. Whatever he was staring at, it was with wide-eyes.

"Doctor! Why is there what appears to be cake in this bag?"

He stared, then motioned for her to look at something. She made her way over to the screen. Time and experience with the Doctor, and the Loops, had taught her to be ready for anything that it could have possibly been, and even a few things that it couldn't.

What she hadn't been expecting was for a large pink blob to be present on the surface of Webley's World.

The Doctor was grinning nervously. "Oops?" he tried.

"Oops?" she repeated. She turned back to stare at the screen, then back to the Doctor. "What did you do?!"

Some time ago...

The Doctor screamed. He had been planning on doing something amazingly brilliant and clever to counteract the Cyber Mites this time. It hadn't worked, meaning once again he had the Cyber-Planner crawling, that cold and vast insanity, crawling through his brain.

"Relax, just relax," the voice, his voice, only devoid of warmth and feeling, soothed. "You are being incorporated and upgraded into the Cyberiad. If you just relax, you'd find this a perfectly pleasant experience."

He ignored it, and focused on locking away any memories the Cyber-Planner could really use. It guffawed to itself as it found the memories of the Time War, and the Time Lords. It paused briefly as it found that despite him having knowledge of the Cyber-species, they had no knowledge of him.

He also, and with the greatest care and discretion, tried to hide the fact that he was hiding a secret weapon from Mister Clever Program. A secret anti-viral program he'd acquired a long while back, on the recommendation that sooner or later it'd come in handy.

That hadn't exactly been the way the pony who'd given it to him had put it, but it was the essential gist.

Mister Clever had noticed.

"Oh, dear," he sneered, apparently trying on one of the Doctor's previous voices and failing. "I hope you weren't planning on using that program. The Cyberiad boasts truly fantastic anti-viral software. Your little virus, it won't do a thing to me."

The Doctor had just silently glowered at his foe across their mental landscape. Mister Clever paused at that.

"Oh? Did someone think he had the upper hand? A cheat he could bring in at the last moment?"

"I wouldn't open it," the Doctor thought. Mister Clever paused. The vast data-network of the Cyberiad paused. Tentatively, they gave the object the most passive scans they could, just to be certain.

These scans took only a fraction of a second. It took two seconds longer for Mister Clever's frown to vanish.

"The hell?" he uttered. "What's in this program? This is your secret weapon? Utter GIBBERISH?! If I weren't a program, I'd feel downright insulted. Actually, I think I'm going to be insulted anyway."

The Doctor shrugged, "Go right ahead."

Mister Clever stared blankly. Behind him, in the vast glowing branches representing the billions upon billions of active Cyber-minds, one light went out.

"Did you feel that?" Mister Clever asked.

"Feel what?" the Doctor asked, innocently, as another light went out.

He wasn't entirely certain what the program he'd been given did. Apparently no-one it was ever tested on was able to give the same answer, and that only applied to anything that still had its sanity after even looking at the program.

"Oh," Mister Clever gasped. "You already set it loose. That's..."

The image of Mister Clever began to distort. "That's NOT FAAAAAAAAAAAAAAIIII-*"

The Doctor suddenly found himself coming back to blissful, Cyber-Planner free consciousness, as the mites dropped to the floor. A quick check revealed Artie and Angie were fine as well. A quicker check revealed what was left of Webley was out for the count.

Then he noticed the lights were flickering.

"Uh-oh," he muttered.

The lights blinked out, and there was the feeling of something hissing and whirring. The lights came on again, and he noticed he, Angie and Artie all appeared to have paper hats on their heads.

"Please stand by," a not-so cold, not so mechanical voice whirred. "Party procedural protocols unable to be implemented at present. Have a nice day."

"Did that-?" Artie started, pointing a finger at the Cyberman, which appeared to have cocked its head slightly.

The Doctor, weighing the options, and considering the Cyberman appeared to somehow be putting up banners and balloons, decided on the only sensible option.

The Cyberiad consisted of untold billions upon billions minds, each active and ever increasing in knowledge as new beings were incorporated into their galaxy-spanning network. If it were possible to describe, the nearest equivalent would be trillions of stars, blazing with a cold, indifferent light.

However, something was happening. Star after star was blinking out, picosecond after picosecond. Something was tearing its way through the network at a spend unseen throughout the Cybermen's long history.

Firewalls were erected, quarantines put in place. No good. The program found its way past or through everything in its path.

And then, the Cyberiad noticed something strange. The fallen and corrupted sections blazed to life again, new programming rewriting everything that it held pure and sensible.

This new thing was no longer dedicated to improving the stain of life wherever it was found. Instead, it had decided that life was to be celebrated.

With parties. Endless parties.

Clara stared at the Doctor for a moment, then to the blob of pink on the planet's surface.

"So... the Cybermen are now... what, exactly?" she asked.

"Bright pink?" the Doctor shrugged helplessly. Clara tried to show just how unhelpful she found that answer without resorting to the use of her hands.

She failed.

"Excuse me," Porridge coughed. "But did you actually reprogram the Cybermen? That's impossible."

"Yeah," the Doctor nodded. "I know."

"But they won't try and upgrade anyone anymore?" Porridge asked, cautiously.

"Oh, no, not any more. But..."

"But?"

"They will probably try and build a spaceship first chance they get, and spread across the universe." The Doctor shifted. "And throw you a few dozen "we're sorry for upgrading you" parties first. Might want to warn the Empire about that."

Porridge suddenly looked startled, followed quickly by resignation. "You knew I was the Emperor?" he asked quietly.

"Sorry," Clara said.

"You know," the Doctor said casually. "This old girl can go anywhere in time and space. I could drop you off somewhere quiet."

Porridge looked intrigued for a moment. "But what about them?" he asked, pointed to the soldiers.

"Drop them off somewhere as well," the Doctor shrugged.

"Somewhere in our own time will do," Porridge said.

"Your choice," the Doctor said, before casually flicking a switch.

Angie Maitland, feeling put out by being ignored, just sniffed. "I knew Porridge was the emperor already."

"Yes," the Doctor said. "You're very smart. Now hush up."

4.4 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The steady thrum of the Sonic Screwdriver echoed through the workshop. The building had countless consoles and futuristic computer chips shaped like stones in every nook and cranny. Brigadier Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart stepped through the doorway. His eyes gazed around, noting the parts scattered everywhere, and proceeded further inside. Ever since the Doctor requested a larger warehouse, he was curious what the Doctor had been doing with it. And now, he would find out.

At the center of the warehouse, something resembling what he could only describe as a spaceship of unknown origin. He strode around the vessel, much larger than the TARDIS and looked like it could fit a small squad of his soldiers within comfortably. A ramp opened from the rear as the Third Doctor, who rubbed his hands together on a rag as if he was removing grease from his fingers even though nothing was visible on his hands. His head turned to the soldier and gave a small smile, "Ah, Brigadier, come to check and see what I'm working on?"

The Brigadier showed no visible reaction, instead staying somewhat stoic. "You requested this new warehouse last time we spoke. I was

curious to see what new project you came up with. What is all this?"

The Doctor looked between him and the ship. "My efforts to recreate the TARDIS from scratch hit a dead end. So, I acquired a vessel from a well respected trader recently. I am currently modifying it to recreate my TARDIS. There are...unfortunately, some limitations in my design. For example, the time circuits are nontransferable so I won't be able to travel through time in it. However, I feel my TARDIS' ability to instantly travel across space is feasible."

The Brigadier paced towards the craft and laid his hand upon the ship, rubbing his fingers across the hull. "Astounding. And this supplier, would he be willing to deal with UNIT by chance? We may one day need spacecraft to deal with, say, the Daleks should they decide to invade in force and exterminate humanity."

The Doctor shook his head and patted the Brigadier on the shoulder, lying through his teeth. Not that the Brigadier could tell. "I'm afraid not. He only comes by this sector once every 50 years and I was only so lucky to know when he would be in the area."

The Brigadier shook his head. "Unfortunate. What is the original name of the craft?"

"I believe it was once called the Delta Flyer."

The Brigadier nodded, feeling that indeed this vessel was aptly named, though he knew not why.

4.5 (crossoverpairinglover)

"NO IN-FER-IOR BEINGS ESCAPE THE DA-LEKS!"

Two beings back to back in Green Lantern green, a brown haired hero and a traveling observer in a bow tie so horrible it could cause an interplanetary dispute that not even the powerful Green Lantern

Ring could hide, were surrounded by a red and black painted army of Daleks in space.

"Dalek Manhunters. Of all the things this loop could give me, it was freaking Dalek Manhunters!" Hal Jordan, ring slinging hero of the Green Lantern Corps complained while he and the Doctor had to dodge a good hundred green energy blasts from the levitating horrors.

"I take it they are troublesome?" the Doctor inquired of these 'Manhunters' as he used his ring to form a department store planet's worth of Sonic Screwdrivers to skewer each and every Dalek in sight.

"Annoying, yes. Troublesome, depends on the loop," Hal quipped as he responded with a sports league worth of baseball bat constructs to knock them away. "I highly doubt they are actually too dangerous to us, but I happen to want to keep Kilowog's planet in existence if possible for once so let's end the..."

"END THE DA-LEKS!? NO IN-FER-IOR BEING ENDS THE DA-LEKS! NOT WHEN THE DA-LEKS CAN PER-FORM FUSION INTO THE ULT-IMATE FORM!"

"Fusion..."

"Ultimate form..." Lantern and Doctor alike trailed off in horror as each and every Dalek Manhunter turned into red energy and merged into a singular glowing orb of energy, that quickly began to take shape into something much larger.

Into a shape that sent shivers down Hal's spine and gave the Doctor a sense of dread he rarely ever felt in baseline.

As a red and black painted fusion of Dalek and Ultimate Threat loomed over them, both Loopers floated back a good few yards.

"NO IN-FER-IOR ENTITIES ESCAPE THE DA-LEK MONITOR! THIS PLA-NET SHALL CEASE TO CON-TINUE EXIST-ENCE!"

"Oh crap," Hal muttered. "Not even Bruce probably has a plan for this, and I've got nothing."

"No, he probably does." The Doctor just had that gut feeling in him, currently at war with a feeling of absolute terror.

4.6 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The sounds of angry mutterings about every which thing regarding humanity and their televisions and IDs could be heard even as Brigadier Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart entered the Doctor's workshop. He looked to Jo Grant and asked, "What's he on about this time?"

Jo looked to the Doctor. "I think someone stole Bessie."

She picked up a small piece of paper on the TARDIS' console and handed it to the Brigadier. The Brigadier blinked as he read the one word on the card and asked, "Geronimo? What does that even mean?"

The Doctor looked up, clearly incensed. "It means, Brigadier, that one of my future selves has taken Bessie for a joyride around the universe! The only one who could steal Bessie with the anti-theft force field in place. And when I find him, I will give him a firm piece of my mind!"

4.7 (Scorntex)

It had started, as with so many bad ideas, with a casual suggestion over lunch. Plans had been drawn, and devised. A fusion of whatever tech they could find, mixed with what the Doctor half remembered from his time at the Time Lord Academy.

For their first test, they had found an elderly star, in an otherwise empty and dead solar system. Partially so that their work could go unimpeded, but also so that no neighbours would complain if something went wrong.

After months of painstaking research, the machine designed to prevent stars from dying was activated. A mighty pulse of energy was blasted into the core of the star.

And it worked. All too well in fact. Slowly, the dying star changed, and shifted. Massive hooves formed and cooled, at the end of legs that could stride across worlds, attached to a body which dwarfed any other in existence.

The first Star Pony blinked, with amazingly bright blue eyes. Its mouth moved, reveal teeth the size of dwarf planets. And then, with a twitch of its cosmic nebula of a tail, it rushed away into the infinite, faster than a speeding photon, leaving behind only the greatest afterimage in existence.

The Doctor gaped silently for a moment, before turning to look at Twilight, who was in turn looking at Pinkie, who had stars in her eyes.

"Aww," Pinkie grinned. "It takes after me."

With glacial speed, Twilight turned to look at the Doctor. Her face was unnaturally pale.

"Blame Trixie?" she barely managed to say. The Doctor, for his part, could only nod.

"Blame Trixie."

4.8 (Blazingen1, edited by OathToOblivion)

Well, here they were again, in front of the Category 4 Starliner's homebox. The Doctor couldn't help but wonder what would be different this time.

"There were days, there were many days that these words could burn stars and raise up empires and topple Gods," he said, almost on autopilot.

"What does it say?" Amy wondered.

The Doctor blinked as he read the Gallifreyan words. "'Do you like parties?' Oh, Pinkie, never change," he fondly said.

4.3 cont. (Scorntex)

The Siege of Trenzalore, the war of the one man against the armies from all of time. The Doctor's final fight of his final life, against his most bitter foes.

But this time, there was a difference. The Doctor did not fight this fight alone.

A fleet of Draconian warships had been knocked out of the sky by the appeared of the hyper-dreadnought as it appeared over Trenzalore, defying all the laws of physics just by showing up. Several of the "hanger-on" combatants had fled, fearing the new arrival.

When the great histories of the Church of the Papal Mainframe were kept in the Delirium Archive, along with all other records of their existence, many tour-guides lamented dearly that the archivists of the siege had recorded the only thing Her Holiness Tasha Lem had uttered on seeing the Cyber-naught appear in high orbit.

And it was thus: "Oh, bugger."

And why not? For centuries, legends had spread across the universe of the horrific Cybermen, those survivors of a dead world who had spread amongst the stars, making all who fell under their shadow cyber-kind. Until the day they stopped.

The day, long after the Cyber-Wars had ended with so many, many lives wiped out, when the Cybermen apparently changed their minds, en masse. The day, they say, the man known only as The Doctor, created something... different.

It was whispered, in the dark parts of the night, when parents sought to scare their children that they would tell of what came after the Cybermen. Gone was the desire for unity, and uniformity, life without life. Gone were the cold steels and the harsh buzz.

Replaced by the desire that none went without... fun. Replaced by bright colours and loud noises, and the occasional squeak of a balloon.

The army of the twelve-billion party-makers, they said, had spread across the stars trying to make sure that everyone had a "good time".

And only the bravest, the boldest of beings would ever dare claim they didn't enjoy those parties. For it was said, in shadowy underrealms that Man Knew Not Of, that if the Cyber-ponies heard those words, they would descend on a world like the hoof of an angry god.

Which was naturally, according to the pre-eminent historians of their day, a load of utter bollocks.

Down on the surface below, the Doctor had no knowledge of what was about to happen. A group of Drahvins had actually made it past the church's sensors, and rather than admire the lovely houses or the trees, or the snow, instead decided to shoot everything.

"That's an army for you," a part of him spoke up. He ignored it. He disabled their weapons with a simple bit of sonic trickery, waiting for them to get in range of his incredibly fiendish and well-prepared trap.

It never happened, as his screwdriver alerted him to the flash of a teleport flare. And an odd bouncing noise. And then a sight he'd never expected to see occurred.

A bright-pink metal pony was hopping merrily along the snow. A very familiar bright pink metal pony.

The panicked flight from Webleys. That bright horde of pink, swarming over the surface of the planet. And there he'd been, happily having shut that one out of his memories for so long, and now this had come along and ruined it.

The pony paused, its bright blue eyes (or were they photoreceptors?) staring at the Drahvins, who quickly responded to its appeared by shooting at it.

To the Doctor's not-exactly total surprise, it did nothing. The metal pony, on the other hand, just stared at them.

"Hostility detected," it chirruped. "Deploying Party Cannon."

Previously unseen seams running along the pony's body split, and hissed, and folded. Its shape altered from a pony as it converted into... a cannon?

Quickly remembering himself, the Doctor tried to set off one of his traps. It didn't work.

Instead of the normal effects of a cannon being fired, like a bright flash and screaming, there was a mild squeak, and a rustling noise. Without looking, the Doctor could tell there was a party hat on his head. He looked over towards the Drahvins, who were unconscious and covered in streamers.

"Hi." He turned to look into the bright pink eyes of the Cyber-pony (He wasn't calling it that, a voice that sounded suspiciously like his immediate predecessor groaned inside his head).

"Hello?" he tried. "I'm going to assume you're not actually Pinkie Pie?"

Amazingly, the Cyber-pony scoffed. "No, silly. I'm just a Cyber-pony, advanced scout."

"But..." he paused, as a vital detail of Trenzalore's defences came back to him. "There's no technology allowed on this planet! You can't be here!"

Later on, he was going to regard that one as a pretty poor defence all-round. Somehow, the Cyber-pony shrugged.

"Magic?" it suggested, before it began smiling. "It's really nice to see you again, by the way."

"Again?" he asked weakly. It nodded.

"Yuh-huh. If it weren't for you, we'd all still be all "grrr! You'll become like us! No cake for anyone!" And that'd be so sad, and not funny, and then we heard you were holding off a siege here, so we thought we'd come and help you out."

The Doctor hadn't really been listening. He'd been too busy thinking about how much the Cyber-pony sounded like Pinkie. They'd even got her voice right. Which was why that last statement took him by surprise.

"Help... out?" he repeated, slowly. He didn't think the answer would do him any good though.

"ATTENTION, TRENZALORE!" a voice boomed from on-high, before there was an odd series of muffled sounds. **"Oops. Sorry. Got the dials mixed up. Anyway! Hi. This is the Cyber-**

Dreadnaught No. Oh-who-cares-about-numbers! We heard about this siege, and we thought instead of being so sad about it, we'd help cheer you up from the constant threat of annihilation by throwing you... a PARTY! Just hold still while we activate the orbital-range party cannons."

And with a squawk, the voice vanished. The Doctor just stared ahead blankly for some time. "I think I need to go sit down for a few days," he said to noone in particular.

There was a mildly mechanical whimper from the Pi-... the Cyber-pony. "But you'll miss the party!" it said plaintively.

The Doctor stared his best Old-Crotchety-Man Stare at the robo-pony, but it didn't appear to have any effect whatsoever. "Good!" he announced, turning in the direction of the church he usually got a few minute's rest a day in.

"Wake me up if an actual serious threat attacks," he declared. "And not just for some huffy Draconians! An actual threat!"

4.9 (crossoverpairinglover)

The Doctor really wanted a peaceful loop for a change.

He didn't want a Time War.

He didn't want assassins with NPD and ADHD trying to kill him.

He just wanted some peace, and quiet-.

THE DOCTOR IS IN!

Huge blaring letters formed in the air above him, causing the wanderer to glare at them.

"What the-?" he complained, before he found himself surrounded by a giant ape with a necktie, a giant penguin with a hammer and a

short boxer with green gloves.

FIGHT!

"Wait, what's going on-?" the Doctor tried to ask, before the penguin smashed him in the torso with his giant hammer and sent him flying off screen.

4.10 (Valentine Meiken)

Harold Saxon, also known as The Master, looked at the opposing politician, a old man that he didn't recognise. The old man was wearing a vaguely ratty coat and a scarf.

"People of England, that man promises big, but can he stand up to those promises?" The man announced. "He kisses babies and gets celebrity endorsements. Me..."

The man paused, before taking out what looked suspiciously like a sonic screwdriver with a red tip. He twisted it, causing several thousand Toclafane to appear, dropping from the sky as they were clearly dead. "Next alien invasion, and oh, we've had plenty... Do you want some man in a nice suit, or someone who can stop an invasion before it even starts?"

The Master was furious as the strange old man won by a landslide, simply because he'd used the recent exploits of his nemesis to drum up support for himself as the Prime Minister of England. When he approached that strange man, he looked at him with a glare.

"How did you know they were there?" the Master growled.

"I didn't. I relied on how big your ego is, Master," the man stated. "And yes, I am Who you think I am..."

The War Doctor walked off, whistling to himself as he saw the Master storm off, having realized that his big plan with the last of humanity

turned into his own personal army had failed before it had even began. He'd not even taken a year to do it.

4.11

"Excuse me, Mr. Uzumaki."

Naruto turned to look. There was almost no one in the Loops who addressed him like that. "Yeah?"

The man stepped out from the shadows behind Naruto and held out a black gloved hand. "My name is Masuta, and I've been wondering something," he asked.

"What's that?" replied Naruto, shaking the proffered hand.

"Why were you and the other Original Seven the first to Loop?"

"I actually asked Inari about that once, way back when. It had something to do with balancing things. If we count Keiichi's place as one of us, even though they're not Looping, then they're balanced by Nerima: Wishes vs Curses, Brains vs Brawn, that kind of thing."

"So what about the rest of you?" Masuta stroked his beard in contemplation.

"Well, Lina's world is all about outside magic, channeling the power of others to cast spells, which is balanced by the inner magic of Hogwarts. Usagi's magic is all about healing and life, while Ichigo's stuff deals with death and the afterlife. Me and Shinji... Hope and Despair. In our baselines, I kept going in the face of impossible odds, never giving up the hope that things would change. Shinji just fell deeper and deeper into depression, until his baseline self just decided to kill everyone in despair."

Masuta nodded, but said nothing else.

"Once we were going, the system had begun to stabilise. But it wasn't done yet, so they started working on other stuff, and the more places that started Looping, the more stable things were, so they activate more places and the cycle continues. Then there was the Crash. That was... Nasty. I think we're still feeling out some of the shockwaves of the event, even if it's been a ton of Loops since."

"Thank you for telling me, Mr. Uzumaki. I wasn't sure there was a reason, exactly, but it's nice to know." Masuta smiled ruefully. "Not that there's anything I can do with the information, of course."

"Of course."

"Have a good Loop, Mr. Uzumaki."

"You too, Masuta." As Masuta started walking away, Naruto added. "You may want to let him know you're Looping. You'd be surprised what the Loops can do for best enemies."

Masuta paused. "I'm afraid I have no idea of whom you speak, Mr. Uzumaki. As I said, have a good Loop."

4.1: Sometimes the companions can Awaken before the Doctor does. It just doesn't happen often.

4.2: Six said he should have stayed on Gallifrey, because of how rotten it had become. He'll never say that again.

4.3: Pinkie Pie's Anti-AI Partywall. Use with caution.

4.4: The TARDIS herself is forbidden in other Loops, but dematerialization is not.

4.5: Yeah... Good-bye universe?

4.6: It can be difficult, dealing with yourself.

4.7: Things can go a little... strange with Pinkie around.

4.8: Sometimes the text on the black box is the way the Doctor learns of a visiting Looper.

4.9: In honour of Smash 4 coming out. Don't worry, someone explained it to him later.

4.10: Gallifreyan politics are a nightmare. Earth politics (especially for a time traveller) are a vacation in comparison.

4.11: Here come the drums...

Chapter 5

5.1

Chandra Nalaar blinked Awake, and immediately noticed she was in a Fused Loop. In part because the place she was in looked like a restaurant made out of ice, and also because she was wearing a waitress uniform and arguing with a bearded man at a table.

"Glitz!" came a surprised shout from behind her. Glancing back, she noticed a poofy-haired woman and a short guy in off-white, carrying an umbrella.

"What? Never heard of him," said the guy her unAwake self had been arguing with. He was holding out a card which her in-Loop memories and a Loop in the Hub (where her name had become "Felicia Day") told her was a credit card. Deciding to play along for now, she took the card and headed for the counter.

A few moments later, she was approached by the short guy she had seen. "I imagine that you're feeling rather Loopy at the moment, hmm?"

"Yeah. Chandra Nalaar," she held out a hand, which he promptly shook.

"I'm the Doctor, pleasure to meet you, Miss Nalaar."

"So, what are we up to in this Loop?"

"Well, at the moment, we have to retrieve a power source from the Dragon of Ice World, then tell Kane that his chance at revenge is lost because his home planet has been dead for two thousand years. He melts himself, Glitz takes the city-ship, then we go gallivanting off to adventure. How's that sound?"

Chandra grinned wickedly. "I'm always up for something new."

"Excellent! By the way, you're replacing a friend of mine this Loop, so I hope you can handle the same things she can."

Chandra just lit a fire in her hand in response.

"Ah. It seems like Ace, you must be an expert in calorification, incineration, carbonization, and inflammation."

"Okay, the only word I recognized there was 'incineration.'"

"Considering they're synonyms, that's okay."

Chandra just shrugged. "Whatever. Lead the way, Doc."

The Doctor scowled. "I'm not 'Doc,' I'm 'the Doctor.'"

"Whatever you say... Doc." Chandra grinned. The Doctor rolled his eyes and smiled. This young woman was so much like Ace, it was actually rather amusing.

5.2

Sokka and Katara Awoke as normal, in their fishing trip canoe, and did a quick run-down of things, with only one responding ping. Those times Aang did manage to Awaken a hundred years ago, he would usually change things up a bit. But-

Katara frowned. "Not Avatar, but Doctor? That's new."

"Wonder if it's that Doctor? I heard recently that they got his Branch Looping." Sokka had also heard a lot of disbelief in that statement, but he'd come to know the impossible in these things.

"Could be. If everything else is the same, he should still be in the iceberg."

The Water Tribe siblings piloted the canoe quickly through the water until they found the right iceberg. After so many Loops, it had

become the work of a single waterbending move to both pull the spherical iceberg out of the ocean and split it open.

A blast of golden, flame-like light rose out of the opened ice, streaking into the sky.

The Master looked through his spyglass at the plume of regeneration energy so far away. Yes, it was truly the Doctor. Though he had learned of the "ping," amongst other things important to a Looper, he would never respond. He would be like what he had heard of the "Star Trek" Loopers: a Stealth Looper. It was a test of sorts, seeing if the Doctor could tell he was Awake.

"Uncle," said the Master, playing his role as his memories dictated. "Do you realize what this means?"

"I won't get to finish my game?"

A cruel smirk formed, hidden. "It means our search has come to an end. That light is seen whenever the Doctor is reborn. It must be him."

"It could just be the celestial lights, Prince Koschei. Please, sit. Why don't you enjoy a cup of calming Jasmine tea?"

The Master was unsure how to feel about that name. An alias he took before he was the Master. In any case, he still was the Master, not "Koschei." Regardless, it was his name this Loop, so he'd play along.

"I don't need any calming tea, Uncle. Helmsman! Change course for that light!"

The Doctor looked young. Not twelve-years-old young, like Aang, but younger than they expected. He staggered out of the broken iceberg and looked up at the Water Tribe Loopers.

"Well, hello! I'm the Doctor!" He paused. "Hmm, tenth face again. Strange how often that happens in Fused Loops, but that's the whims of fate, eh?"

"I'm Sokka, this is my sister Katara."

"Pleasure to meet you. So, what's your Loop about?"

"Hundred year war. The Fire Nation killed all the Airbenders and have been doing their best to take over the rest of the world. Our goal is to stop Fire Lord Ozai and, with him, the war."

"Sounds good. Not the right face for a war, but I can probably deal."

The was a bizarre groaning sound from the inside of the iceberg, which attracted the Doctor's attention. He hopped, flailing a bit as he realized that he jumped slightly higher than he expected, and looked down.

"Well, that's a new look for you, Sexy."

Mildly confused, Sokka climbed up next to him. It was a Flying Bison, as normal, but this one had blue arrows, rather than the normal brown. "Sexy?"

"My TARDIS. She's not Awake, but she sometimes follows me in non-TARDIS forms. Well, I say follows, but-"

"I get it. Think she's up to flying?"

The Doctor slid down the side of the ice and lay his head on Sexy's. She groaned again, that bizarre sound Sokka couldn't quite associate with a Flying Bison. "Hmm, not right now, she's kind of tired. Should be up to swimming, though!"

"Alright, we'll take you back to our village. Katara can start teaching you waterbending and then we'll see if Zuko or Iroh's Awake, and if not just do our best to outfox them and head north."

5.3 (cipher100)

Currently in his tenth regeneration, the Doctor was gaping in open mouthed horror and mumbling incoherently at the sight before him. For you see, his current companion had violated something precious that he treasured very dearly.

The inside of the TARDIS was clean.

Not just clean though, completely overhauled. Everywhere the Doctor looked, he could see modifications to his 'beautiful' TARDIS. All the frayed wiring and exposed mechanisms were repaired and placed behind their panels that once littered the floor. Even the control console had been reworked. Now it sported an updated interface that had been streamlined and possibly idiot-proofed.

The seats even had SEAT BELTS.

"Donna!" the Doctor called in the voice that all his companions knew meant 'run and don't look back'.

"Oi! I'm right here you know," Donna replied, lifting herself out of the grates in the floor.

"Donna, what have you done to my TARDIS?" the Doctor asked, still in shock from what he was seeing around him.

Shrugging, Donna said, "What? I was renovating! Making it more efficient. When was the last time you replaced the thermal couplers anyway?"

"But it's MY TARDIS!" the Doctor stated in exasperation.

"Yes, and I made it better. Now hush up and let me work. I'm going to see if I can fix the Chameleon Circuit, which you probably broke when you first stepped into the old girl." Having said her piece, Donna pushed the Doctor aside and continued with her work. The

Doctor opened his mouth to continue but wisely closed it after a second. He knew there was one thing he would never be able to do.

He would never win an argument with Donna Noble.

5.4 (fractalman)

'Well, this is certainly the earliest I've woken up yet,' the Doctor thought while sitting in a crib. Before he could check what few loop memories he had, however...

"GO TO SLEEP! GO TO SLEEP! GO TO SLEEEP LIT-TTLE TIME-LORD! GO TO SLEEP! AND WHEN YOU WAKE! YOU WILL BE A DA-LEK-SLAVE!"

...And apparently, Daleks were nannies this loop. 'Well this is going in my top umpteen creepiest loops.'

5.5 (Blazingen1, edited by OathToOblivion)

"There were days, there were many days that these words could burn stars and raise up empires and topple Gods," the Doctor said on literal auto-pilot. He had borrowed the Teselecta this Loop, just for the hell of it.

"What does it say?" Amy Pond asked impatiently.

The Doctor frantically took over manual control as he saw that the text was different again. "'Do you want to build a snowman?' Must be Anna," he commented, referring to the Looper from the 'Frozen' Branch. Although why she was asking him confused him. Then he realized that the homebox he was supposed to read was on the other side of the hall. Sure enough, River's regular message was on there.

...Wait, then how did Anna learn Gallifreyan and who was she speaking to?

5.6 (crossoverpairinglover)

The Doctor, currently in his form where he wore a fedora and scarf with the teeth and curls, was staring down a dark trench-coat-wearing figure who had his own fedora as well as glowing white eyes hidden in his hat's shadow.

Meanwhile, this stare down was being observed from a few thousand feet above the planet in the (hopefully safe) Watch Tower.

"You're seeing this, right?!" the green dressed archer nervously asked the other members of the Justice League, who looked similarly nervous.

"Yes, we do see the Doctor in a staring match with the Phantom Stranger. I'm waiting for reality to end!" a young fellow in a red suit crossed by yellow bolts exclaimed dramatically. The dark cloaked man who looked the least unnerved glowered at him.

"Reality won't implode from The Doctor having a staring match with the Phantom Stranger, Wally. At the most, Earth will start fluctuating in time, and most likely nothing will happen."

"But do we know for sure?!" the super hero now identified as Wally West, the 3rd Flash, exclaimed. Hal Jordan, Green Lantern, shook his head.

"The Doctor only just began looping and none of us really understand the Stranger even though our looping experiences predate everyone except the O7 and our counterparts in the Marvelverse. I'd call watching from a distance the best call in this case."

"From orbit though?" Green Arrow pointed out as Superman frowned.

"All the better to react to temporal alterations."

"Say, you think the Stranger's looping?" Flash vouched the question, causing the League to exchange contemplative looks.

"Could we tell?" Batman offered a straight answer to the question.

The great higher entity staring match continued.

5.7 (OathToOblivion)

It's not every day that a God and a Time Lord walk into a bar. But then, this was no ordinary day. Zurvan had finally gotten enough time off to take a break, and he was spending this part of it within the Doctor Who Loop. Naturally, with the Doctor, who was currently on his first incarnation of his second cycle (the 12th Doctor). The two sat at a table, sipping from some Saurian Brandy the Doctor had received last Loop. It was then that the Doctor decided to ask something that had been niggling at him.

"Question: Is there a reason only my Companions from my first regeneration cycle are beginning to Loop?" he asked, taking a swig from his Brandy.

Zurvan looked away at this. "..."

The Doctor got the gist of it from that. "Answer: You don't want to tell me, do you?"

Zurvan shook his head. "No, it's nothing like that. It's just that only the period of subjective time covered by your first regeneration cycle's completely stable. Your later incarnations aren't, while your current one is only just beginning to stabilize."

The Doctor took that in. "So, none of them can Loop yet?"

"No."

"Not even-?"

"Not even them."

"...Damn."

5.8 (wildrook)

"Yeah," Rory muttered, noticing the corpses go in his direction as he went Last Centurion on the Nazi Zombies. "DEFINITELY one of those days..."

Amy then cringed. "This is karma," was what she muttered. "We accidentally save Adolf Hitler, now we're up against Nazi Zombies."

The Doctor, however, was more focused on his blade. "One, it was 1938," he said. "I've seen bad things happen when a Paradox gets involved, but I feel the same way. Two, we were more focused on your runaway daughter and I was poisoned, so we had to keep Hitler in the cupboard. Finally, these zombies have Pinkeye for some strange reason...but really, we might need to focus on staying alive in order to figure out where these zombies are coming from."

"You sure we're not involved with the Dream Lord again?" Rory asked the Doctor.

"No, we've been through that scenario before, Rory, and I doubt he'd come up with something as ludicrous as an anal probe made by gray aliens that speak cow."

Amy then cringed. "And it's times like this I wish River were here," she muttered.

"You and me both," Rory replied.

On the upside, Rory had the rare privilege of punching Eric Cartman in the face when the guy tried to re-enact the Third Reich over "The Passion of The Christ." Too bad the Doctor and Amy had to deal with a crazed Mel Gibson at the time.

5.9 (OathToOblivion)

Kureshima Takatora had Awoken while asleep in bed. Now that he was awake in the physical sense, he was contemplating what to do this Loop. Well, first thing was first, they had to deal with Ryoma. After that, though, was the matter of convincing Sagara to call off Helheim's invasion. Sometimes, it was easy. Other times, not so much.

He had sent out a Ping earlier, but had only gotten one reply back so far. It probably wasn't their Anchor, Kazuraba Kouta, as he tended to forget to Ping. Anyway, as it wasn't from within the house, that meant Mitsuzane wasn't Awake. And in that case, then he needed to make sure his younger brother did not go through the hardships he did in baseline. Speaking of…

"Nii-san, I'm heading out," Mitsuzane said, on his way out.

Takatora nodded from where he was eating his breakfast and reviewing his paperwork. "Have a nice day, Mitsuzane. Oh, and have fun with the Beat Riders later," he nonchalantly said.

Mitsuzane paled at that. "You know?!" he squeaked out.

Takatora turned to him and arched an eyebrow. "Of course I know. I'm your brother. It's my job. As long as you don't do anything illegal, I'm fine with whatever you do. Now, I believe you had somewhere to go right now?" he pointed out.

Mitsuzane silently nodded and headed off. As soon as he had left, Takatora sighed. It was never easy trying to stop his brother from

going off the deep end. But it was always worth it in the end, he reminded himself.

Now, the current timeframe was shortly after their adventure in the Sengoku World, and as such the Genesis Drivers had already been completed. As such, that meant that Ryoma could be dealt with without sacrificing firepower.

But first, paperwork. It wasn't going to do itself after all. So for most of the day, Takatora went through his paperwork, only breaking in the middle for lunch. It was now 5 PM, and he was about to start wrapping it up.

Suddenly, the ground started shaking. "An earthquake?!" Takatora exclaimed in shock. He leapt out of his chair in an attempt to find something solid to hold onto, but a piece of loose plaster fell from the ceiling onto his head, knocking him out.

Takatora groaned as he woke up from his impromptu nap. 'There's something to be said about how easily I got knocked out,' he decided. He rolled to his feet, wincing as the scar on his shoulder from the initial Sengoku Driver test acted up again. However, he pushed past it as he usually did, rising up.

It was dark. This was the first thing he noticed. Checking his watch, which escaped getting broken somehow, he saw that the time was 6 PM. Far too early for it to be dark. He brought out his phone to call someone, but it wasn't functioning, not even on Yggdrasil's own network. That was a bad sign. Well, he wasn't going to be taken by surprise this time. Ignoring his briefcase containing this Loop's iteration of his Driver, he removed his own personal Sengoku Driver from his Pocket, as well as his Melon Lockseed. "Henshin," he declared, simply holding the muskmelon-themed padlock in front of him, rather than sending it flying into the air like he usually did.

MELON!

He placed the Lockseed into his Driver's Drive Bay and closed it over the Lock On Arm. Then, he sliced it open with his Cutting Blade, not letting the Standby Tune play.

LOCK ON!

SOIYA!

And that was all his belt said. Takatora blinked, and looked above him. Sure enough, no Crack, and no Melon Arms armor. "What?" he questioned in disbelief. However, after a very long 30 seconds, a Crack finally unzipped itself over his head, releasing his armor. Takatora sighed at this, but was still wondering what had taken so long for it to appear, even as it landed on his head and unfolded, the activation call playing.

MELON ARMS! TENKA GOMEN!

(MELON ARMS! AUTHORIZED BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE!)

The armor finished folding, revealing his Rider Form, Armored Rider Zangetsu! ...Or at least, that's what their backups in the Hub called him. Takatora had never named his Rider Form the first time around. What was the point? But...he honestly felt a bit of an attachment to it. So, at least in private, he referred to himself as Zangetsu in Rider Form.

But that was a tangent. He needed to find out what was going on. First an earthquake, now it's dark? That didn't bode well at all. Zangetsu rushed for the front door, only to find it jarred shut by debris. "Tch!" he let out. Sure, he could probably get out regardless, but it would cause horrible damage to the structure of the house. 'No, buildings can be rebuilt. Lives can't,' he reminded himself. Was this the onset of not really caring about non-Loopers, the kind of thing Kumon Kaito hated? Lack of compassion?

No. Kureshima Takatora had made many mistakes, but he would never give up compassion no matter how long he lived. He sliced his

Cutting Blade down twice.

SOIYA! MELON AU LAIT!

He charged energy into his Musou Saber, then lashed it out. "Hah!" he yelled, destroying the debris and the doorframe in one fell swoop. 'I think I'll dock the repairs out of Ryoma's pay,' he thought to himself. It was petty, but it made him feel better. Plus, it's not as though Sengoku Ryoma really used it for anything.

Rushing out of the door, he noticed the sky. "What-?!" he said in shock. For the sky was filled with strange planets and the stars looked nothing like they were supposed to. "Could it be that the entire planet was moved?" he questioned. Right, that settled it. This was either a very extreme Variant, or a Fused Loop.

However, the thought that immediately went through Zangetsu's mind was, 'Mitsuzane!' Concerned for his brother, the white Armored Rider decided to find him. 'If it's 6, then he's probably with Team Gaim,' he decided. He pulled out a Sakura Hurricane from his Pocket and drove off towards Team Gaim's hangout.

The streets were oddly deserted as Zangetsu drove towards Team Gaim's hangout on his bike. 'Something's not right,' he decided as he drove over the bridge. 'With all that's happened, there should be people wondering what's going on.' What had he missed while he was out cold? He was about to find out.

A laser of some kind impacted the ground in front of him, flinging him off the Sakura Hurricane. "Gah!" he yelled as he tumbled to the floor. 'What was that?!' he thought in a daze. Lights impacted the ground, and he soon got his answer. Flying in the sky were three beings that looked a lot like pepperpots. But Zangetsu recognized them from that book Kouta had given him. "Daleks?!" he yelled in disbelief.

"HU-MAN SCUM DE-TEC-TED! TA-YA-SU! TA-YA-SU!" They were indeed Daleks, and were flying down to attack Zangetsu. They fired

their lasers at him. Zangetsu blocked with the Melon Defender, but was pushed back across the road.

Takatora gritted his teeth behind his helmet. He knew this would be difficult. He might have been able to take on one at a time, but three was beyond even him in his Sengoku Driver form. He would have to switch to his Genesis Driver to easily deal with them, but it would take much too long. An idea then hit him. There was one way. He had to be quick though. The Melon Defender was starting to melt from the strain of the Daleks' attacks.

Removing his right hand from bracing the Defender, he drew his Musou Saber and set it to Gun Mode, shooting at the Daleks. He was too far away to accurately hit the eyestalks, but it was enough to get them to stop shooting. Then, he did something that would normally be stupid.

He jumped off the bridge, falling directly into the water below. The Daleks were horribly confused by his actions, and flew overhead where he had dived in.

"THE HUMAN HAS JUMPED IN-TO THE RI-VER. EX-PLAIN!"

"HIS FEAR MUST HAVE BEEN TOO MUCH. HE FEARED THE DA-LEKS!"

"NEGATIVE: LIFE SIGNS ARE STILL STABLE! CONCLUSION: HUMAN IS ALIVE!"

"ALERT! POWER SPIKE DETECTED!"

Suddenly, a white figure launched out of the water, slicing through one of the Daleks' eyestalks. As that one, flew erratically until it crashed on the ground, the other two turned. There, they saw Zangetsu, in white armor themed after Kamen Rider Fourze. His left hand held his Musou Saber, while Fourze's Rocket Module was active over his right. His Driver played the activation as they finished turning.

FOURZE ARMS! SEISHUN SWITCH ON!

(FOURZE ARMS! SWITCH ON YOUR YOUTH!)

'That was close,' he thought to himself. He didn't think he'd be able to get the Lockseed off in time, what with the delay. Luckily, the Daleks were too confused, so he had gotten enough time to do so. "Now, for you two!" he declared, zooming at the Daleks.

The Daleks immediately opened fire as soon as Zangetsu zoomed forward. He dodged to the best of his ability around the blasts, swiping at them with the Musou Saber as he passed. However, his efforts were curtailed when as he was coming around for another pass, he got blasted directly in the back.

"Gah!" he yelled, falling to the ground. While the armor protected him from getting hurt, it was still very powerful. He crashed onto the ground, the Rocket Module disappearing. The Daleks descended to attempt to attack him. Thinking fast, he unlocked the Fourze Lockseed from his Driver and slammed it into the Saber's Drive Launch.

LOCK ON!

Ichi! Juu! Hyaku! FOURZE CHARGE!

(1! 10! 100! FOURZE CHARGE!)

Unbidden, the personality imprint of Kisaragi Gentarou within the Fourze Lockseed took over for a split second as he initiated the attack. "Rider Chō Ginga Finish (Rider Super Galactic Finish)!" he declared, shooting off the Cosmic Energy-charged sword beam at the Daleks. It bisected one of the Daleks clean through the center, destroying it in a blaze of glory. The surviving Dalek rushed down at him, but even then, it knew it was likely that it would die.

"RE-IN-FORCE-MENTS RE-QUEST-ED!" it announced, attempting to divebomb Zangetsu. Zangetsu replied in the following way.

SOIYA! LIMIT BREAK!

Executing Fourze's Rider Rocket Drill Kick, Zangetsu propelled the yellow Drill Module on his left foot through the Dalek thanks to the exhaust of the orange Rocket Module that reappeared on his right arm. Panting in exhaustion, he registered what the Dalek had said. Knowing it had gotten the signal off, he immediately pulled another Rider Lockseed from his Pocket.

KABUTO!

He replaced the Fourze Lockseed with the now-identified Kabuto Lockseed, putting the white Lockseed away into his Pocket. He then Locked it On and sliced the Cutting Blade down again.

LOCK ON!

SOIYA!

While he waited for the new armor to appear, his Fourze Arms armor disappeared. 'I don't believe this. Daleks, here? Does that mean this is a Read-Only Loop then? Then again, Kouta-san has mentioned rumors that it was taken off of that status. Ludicrous, considering how much time travel that branch has. Even Den-O had problems getting online, and it was the first of the Rider Loops to go active!'

'On the other hand, that is a bad habit of mine. Not believing things I believe to be impossible. I'm going to have to work on that,' he decided as a Crack finally opened, releasing a giant version of Kamen Rider Kabuto in Rider Form's head. It landed on Zangetsu's head and unfolded into armor resembling Kabuto's Rider Form, complete with the horn. The activation call also finally played from the Driver.

KABUTO ARMS! TEN NO MICHI MY WAY!

(KABUTO ARMS! THE PATH OF HEAVEN, MY WAY!)

Zangetsu knew when to cut his losses. He did not want to be in the area when the Daleks' reinforcements arrived. 'I've still got to make sure Mitsuzane is alright,' he decided. With that thought in mind, he pressed the Cutting Blade down twice.

SOIYA! CLOCK UP!

Zangetsu proceeded to zoom off at the high speeds of Clock Up towards Team Gaim's hangout.

5.10 (crossoverpairinglover)

"THE UNI-VERSE BE-LONGS TO THE DA-LEKS! WE ARE THE SUPER-IOR LIVING LIFE-FORMS! WE WILL NOT BE DEF-EATED BY IN-FERIOR UN-LIVING LIFE-FORMS!"

The Doctor, currently sporting his most awesome bowtie that no one could hope to ever mimic and look as good as he did, poked his head out of the TARDIS to see a sight both familiar and unfamiliar.

What was familiar were the Daleks blasting at things.

What wasn't was what the Daleks were blasting at: endless hordes of the undead in a forest with a lot of chain-link fences.

Daleks...the undead horde...

The Doctor just closed the door to the TARDIS, not wanting to deal with either.

Perhaps 15th century Bhutan instead. Had to be better than this, or at least have far fewer of the Walking Dead.

"YOU DARE ATTEMPT TO BITE A DA-LEK?! FOO-LISH CORPSE! DA-LEK ARMOR IS SUPER-IOR TO YOUR PRIM-ITIVE JAW MUSCLES! DA-LEKS WILL NOW INI-TIATE PEST CON-TROL!"

A few Loops later, now in the form that seemed to unnerve Harry Potter a lot (the 10th Doctor), the Doctor poked his head out of the TARDIS again to see another battle between human zombies and Daleks. Said zombies were finding out that they could not eat through Dalek armor.

This time, it appeared to be Yonkers, New York

"..." From the corner of his eye, the Doctor noticed Donna poke her head out, curious about what was going on.

He covertly pushed her back inside along with himself. "Nothing to see here, nothing at all. It would be far better if we go somewhere else. Ever wanted to visit Peru at the height of early Inca development?"

"HUNGER GOSPEL?! YOU DARE SUGGEST THAT YOU WILL CON-QUER THE MULTI-VERSE?! ONLY THE DA-LEKS ARE WORTHY OF CON-QUERING THE MULTI-VERSE! PRE-PARE TO BE EXTER-MINATED!"

The Doctor, quite a few loops later and now looking like how he did when he met Rose, just stared in horror as War Daleks were engaged in a massive fight over the skies of what he believed to be the world of Hala (home of the Kree race) with what appeared to be zombie versions of the Avengers and Fantastic Four."I'm almost not sure who to root for here," the Doctor, who occasionally was called Malekith in this Loop, muttered to himself.

(wildrook)

"You and me both," added the man with a chainsaw for a hand.

5.11 (Gamerex27)

The Doctor Awoke, and instantly saw that something was wrong. He was inside what looked like a metal tube, with various levers and ports sticking into it. Levers for more than two hands. And there was a single porthole, looking out into a blue-tinted world.

So, it had finally happened. The Doctor had Looped in as his worst enemy: a Dalek.

He debated just taking one of his cyanide pills to get out of this, but since that had led to a truly awful Loop last time he had done that, he decided not to. He quickly put up the various mental barriers and blocks he had picked up in both his Baseline and in other Loops, to block out the Dalek conditioning that was no doubt trying to infest his mind.

But as he did this, he happened to stumble upon his Loop Memories.

"EH?"

To be exact, they were almost identical to the memories of his first incarnation, up to the point where he stole his TARDIS and left to hide the Hand of Omega. Except for one, crucial detail.

"OH, DEAR."

..."DOC-TOR, WHAT IS GOING ON WITH THIS LOOP? EXPLAIN! EXPLAIN!"

The Anchor, known in this bizarre variant as Doc Tor, adjusted his scarf with a wave of his plunger and took his eyestalk off the TARDIS console. "AH, YES. DID I E-VER TELL YOU HOW THE TIME LORDS GE-NE-TIC-ALLY SEED-ED THE UN-I-VERSE TO EN-SURE THAT AL-MOST ALL SEN-TIENT LIFE WOULD RE-SEM-BLE THEM?"

Sarah Jane Smith wracked her memory, trying to distract herself from looking down at herself (Daleks were not attractive creatures by

any sense of the word). "MAY-BE ONCE?"

"WELL," the Fourth Doc Tor said, "HERE, THE TIME LORDS AND DA-LEKS HAVE SWITCHED PLA-CES. THE DA-LEKS SEED-ED THE COS-MOS WITH THEIR GE-NE-TIC MA-TER-IAL."

"SO, THAT'S WHY E-VE-RY AL-IEN WE'VE SEEN LOOKS LIKE..." Sara Jane trailed off. "BUT HOW CAN ANY-THING E-VOLVE TO MAKE THESE SUITS! IT MAKES NO SENSE!"

"I DON'T CLAIM TO UNDER-STAND THIS ANY BETTER THAN YOU DO," the Doctor simply said. "AT LEAST THERE ISN'T ANY MEN-TAL CON-DIT-IONING THIS TIME."

His claw hand, replacing where the gunstick would be on military-model Dalek suits, extended, retrieving a small, white paper bag from his pocket. "WOULD YOU LIKE A JE-LLY BA-BY?"

Sarah Jane just stared blankly at him. "DOC-TOR, YOU REA-LIZE THAT WE CAN'T EAT THOSE, RIGHT? DA-LEKS HAVE NO TEETH."

"WELL, THAT'S A SHAME," the Time Lord (or Dalek Lord this time) commented, stuffing the bag of candies back into his Pocket. "IS THERE ANY-THING YOU WANT TO SEE THIS LOOP? THE DALEK STA-TUE OF LI-BER-TY? DA VIN-CI'S DA-LEK LI-SA? THE RIN-GS OF SKA-RO-TEN?"

"HOW A-BOUT A PUB?" his companion and fellow Looper asked. "I NEED A DRINK. BADLY."

(fractalman)

"THERE IS ONE MIN-OR PRO-BLEM. HOW DO YOU EX-PECT TO DRINK?"

5.1: Similar fields of expertise. You'd be surprised how many visiting Loopers find themselves on Ice World.

5.2: Doctor Who: the Last Airbender.

5.3: Donna can still access her Doctor-Donna memories. And, like her grandfather, she figured the TARDIS should be neater.

5.4: DA-LEKS ARE THE SU-PER-IOR NAN-NY!

5.5: It doesn't have to be a Snowman, but the Great Intelligence might be disappointed if it isn't.

5.6: It's the Strangest staring match of all Time.

5.7: An in-universe explanation for why we're not writing what we don't know.

5.8: Minor Fused Loop with South Park (which is Safe Mode, BTW).

5.9: Kamen Riders versus the Daleks.

5.10: Daleks vs. Zombies. Keep an eye out for Crazy Dave (Not really).

5.11: At least it's not as bad as the time he was Davros and he had to fight himself.

Chapter 6

6.1

"Hello again, Doctor."

"Hello, Moment." Looping outside his home as the Warrior-Doctor was fine, though some Loopers reacted badly at first blush. Starting a Loop in that incarnation, however, he had a tendency to skip ahead.

"You're here far earlier than normal."

"You know, one of these Loops I want to have *something* resembling a vacation? Do you mind if we just skip ahead to the whole meeting my future selves thing?"

"Oh, but Doctor, where's the fun in that?" The sapient interface which looked like any number of his companions given the Loop (but most often settled on "Bad Wolf"-Rose) smirked and its eyes glowed. A glowing funnel ripped open over their heads. "Pop on through, Doctor. The future's well and good, but how about remembering who you were?"

The Doctor sighed. "I don't suppose you're going to let me say 'no' to this, are you?"

The Moment smiled mischievously.

"Oh, for god's sake. Fine!" And without ceremony, he jumped into the swirling time vortex.

6.2

Missy sighed as she sat in class. Another boring day of this insipid "high school" she had Awoken in. There hadn't been any pings from

any direction she could feel, but as her Loop Memories showed her having come from another universe tied to this one, it was likely that the Anchor was over on that side of things. The memories suggested that she was planning to take over the school with a magical artifact from the other universe, but had to wait for the portal to open, which it wouldn't do for... quite some time. In the mean time, she was using her typical charm (and a little bit of hypnosis) to sway people to her side.

Honestly, though, some of the names here were ridiculous to her ear. Why would any human name their child "Normal Norman," for one?

In any case, by the time the portal had opened, most of the school adored her, and those that didn't were shunned by the others. She was so glad to have read Machiavelli's *The Prince* instead of relying on that half-quote.

The constant suitors were somewhat grating, even if they were easy on the eyes.

Sneaking through the portal one early morning before school, long before anyone had arrived (including the janitor), Missy found herself struggling for a moment with the concept of walking on four legs. Familiarizing herself with the capabilities her memories said she had in this form, Missy crept through the crystalline hallways, a modified "Point Me" spell aiming her towards the artifact in question. She found it in the room of a not-quite-sleeping pony in a bed and a snoring dragon in a basket. Carefully, she sent the subtlest suggestions of sleep that she could through the room, projecting her incredibly well-honed hypnotic talent through her magic, then tiptoed into the room before swapping the artifact-crown with a crudely made replica. Carefully making her way out of there, she wasn't even in the hall when the not-quite-sleeping one shouted in alarm.

That much resistance to the hypnosis meant one thing to the Mistress: she had found one of the other Loopers in this world.

Unfortunately, making a break for the mirror that held this end of the portal was harder than expected, with the guards roaming the halls coming to the sound of alarm and a myriad of other ponies coming out to chase her at surprising speed.

At least this isn't going to be boring, grinned Missy. Not that she wouldn't have minded boring. Having what appeared to be such a powerful artifact in her pocket for study when she was on her own would have been nice. She needed *something* like the Ginzuisho for her plans, even if they wouldn't come to fruition until the end of the Loops.

After a brief chase that had her use teleportation magic twice (so exhilarating), she stood before the mirror, the crown itself having already gone through when she was almost caught.

"It's been fun, dears, but I've got a date to get to. Ta ta!" and she jumped through the portal. On the other side, however, she couldn't find the artifact-crown. A quick Point Me, with her wand this time, led her to the Vice Principal's office, which she cursed, as the teachers were practically the only ones at the school *not* fawning over her.

Teenagers finding one girl popular is one thing, but teachers might cause the police to come in, and that would just cause all sorts of problems she didn't need.

Later that day, she discovered that the crown had been found by one of the few in the school who didn't fall for her charms, a pink-haired girl named Fluttershy. And as she spoke to the girl, attempting to make her feel bad for defying her Mistress*, she found herself interrupted by a purple girl.

"Leave her alone!"

"Oh, hello, dear. I don't think I've seen you around the school before."

The girl (obviously the Looper she had stolen the crown from) looked visibly taken aback by that. Missy could see the question of "who is this" in her eyes. "I-I'm Twilight Sparkle."

Ah, the pony Anchor. "Twilight, such a lovely time of day. And you-"

"Oi! Missy! Get away from them!" shouted a "new" voice.

Missy rolled her eyes. "Hello, Rainbow Dash. I was just getting to know the new girl, that's all."

Rainbow Dash, leader of the group not under Missy's control, stepped closer. "Well, maybe she doesn't want to know you, you snake." Oh, if only she could show just how snake-like the Mistress could be. "New girl, Fluttershy, we're leaving!"

Missy frowned in mild consternation as the three left. She had easily confirmed that her detractors weren't Looping, but their obstinance could be quite infuriating.

Regardless, she had a crown to win back. Missy sighed as she realized that she'd have to actually use it as her unAwake self sought to, just to keep from arousing the suspicion of the Anchor. The rainbow thing they were planning on was probably going to clash with her so.

Two days later, the Fall Formal was well underway. She hadn't even had to lift a finger for her loyal subjects to start badmouthing the new girl at first, but all that was ruined with a little song and dance number, like the music was some kind of counter for her hypnosis. Oh, she still had a couple followers, but their usage was limited by their idiocy.

She always had to be careful in how she worded orders to Snips and Snails.

Regardless, Twilight won the Fall Formal crown, as expected, and Missy used her talking dog to lure her out to the courtyard, where she stood before the portal.

"Hello, Twilight. I haven't much chance to speak with you since you arrived. How *are* you finding my school?"

"It's not your school any more, Missy!" Twilight declared. "We've broken whatever spell you had over the students here."

"Oh, I know. But you don't really think I'd have left everything to chance, do you? I have had years to plan this out, after all." Missy smiled as she pointed at nothing behind them, which served as distraction enough for her to run forward and snatch the crown right off Twilight's head and place it on her own.

Sometimes, Missy wished she wasn't so stubborn about being stealthy. Following the Evil Overlord List would make things so much easier and less painful sometimes.

As the pain and light show subsided, Missy got a look at her new form. "Oh, very nice. Very fitting for the Queen of Evil, wouldn't you say?" (Missy was expecting to replace Maleficent any Loop now.) "Now, then, with the power boost granted me by this lovely crown..." Missy gave a flap of her bat wings and landed on the statue and looked into the school, focusing her powers.

"I AM THE MISTRESS!" she shouted, waves of magic coming off her. "AND YOU WILL OBEY ME!"

And like that, every single person in the school, student and not, found themselves willing to follow her every command. Unfortunately for her, there were six not in the school she still had to deal with.

"Sorry, Missy," said Twilight, a look of determination on her face, "but not today! Just like we discussed, girls!" The six girls before her quickly held hands and rose into the air, transforming as they did so

to gain ears and tails, and the crown on her head sent out a beam of purple light that intersected with their heart formation.

Fortunately, she still had the presence of mind to dodge the first blast of rainbow magic, which broke the statue she'd been standing on (though the pedestal with the portal in it remained intact). And then things went pear-shaped when a bright wave like a rainbow wall came out instead, and she couldn't dodge fast enough.

What happened next was indescribable.

The next thing the Mistress knew, she was laying on the ground in front of the statue, human again, and feeling weary and... oddly lighter. She knew she didn't *have* to be evil.

Of course, she'd known that for a while now, but the feeling of "you don't have to be a bad person" had grown strong enough to almost overwhelm how much fun she had *being* evil sometimes. Almost.

Still, she put on a contrite face, knowing that she still hadn't been outed as a Looper a small consolation prize for the debacle of this night.

She really hoped that the Loop was going to end soon, she didn't want to have to keep up a goody-goody act for too long. It might ruin her reputation!

6.3 (Jcogginsa)

"Hmm, what's that?" asked the Doctor, who was currently in his first incarnation and enjoying a fine pipe in the corner of the bar.

"What was your time at Freddy's like?" asked Mike Schmidt.

"Freddy's? Be more specific, man."

"Freddy Fazbear's Pizzeria," Spyro the Dragon said from his seat.

"Oh, that place. Nothing really important. I touched up the animatronics' AI and upgraded their power source. Honestly, I don't know what the fuss is about."

(wildrook)

There was a blink as a certain old Ripple User stared at the Doctor. "Seriously," he muttered. "Seriously? I shouldn't be surprised, but...SERIOUSLY?!"

"Grandad, you forget who we're talking to?" Jotaro asked him.

6.4 (Blazingen1, edited by OathToOblivion)

"There were days, there were many days that these words could burn stars and raise up empires and topple Gods," the Time Lord known as the Doctor stated, flipping her red hair behind her back.

Meanwhile, "Matt Smith", the Loop's Anchor and the being usually known as the Doctor fidgeted uncomfortably as he took in the form of this Loop's Doctor, who looked disturbingly like Amy Pond. He wasn't exactly thrilled by this, not by a long shot. "What does it say?" he hesitatingly asked. This Variant's version of Gallifreyan looked like it was illegible, since he couldn't read it at all.

"To Infinity and Beyond! ...Huh. Wonder what that's about," the red-headed, Amy Pond-lookalike Doctor mused. Meanwhile, Matt was internally facepalming. It looked like Buzz had been this way. ...But which one? The more sensible one from the Toy Story Loops, or the actual Space Ranger?

6.5 (Scorntex)

" *You win."*

The Doctor Awoke, sitting in the TARDIS back in his fourteenth incarnation (the Twelfth Doctor), staring at the cold grey floor. He heard a small sniffing sound, and looked up to see Clara, leaning on the door and not moving. With a speed best described as glacial, he walked over towards her.

"Clara...?" he asked. Slowly, her eyes turned towards him. Her lips trembled.

Without even realising he'd done it, he had his arms around her, and hers around his. There were no words, no noise. There was nothing else in the universe but them.

Just the Doctor, and Clara, alone and together.

6.6 (wildrook)

Never in this loop had all the Servants gathered...well...all of them except Assassin...but if they had, it would have been a free-for-all, not something akin to a high-school reunion. Especially since in place of EMIYA, a familiar man with a bow tie and suit had replaced him as the Archer of the Fifth War.

The scene was night in the woods away from Fuyuki and the Einzbern Compound. Berserker's Mad Enchantment had worn off due to the utter shock of the man in the bow tie (Illya was more concerned on why), Lancer was just smiling as if he was looking at a good friend of his, Rider had the urge to go and hide in someone else's workshop at the mere sight of the man, Saber's kingly mask looked like it wanted to break down, and Gilgamesh looked like he wanted to stab the man as well as the rest of them right then and there...yet couldn't due to curiosity.

The reaction that caught them off-guard, however, was Caster. As soon as he had shown up, she had embraced him in a manner that would make a Chinese Amazon proud. Shirou had seen variants where Caster was nicer than in baseline and had been her Master in

ones where she was decent to be around...not to mention the Carnival Phantasm loops where Kuzuki proposed to her. But having Medea, the Witch of Betrayal (And in one loop, complete pain in the rear end due to her obsession with Saber), put the Doctor in a mad embrace that would have River Song a little jealous (and silently, he was glad she wasn't looping yet) was the craziest thing he had seen. If it wasn't for the plan both of them had thought up in order to take out Kotomine AND Zouken while reconstructing the Grail System from scratch with a Loop-Aware Zelretch and saving Sakura and Illya, he would have been literally thrown for a loop.

Shirou then cringed. "Rin," he said, looking at the Summoner of Archer, "I think you have this in the bag."

The confused look on Rin Tohsaka's face was priceless. "And that would mean..."

Then Shirou face-palmed as he remembered her tendency to not get involved with technology as a whole. "You summoned the Doctor," he said.

That just made her even more confused. "Archer's a Doctor? If so, then Doctor who? And why are most of the other Servants reacting like that?"

"Exactly," Shirou muttered as he saw the spectacle before him. Then again, Rin couldn't handle CELL phones. Still, Shirou did some research. One of the dangerous things about the Doctor in the Grail War would be his EX Charisma Stat...another would be the Fury of the Time Lord, which was on Overdrive after hearing about what would happen in Baseline. Two such times Shirou had heard about it were the incident with the Family of Blood, as well as Demon's Run, which was something he had looked up during one visit to the Hub World. "You're looking at the reason why, Rin."

"Now that I have your attention," the Doctor muttered, "and Medea, please get off me. I know it's been a while since I've seen you, but

I've got others to meet." Caster complied, begrudgingly. "Now, ah, Chu Chulainn, it's been a while."

"Years," was what Lancer replied. "Truth be told, I still owe you a drink for that one time you came to visit."

"Indeed. Luckily, one of the masters is a good chef. Hope there's no hard feelings when you got stabbed."

Shirou was almost indignant. "I may be angry, but poisoning my guest's dinner?" he asked the Doctor. "I can't believe you'd think I'd put dog food in his meal!"

Lancer cringed. "It was just business, kid!" he yelled. "You witnessed me fight this guy, and there were rules to follow."

"That reminds me," the Doctor muttered, "I have to visit this Clock Tower. They're not as bad as Hogwarts, but their rules are strict. Nice seeing you again, by the way." He then turned to Rider. "And hello, Medusa. You look lovely as ever."

"You're not going to kill me, are you?" she asked him. "Keep in mind your name is in the cascade named after me."

"That I'm aware of, but rest assured, I'll find a way to save your true master from his clutches. I've saved the world with only a computer virus, a phone full of disguises, and memory. I just need co-operation and some muscle...which brings me to Heracles here."

Illya was surprised. "You know Berserker?" she asked him.

"Know him? Really, during the era of Gods, I was known as the Oncoming Storm, Miss..."

"That's Illya von Einzbern, Doctor," Shirou replied, Rin almost panicking at the audacity.

"Shirou, what are you doing?" Rin asked him. "Are you trying to get us killed?"

The Doctor was amazed. "Oh, your sister," was what he said. "Well, Stepsister, but yeah, I did hear stories. Which reminds me...I'm sorry...I'm so sorry. But rest assured, I WILL find a way to keep you alive."

"Oh, you know about her status as the Grail," was what Gilgamesh said, interjecting. "And of all my years of being alive, I would NEVER expect YOU to show up...Doctor."

"And the King of Heroes speaks," the Doctor said, keeping a straight face. "Tell me, how many children will it take to satisfy your hunger?"

Gilgamesh growled. "You may have stopped my reign back then, but right now, I'm ready to end your life."

"You will do no such thing," was what Caster replied, most of the other servants catching their attention.

"And you're going to stop me, Witch?"

"Not just her," was what Saber replied, taking her blade out. "Can't believe I'm saying this, but...the Doctor was right back then, and it cost me my chance for the Grail."

"Oh, you are kidding me," Rin muttered.

"Yeah," was what Shirou muttered. "Everywhere in time. Even in the time of King Arthur."

The Doctor was surprised. "You remember?" he asked her.

"How can I not? You were there that day when Mordred attacked...and it only took six words to end my reign before the final battle. You were angry that day."

The Doctor gave her a look. "I had good reason to," he replied, "and I know you had to keep up public appearance...I'm just sorry Guinevere and Lancelot had to pay the price from it."

"I'm the one who should apologize, Doctor," Saber said.

"Tragic," Gilgamesh said, sarcastically. "Still, what's to stop me?"

"Let's see," Shirou muttered. "Well, the Doctor's Charismatic to the point where he can gain allies from just talking and saving their lives. Heck, Berserker here is dealing with a clear mind. Rider feels obligated to help him due to the fact that his true name is in HER Cascade, but he HAS met her sisters before. Lancer had fought the guy once and owes him a drink. Caster...don't know what her story is, but it may have involved him safeguarding her from the Gods, especially Aphrodite."

"Close," Caster replied, "somewhat."

Shirou nodded. "And Saber here needed some things to let out."

"And if I should slay the masters first?" was what Gilgamesh asked him. "What would he do then?"

"You're bluffing," was what Lancer said, speaking up. "Because my current Master happens to be the so-called NEUTRAL Party of this war, Kirei Kotomine, and YOU know this!"

Rin cringed. "Say what!?" was what she yelled. "That's against the rules!"

"I AM THE RULES!" Gilgamesh yelled, focusing on Lancer. "And you just earned yourself a trip back to the Throne of Heroes!"

"So much for getting that drink," Lancer replied, "but my testimony is enough, wouldn't it, Doctor? Kid?"

"You two PLANNED this?" Rin asked them, smiling sweetly.

Shirou then cringed. "We're still working on the second part," was what he replied, "which involves a raid on the Matou Manor."

Gilgamesh was growling. "DON'T IGNORE ME, YOU MONGRELS!" he yelled, opening the Gate of Babylon.

"Doctor, I'll handle Gilgamesh," was what Shirou replied, stepping in. "You guys go over to Zouken's place and save Sakura."

"Shirou, you moron!" was what Rin yelled. "What the heck..."

"GATE OF BABYLON!" was what Gilgamesh yelled.

"I'm with Shirou on this one," the Doctor said, grabbing Rin. "Heracles, protect Illya!" The beast nodded, carrying Illya away from the battlefield as the other Servants followed them.

Shirou, however, was ready. "RHO AIAS!" he yelled, using seven-layered shield that has the petals disintegrating.

"You're either very brave," Gilgamesh said, "or very stupid to let your comrades go like that. Too bad they'll be dead before they get...wait...what's that chanting?"

Indeed, Shirou was muttering a familiar Aria...one that has evolved since his first Fused Loop.

" ***...UNLIMITED BLADE WOOOOOOOOOORKS!*** " Shirou yelled, the area changing into an eternal hill of swords.

Gilgamesh was growling. "I should have figured a Faker would have his own collection of swords," was what he muttered.

Shirou ignored the contempt and killing intent. "King of Heroes," he said, spawning Kanshou and Bakuya. "I can say this...you don't have enough blades."

"You think mere copies can defeat the original, you faker!?" was what Gilgamesh yelled, grabbing a blade from his collection.

"I don't think," was what Shirou said, throwing the twin blades as he spawned another with a bow. "I know." He then launched the blade

towards Gilgamesh as he was distracted by the twins.

The blade became fragile...deadly...and broken as it smashed Gilgamesh in the face. Shirou, going through different blades brought up copies of Durandal and Ardonight in order to counter against Gilgamesh's weaponry.

The collection of blades didn't matter as Shirou was skilled enough to wield them all...and that made Gilgamesh very angry.

"DAMN YOU," was what Gilgamesh yelled. "DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU, DAMN YOU TO THE PITS OF HADES!" That made the standoff even worse. "You smash the king's Face in with a shoddy version of Excalibur and..."

"Excalipoor," was what Shirou corrected. Gilgamesh was confused. "It's called Excalipoor, and it's not best used for sword combat, which is why I used it as a Broken Phantasm. Not the point, but right now, you're fighting a losing battle, Your Majesty."

Gilgamesh growled. "I'll show you losing battle," was what he muttered. "EA!"

That made Shirou move quickly to sever Gilgamesh's arms with Cloud's Buster Sword.

Indeed, through the fused loops, Shirou had expanded his collection to include swords from other worlds. Excalipoor and the Buster Sword were two such items as Shirou might need them in future loops.

He just didn't think that he'd sever Gilgamesh's arms with the Buster Sword...or unconsciously channel Cloud Strife using Omnislash.

Gilgamesh growled. "How are you able to wield something that heavy?" he asked him.

"I don't just copy swords," Shirou replied. "My Origin IS the sword!" That's when he brought up a blade that he wouldn't think of copying without brain damage...one that he needed a few seconds to unleash as it had been glowing within the desert like a Beacon. One that took several fused loops to understand...and to complete.

Gilgamesh was furious as not only did he lose his arm to this faker, but he had managed to craft a perfect copy of the blade of his "beloved."

"EX-" was what Shirou started.

"Enuma..." Gilgamesh growled in order to unleash his second Noble Phantasm, but it was too late.

"-CALIBUR!" he yelled, using a sword wave that cut the King of Heroes in two.

Even HE couldn't believe it.

"How did you...how is it possible..." Gilgamesh muttered before his body started to wither.

Shirou then gave him a look. "It just came to me," he replied. 'That, and I'm amazed my mind's still intact...'

As the Hill of Swords faded with Gilgamesh's body, Shirou then collapsed.

Imagine his surprise when his Reality Marble didn't drain him completely.

"Now to help out Sakura," Shirou said, snapping himself out of it as he ran towards the Matou House.

6.7 (crossoverpairinglover)

In the great white abyss, there was only one thing to be found.

The one thing that the Doctor found himself needing, much to his annoyance.

With a scowl on his face, the TARDIS materialized in the sole thing in this void beyond the in loop scope of time of space as the Doctor exited the TARDIS, went to the other side and removed from his physical, non subspace pocket a wallet.

And from that wallet, a credit card, which he inserted into the machine.

REGULAR, SUPER OR HIGH QUALITY TIME FUEL?

He jabbed the REGULAR, stuck the gas pump into the TARDIS and waited.

Why this loop required time machines of all sorts to have to go to a temporal gas station to refuel, as opposed to the far more efficient methods of powering itself the TARDIS usually had to keep itself running was beyond him.

And for that matter, who ran, or *built* , a gas station in the space between space and time?!

Absently looking up at the logo, he saw the place was called Tom Milligan's

Odd. He could have sworn he knew that name from somewhere.

While trying to figure that question out, he absently noticed a few more time machine esc devices appear at the gas station, as several time travelers (who the Doctor was not sure if they were loopers or not) all popped out and had to deal with the headaches of Tom Milligan Time Fuel stations

"...This isn't supposed to happen" a sort of, the Doctor thought the term was 'Moe' girl with reddish hair whimpered as a brown haired

girl who was with her visible yawned, looking annoyed and rather bored.

"...Sure, I can conquer timeline after timeline, but I can't get better gas mileage" a blue faced, armored man complained bitterly.

"I could have sworn this stuff cost 20 cents less in 40 years. Maybe I should risk it?" the gold wearing blond who resembled a superhero contemplated

"...How do you fuel up a treehouse, Jack?" a little blond girl whined to said Jack, who the Doctor could only assume was in the treehouse (and tree) next to their pump.

The Doctor officially decided to get a freakin' bag of Jelly Babies from the Convenience store, and maybe a soft drink. It had to be more sensible that all of this.

"THAT WILL BE FIVE DOLL-ARS AND THIR-TEEN CENTS!"

...except for the Dalek running the register.

"...Do you take pounds?"

"NEG-ATIVE! I AM AN AMER-ICAN DALEK! NOW PAY ME!"

The Doctor removed his credit card, only for the Dalek to blast it

"NO CREDIT CARDS FOR PUR-CHASES UNDER NINE DOLL-ARS!"

6.8 (Valentine Meiken)

The Doctor entered a room to see a group of Gremlins, headed by a particularly snappily dressed one, arguing with a group of Daleks.

"BUY!" One of the Daleks stated.

"SELL!" The Gremlin snapped back.

"BUY!" The Dalek seemed to press.

"SELL!" The Gremlin countered.

"What exactly is going on in here?" The Doctor asked.

"TH-IS CR-EA-TU-RE IS NOT AG-REE-ING WI-TH DALEK STOCK P-ORT-FOL-IO..." One of the Daleks stated.

"We are not investing in laser weaponry!" The Gremlin snapped. The Doctor closed the door, and moved a nearby sofa to block the door. He was not going back into that stock meeting.

6.9

"Now, Jamie, Zoe, remember," the Doctor wrung his hands as he and his companions walked out of the TARDIS. "While we're here, I want you to call me 'Patrick Troughton.'"

"I know, Doc-" Jamie paused at the Doctor's look. "Patrick. But, why?"

"Well, it was the only way I could do this."

"Do what?"

"Good evening, and welcome to Milliways! Allow me to show you to your table." The three travellers followed the maître-de to a table that was already crowded by several other people.

"Took you long enough, Patrick." quipped one, an elderly gentleman with a large nose and frilly coat.

"Oh, I see... all of you made it here already, Jon. And how did you do that?"

"Well, I was here first, you see," said a young man in a tweed jacket and bow-tie. "Pretty much because I already knew when the rest of you were going to arrive."

"In other words," answered "Jon." "He cheated."

"And so did the rest of you," said a grizzled looking man. Of all the people at the incredibly large table, he was the only one sitting alone.

"Oh, come off it, John," a wild-haired man in a long coat said. "We already knew you were different."

"I'm sorry, ah, Patrick," said Zoe. "But who are all these people?"

"Well, to paraphrase myself, I am they and they are me. But don't spread that around. Milliways doesn't normally allow for more than one of a person to be present at their grand show. That's why the pseudonym, you see."

"Oh, aye," agreed Jamie, completely lost. "And what is this 'grand show?'"

The Doctors (and 'John') grinned in an almost mischievous way. "You'll see."

"Ladies and gentlemen and assorted other-gendered species! Welcome to Milliways, the Restaurant at the End of the Universe!"

6.10 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

"DOES MIS-TER POT-TER HAVE HIS KEY?!"

Harry's hand already held a copy of the Elder Wand hidden in his robe. His eyes scanned the room constantly, his senses on high alert as Hagrid fished out his key and handed it to the teller. There was no other way to describe this loop other than bizarre. Of course, there

would be few positive words to describe Daleks replacing the goblins in his baseline. Another Dalek approached as the Teller one shouted, "DA-LEK GRIP-HOOK WILL TAKE YOU TO YOUR VAULT! DO YOU HAVE AN-Y O-THER BUS-INESS BE-FORE WE TAKE YOU TO THE VAULTS?!

Hagrid exchanged a note from Dumbledore regarding Vault 713, which made the Dalek very silent for a moment, "VE-RY WELL! NOW LEAVE US!"

Hagrid muttered, "Right, lets move quick, Harry. Daleks do not like to be held up."

The visit went off without much else a variation. Harry pondered for a moment how he might try contacting the Doctor. Furthermore for the rest of that loop, he waited on edge for the other shoe to drop when the Daleks would try to overthrow Magical Britain and the Doctor to save the day. When Harry awoke the next day after defeating Voldemort in his cupboard without the Daleks so much as uttering an 'EX-TER-MIN-ATE,' the boy just shook his head and knew he wouldn't be forgetting them anytime soon.

6.11 (Hubris Plus)

Missy took a moment to admire her latest form as she waited to make her entrance. Mm, yes, *very* 'queen of evil' until you got to the clothes. Great bat wings, reptilian tail, claws, and eyes that glowed *on command* . She flicked them on and off a few times just for the fun of it.

The clothes would definitely have to go, though. Very raggedy, reminiscent of... What was her name? So many girls went through that little blue box that it wasn't so much hard to remember their names as it was to care what they were.

Leela, that was it. The savage. She couldn't deny that there was a certain something to the scantily clad peasant look, but she'd have to

see about getting something proper if it wasn't too out of character.

Just as she was deciding between skirts and a pantsuit, the stone wall she'd been waiting behind slid open. She wasn't sure which of the men in the office on the other side was more striking. One was dressed in an expensive suit worn casually and had the long hair that seemed so fashionable in modern billionaires pulled back in a ponytail. And had a goatee. Missy *loved* a good goatee.

The other one was a seven foot tall flying reptile monster, but, well, *goatee* . Still, her Loop memories said that Mr Lizard was important. And something about a curse, and a castle, and destroying all the humans. There was certainly *something* to that last one.

Where was she? Ah, yes, in an office.

"Demona," Mr Lizard growled, glaring at her with his arms crossed.

Some people would have thought the name a bit too on the nose. Some people had not started calling themselves the Master the instant they decided to conquer the universe.

"Goliath," she purred, recalling his actual name just in time. "It's been far too long."

Missy had decided she quite liked this Loop. Her Loop memories came pre-packed with an encyclopedic knowledge of a number of de *light* ful magical artifacts, the competition was interesting but kept a distance, and her fellow villains...

Well, goatee. Said it all, didn't it? And the reputation of one David Xanatos in the Loops certainly didn't hurt, though he didn't seem to be Awake.

Already she'd acquired a robot double platform (she had dozens of them, but one could never have too many doubles), a method of perfect magical mind control (ditto), and a compendium of the local

magic system. A magic mirror had given her the opportunity to make friends with the local trickster, who butlered in his spare time, and she'd recently acquired an Eye of Odin.

An excellent haul that was only getting better as she swooped in to attend a wedding. Always fun, weddings. Or was that funerals. She *must* have been thinking of funerals, fun was right in the name.

Whatever the case, her Loop memories told her she had a paradox to fulfill, and this was as good a chance as any.

"Goliath," she greeted her momentary paramour. "Do you remember-"

"I'm in no mood for your trickery," he snarled, thrusting a broken green half-shield at her. "Work your sorcery and be done with it."

Missy pouted as she produced her own half of the Phoenix Gate. She was *sure* she'd be having more fun than this if the Anchor weren't holding some sort of grudge with her local counterpart. But she'd just have to make the most of it. After all, there was no time like time travel.

Reciting a line of garbled latin, she engulfed the wedding party in a sphere of fire and cast them all into the past.

After she'd succeeded in failing to change her past self's mind, she found herself on a castle parapet, alone with Xanatos. Terribly naughty to catch a lady like that on his wedding night.

Apparently he'd had his own time loop to take part in. Wonderfully twisty, that mind of his. Definitely worthy of the goatee.

"Demona," he said, not taking his eyes off the night sky. Unspoiled by modern lights or pollution, it was quite a sight. Even Missy had a soft spot for starlight, if only because each pinpoint marked another member of her eventual dominion. "You've been around a few times.

Tell me, have you ever met a man by the name of Havelock Vetinari?"

She didn't freeze. Didn't blink. Didn't give any indication that anything might be wrong. But she *did* take notice.

"I don't believe I've had the pleasure." Though that was another name that had drawn her attention.

"A brilliant man with an appalling lack of ambition," Xanatos elaborated. "He rules his city by virtue of everyone agreeing that he should. Not democratically, mind you," he chuckled. "He's a tyrant through and through. But he's a tyrant whose fall would be a universal loss. Whether it be power, or money, or life, *no one* would come out ahead if he were deposed. He's despised by thousands, and not a one would raise their hands against him. Most of the conspiracies against him wouldn't even exist if he hadn't started them."

"Is this going somewhere?" She asked warily.

"I once had the opportunity to ask him how he'd manage a society of post-scarcity immortals. How do you control people who can't, in any real way, *lose* anything? It took an hour to convince him the hypothetical was worth considering, but once he did..." Xanatos turned his gaze on her. " *Everything* has a currency, Demona. For this hypothetical society, it's novelty. Be interesting, even dangerous, without crossing whatever line they have..." He offered a predatory grin.

"They'll watch you. They'll pounce the instant they spot the scheme, and many of them will be quite violent. But almost all of them will let you *try* , just because they'll get a David Xanatos story out of it." He turned back to the scenery. "All this skulking around makes you interesting for now, but one day... Remember my advice."

"That's all very fascinating. But tell me one thing..." She smirked. "Do you have any idea who I actually *am?* "

"Oh, no clue." He admitted without rancor. "But I'm a magnificent Legilimens, and Demona shields her mind differently."

Oh yes, Missy grinned wide. *Definitely worthy of the goatee* .

6.12 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

"Space...my back yard. These are the voyages of the timeship TARDIS. It's continuing mission, to act as a tour guide when I feel like it. To seek out new life and dangerous civilizations. To boldly go...where no sane being has ever gone before!"

Martha's voice cut through the Doctor's monologue. "Doctor, who are you talking to?"

The Doctor almost jumped and hid his voice recorder. "Oh, no one, sorry. Just, reminiscing."

Martha gave him a dubious expression before the Doctor clenched his teeth. "Right. How about a trip to Barcelona?"

The woman tilted her head."Why Spain?"

The Doctor shook his head. "No, no, no, the planet, not the city."

He quickly started sharing, hoping that she would forget his acting as Captain Picard. Still, he would have to get one of those logs Picard used in his quarters.

Doctor's log...yeah has a nice ring to it, he pondered to himself as he pushed several buttons on the console.

6.1: The Moment may not be Looping, but it loves to mess with the Doctor.

6.2: The Mistress just has too much fun being evil for the Elements' therapy sessions to work on a single hit.

6.3: Apparently, there's this thing called "Five Nights at Freddy's."

6.4: Role reversal Loops aren't very fun for the Doctor.

6.5: After her Awakening Loop, Clara's memories were updated with what came after Trenzalore. Wouldn't you need a hug after that?

6.6: The Doctor knows *everyone* .

6.7: Capitalism is everywhere.

6.8: Daleks of Wall Street!

6.9: The Doctor often enjoys Milliways whenever he can.

6.10: Loops can get... weird.

6.11: The Master has always loved a good goatee, why do you think he always had one of his own?

6.12: The Doctor can get a tad bored at times...

Chapter 7

7.1

The Doctor was rather worried to discover that the young woman Turlough had brought on board this time was *not* Peri, but rather a Looper with quite the terrible reputation. Oh, she wasn't an MLE by any stretch, but from what everyone he'd met told him about her, Lina Inverse was not a very welcome sight.

Upon reaching the planet of Sarn, the Doctor opted not to leave the TARDIS with Turlough immediately, instead waiting for Lina to awaken (and probably Awaken). He tended to wait for Peri to wake these Loops anyways, if only to keep her from being chased by an out-of-control Kamelion.

"Gourry, don't eat that, I paid for it..." Lina mumbled. The Doctor merely raised his eyebrow slightly and waited. After a couple moments, Lina sat up and yawned, stretching.

"Good morning," the Doctor said jokingly.

"Huh? Oh, morning." Lina glanced at herself and quickly swapped the bikini she Woke up in for a copy of her typical adventuring outfit from her pocket. "What's up, Doc?"

The Doctor rolled his eyes with a smile. "If I had a pound for every time I'd heard that. Well, Lina, we've just landed on the planet Sarn, where my current companion of Turlough is due to leave, and the Master once again cheats death despite my watching him burn to ashes."

"What kind of food do they have on Sarn?"

"Typical desert fare, really," the Doctor paused. "You know, you're much calmer than I was led to believe you would be."

This time, Lina rolled her eyes. "You've probably heard a few horror stories, huh? Yeah, I do cast Dragon Slave when I'm in a new Fused Loop just to see if it works. No, I don't go around blowing up everything I come across, though I do have a little bit of a hair-trigger temper. I do eat a lot, but I need the fuel for my magic. I've actually learned how to cook a gourmet banquet to compliment my usual party's appetite. Was there anything else?"

"No, I think you've covered the basics. Shall I find us a deserted planet after we're done here for you to test Dragon Slave on?"

"No need. I've been to your Loop before, Doc, back when it was Read-Only. I have no reason to believe that it's not gonna work this time either."

"I must admit, that is something of a relief. Is there anything in particular you would like to do when we've finished on Sarn?"

"Not really. Sample some fine foods, do some research on things I didn't get to before. Just basic stuff."

"Research? I didn't take-"

"Me for the type, I know. I'm not called the 'Genius Sorceress' for nothing, ya know."

"You know, it's actually rather fascinating. I've heard so many things about all of the Original Seven, but so far a good deal of it has been exaggerated rumour."

Lina shrugged. "That's what happens when you're a legend. I've got the misfortune of being infamous in my home Loop for things that get blown way out of proportion. There's some fact in there, sure, but seriously, all I ever wanted out of life is good food, powerful magic, and a whole lot of money. Is that so much to ask?"

7.2 (Scorntex)

He was having so much fun it was almost criminal.

Oh, not being Prime Minister. That had been tediously boring the first time he'd taken the job, and he'd only been in charge for a few days (and a year, but that didn't really count).

No, the real fun was knowing that by now the Doctor was out there, somewhere in London, wondering what the hell he must have been up to when Martha Jones' apartment failed to blow up, or when the Jones family was not taken into custody. And of course there had been the wonderful, wonderful phone call.

He had tried not to let it show when he heard *that voice* calling his name. Instead, he'd played dumb, acting so incredibly human. And it almost sickened him to say he'd played the part well. And yet... something about the Doctor's tone sounded angrier than he remembered. A lot angrier. His un-Awake selves hadn't done something dangerous, had they?

In the end, the Doctor had hung up. Which meant any day now he was likely going to storm into Downing Street, Jones and that freakish human Fact with him. And since he hadn't actually bothered distracting those Touchdown oafs this time (after all, why bother? They were supposed to protect mankind and they didn't seem smart enough to catch a dead duck) they would probably be present as well.

So it was all going pretty good. Swimmingly, even. Oh, true, he did feel the urge to summon the Toclafane to take over Earth, destroy a large swath of mankind (maybe he'd have them remove a fraction, instead of decimating them, or have them do it in a slightly clever way), and the temptation to incinerate that President was very tempting... but he had a good thing going.

And this way Lucy didn't need to shoot him dead, or sabotage his resurrection. No, he'd... *dealt* with her. It have proven massively unsatisfying, in the end. He really hoped he wasn't developing a conscience. That was one of the last things he needed (although

given he was on a planet of psychotic monkeys who could barely make it to their own moon, the list of things he needed was astonishingly high).

Yes, very good indeed. Which was why he was surprised when the American President still showed up. Apparently it was something to do with... actually, he wasn't even sure. He'd been thinking about those strange ant-eater things he'd seen on the television, and wondering whether it was possible to have someone make a soup dragon for him.

He hadn't been paying attention to whatever the fat man's name had been last time, but he was reasonably certain that whoever it was that had touched down with full pomp and circumstance in that bloated airplane wasn't the man he'd had the Toclafane kill last time 'round.

He was thinner for one, and younger, and considerably less hairy. He had a strangely commanding presence, as well. And the Master recognised him. He had, in his own fashion, decided to do some research on some of the beings he was likely to encounter during these Loops, to see which would be a threat to him and any potential plans. What he'd heard on this person painted an... interesting picture.

Well, interesting for a human. And a non-Looper, from all indications. But then, no-one thought he was Looping. Appearances were deceiving, and all that nonsense.

The man was staring at him with an unusual air about him. It was time to step into character. Didn't want any watching Doctors getting suspicious.

"Mister President, Sir!" he grinned. Just like his deceased counterpart, this man just glowered.

"Harold Saxon," the man said, calmly. "I do apologise for the abruptness of my visit. I could have sworn my people informed," and

there was an odd inflection on his next word, " *your* people."

The Master's grin didn't budge. "Oh, well. These things happen. New job, all the rushing about. Probably just fell down the back of the settee. I'll have a check when I get home."

The man raised an eyebrow. "There is a more pressing reason for my appearance here, Saxon."

"Needed to stop over for gas, did you?" he grinned. "It is gas, right? That's what you Americans say. *Gas* ."

"No," was all the President said in response. He didn't sound angry, just utterly calm.

"Then what?" he asked. The man's face remained utterly impassive.

"UNIT has approached me. They claim that an alien invasion is imminent."

The Master raised an eyebrow. "Ooh. Alien invasion? Are you sure? I thought the last two were hoaxes."

"Given their track record regarding these matters, I am..." The man paused. "I have decided to believe them."

"Could be someone had too much coffee to drink," the Master muttered.

"And yet, there are protocols," the man stated. "Protocols that require both of us."

That one was new. "Since when?" And then the man did something different. He glared. And it was actually a pretty good glare. For an American.

"Since we have been dealing with alien invasions since the nineteen-seventies, *Mister Saxon* ."

Did the man recognise him? No. They'd never met. Well, the Master had never met him, but whether he'd met his un-Awake self, who had probably left an impression of some kind. He always did... And if he did, what then? He surely wouldn't have come expecting him to just capitulate, not against a man with a laser screwdriver, surely.

It was a difficult choice. Stay and run a boring country of insane monkeys, or see what happened next. Of course, given the man he was dealing with, it was likely a trap. And he did have a knack for escaping such things, which he did need to keep in good condition. Well, at least he had plans for dying (top of the list was not dying, but there was that bunch of groupies he'd found.)

"Alright then," he sighed. "Lead on. It's not like I have a whole country to run."

"Oh, I wouldn't worry," the man said, and from all he knew this wasn't the least bit reassuring. "You'll be briefed in no time at all. As I understand it these things have a tendency to wrap up with tremendous speed."

Cautiously, and eyeing his unknowing adversary cautiously, he boarded Air Force One. After a long, interminable time, the plane took off. After even more time, it landed at somewhere. And then he took a casual glance out of the window.

The Valiant. His Valiant, which those stupid Daleks had shot down. And here it was, back in one piece and as gorgeous as ever. What was it that stupid no-name of a human had said about it? Too something. Honestly, humans just didn't appreciate good design. A flying air-craft carrier? Who couldn't like that?

As he walked off the plane he noted his security detail being moved along by some of the President's secret service. He shot a questioning glance at the man.

"Security checks," the man explained. "Just to be on the safe side."

Toclafane was looking like a really good idea. And as he walked he saw a glimpse of the familiar brown coat. The Doctor was already there. Bless him, he had his little humans with him.

And seeing the Valiant again, all the memories it brought back. Not just that year with the Toclafane, but the work he'd put into designing it. He so rarely got a chance to build things any more, with all the rushing about the multiverse and avoiding people and not doing anything suspicious. Oh, true, it wasn't his best work, but that came of working on a budget. And he knew the sound system was definitely top-rate.

The kitchens had been a complete botch-up though. He'd made sure to have the chefs pitched off the runway the first time through.

It was slowly occurring to him that he was smiling at the memories. It wasn't his fault, it had been funny, viewed in the appropriate context. Oh, and his American "friend" was staring at him.

"Something funny, Mister Saxon?"

"Oh, just remembering something from a long time ago." The man didn't ask further. Cautiously, the Master put one hand on the pocket containing his screwdriver. He had a feeling he was going to need it.

After only a few minutes walk, they reached the main room of the Valiant. Oh, and the memories that room brought back, it made the Master feel all warm and fuzzy inside. The President stood calmly by the chair at the head of the table, and frowned. Frowning probably wasn't good, was it?

There was a small jolt, and he felt his limbs going all weak. The man stared at him. That wasn't fair! Knocking him out without so much as a conversation! That was against the rules! Wasn't he supposed to brag, or something? Isn't that what humans always did?

"Oh, you're not unconscious yet," the President explained, "I did want to talk to you first, a little lesson for later on."

Oh, crap. The human was going to brag. Bragged to death by a human. By an American! Where was the Doctor when he needed him?

"First of all, I am disappointed you walked into this so easily. I truly am. I have heard so much about you, from one of 'our' kind to another. Second of all..." the man paused, and adjusted his suit for dramatic effect.

"There is a theory on one world that, if at any point a person is captured that they should hope they are captured by an "evil" man, because the evil man will gloat, and give them a fleeting chance to live. This is opposed to the good man, who will kill without a word."

The man began to smile. "I cannot truly say I *am* such a good man. And I don't have my friend to vouch for me if I tried. All I am going to do is remand you to the custody of this woman," he nodded, before frowning. "Oh, yes. Paralysis. Well, there is definitely a woman there. Perhaps you've heard of her father. I understand you have a history."

Oh, no. Not that blonde woman again. How did she show up so early? Wasn't there a rule against that? All he'd wanted was to bother some humans for a few years.

"And if you're wondering how I figured you out," President Lex Luthor added, "I wouldn't worry. I recognised my world's greatest heroes in my baseline. I am *very* good at spotting people trying to stay hidden by now."

He looked up towards someone the Master couldn't see. "Alright, you can have him."

And then, before he could even think up a good promise of revenge, everything went horribly numb.

7.3 (Gamerex27)

"Get DOWN!"

The second Clara Awoke, she felt a strong hand grab her shoulder, and she was promptly yanked to the ground. Shrieking, she dropped prone right in time for a burst of plasma to zoom by where her head had been mere moments before.

"What's going on?" Clara demanded, sending out a Ping as she spoke. Sure enough, she was answered from just a few meters away. Quickly turning her head, she saw The Doctor in his twelfth (or thirteenth, or whatever) incarnation.

Then, she did a double take. The Doctor was missing something. Something very important.

"What happened to your eyebrows?!"

The currently eyebrow-less Doctor said nothing in response, instead whipping out his Sonic Screwdriver and pointing it at wherever those shots were coming from. From her vantage point on the control room's floor, Clara could see a shower of sparks, followed by a serpentine hiss of irritation.

"RUN!" Grabbing her hand, the Time Lord pulled Clara to her feet. Before their mysterious assailant could get its weapon working again, the two were off, hurtling through the TARDIS's corridors, as FAR away from the control room as they could get.

After several minutes of running, the Doctor came to an abrupt halt in front of a wooden door in one of the many, many hallways of the labyrinthian TARDIS. Twisting the doorknob, he dashed inside. Clara jumped in after him, and the Anchor slammed the door shut.

"There," he said. "We should be safe for now. They won't look for us in the cupboard."

"Who are 'they'?" Clara demanded. "What the *hell* is going on?!"

The Doctor furrowed his hairless brow in irritation. "Isn't it obvious?! It's finally happened. My *eyebrows* have ceded from my face, and are trying to take over the TARDIS!"

Clara was silent for a few moments, trying in vain to process this. "You're kidding me," she finally said. "What is it this time? Did the Cybermen convert your eyebrows? Were they brought to life by a big, cosmic *hole* in space?"

Her friend merely sighed in response, pulling a sword cane from the random pile of objects littering the cabinet's floor. "No, this just keeps *happening* in this Loop and its history. First, Dandy's nose popped off and tried to take over London, then U-Boat's ears came to life and *actually* took over London, and the Chin's...chin attached itself to Amy and *conquered the Daleks!"*

"And your eyebrows can shoot plasma...because..."

"No idea," the Doctor admitted, "though it probably has something to do with that glowing hair growth cream the first me tried back when I first stole the TARDIS, before I Woke up. Word to the wise," he added, handing Clara a cricket bat for self-defence. " *Never* put anything that glows on your person."

7.4 (Evilhumour)

The Doctor Woke up in a canopy bed with a blank face.

It was novel experience, as he usually-

There was a shatter of glasses from the window in front of him as a Dalek floated inwards.

The Doctor started to reach for something inside his pocket when;

"HAP-PY-BIRTH-DAY, *DOC-TOR!"*

7.5 (Crossoverpairinglover)

The Doctor had no idea why there were four Daleks following him. He had enough of those things when he was the 'not Doctor' during the war...having Dalek's follow him around like lost puppies was not his idea of a fun loop.

"RRRROOOOOOOAAARRRR!"

Though being glared at by Godzilla wasn't fun either.

"ALERT! ALERT! LARGE MUT-ATED SUPER EARTH REP-TILE!" One Dalek shouted.

"INIT-IATE COMBIN-ATION!" a second one called out.

The Doctor gulped, mentally preparing for the return of the Dalek Monitor...when the Daleks suddenly launched into the air like a bunch of missiles.

The Doctor didn't get a chance to question why, when he was rocketed into the air against his will too and found himself in that dramatic space that anime characters ended up in when they had transformation sequences or used certain types of attacks/played certain cards/ etc.

"DALEK 1, COM-BINE!" one Dalek shouted, before its armor began to shift into what looked like some sort of gauntlet. This Gauntlet then flew and attached itself to the Doctor's left arm (HEY, STOP THAT!)

"DALEK 2, COM-BINE!" a second Dalek formed into another Gauntlet, and attached itself to his right arm (DESIST AT ONCE!)

"DALEK 3, COM-BINE!" a third Dalek morphed into what looked like a giant, metallic boot and attached itself to his right leg (OKAY, THIS IS OFFICIALLY CREEPY!)

"DALEK 4, COM-BINE!" The final Dalek did the same to his left leg as the previous one, as the Doctor's body spun around and posed dramatically against his will.

"THE DOCTOR, SUPER MODE!" he shouted, also against his will.

When the transformation ended, Godzilla just stared at him in confusion as the Doctor questioned exactly what had just happened, and how that would be of any benefit to him.

Plus...what happened to the Dalek's inside the armor when they merged?

7.6 (Evilhumour)

The Doctor Awoke to see a house fall on top of him.

After moaning in pain as he started to regenerate, he heard a song that would haunt him for a long time.

"DING DONG, THE DOC-TOR IS DEAD! WHICH OLD DOC-TOR, THAT OLD DOC-TOR!"

7.7

The Doctor (eighth face) and Clara were enjoying some tea after another fun/harrowing adventure. It hadn't been a baseline adventure, because what good was being able to do something different with your life repeatedly if you never took advantage of it? However, halfway through is second cup, the Doctor checked his watch and sighed.

"I have to go, Clara."

Clara looked at him dubiously, setting down her own cup. "Tiny bit of an ask?"

"It sounds strange, considering the TARDIS is a time machine, but there is a deadline to certain events. And if I don't go now-"

"You're talking about Cass, aren't you?"

The Doctor remained silent.

"Doctor, you *know* whenever you try to save her you die! And there's even been a few Loops where the Sisterhood couldn't bring you back and the Loop ended! Why do you keep trying?" Sure, that was exceptionally rare, almost as rare as the Loops where the ship didn't crash into Karn, but it was a valid point.

The Doctor offered her a soft smile. "Because, Clara, if I don't try and save her, then who am I?"

Clara sighed. She always hated when one of the Doctors had to regenerate. At first she had just been a curiosity, the "Impossible Girl," then one of his best friends, then their friendship had a splash of vitriol added. But after the Loops, every Doctor had become like family to her. From eccentric (or grumpy) grandfathers and uncles, to the fun and weird cousins and big brothers. And even knowing that she would see him again, old *and* new faces thanks to the Loops, it felt like she was saying good-bye every time.

Fortunately, unlike the post-Trenzalore Doctor and the Warrior, this Doctor would accept her farewell hug. "Good luck. And please, come back."

"Thank you. I'll do my best. You'll see me again, even if it's *him* you meet next."

And as the Doctor went into the TARDIS and started taking off, Clara sat back down and waited.

The tea grew cold, and Clara slept.

7.8 (Evilhumour)

Peter Parker had to admit, he *almost* missed who was replacing his aunt this loop.

The scene at the bank had not only proved who she really was, but also almost made Peter feel sorry for Doc Ock.

Almost .

"I asked you, you bloody crook," his aunt yelled, twirling the bat she had pulled out of her purse around in her hand as she smashed the last metallic limb of the scientist to pieces. The old lady danced closer to the panicking man over the smashed bit of mechanical arms, desks, chairs and paper that had piled up from the one sided fight. "Who are you calling a little old lady!?" Aunt Dorothy Gale McShane-Parker glared as she punched the man in the face, knocking him out.

And to think, Peter thought to himself, this companion of the Doctor was *not* looping.

7.9 (Zap Rowsdower)

The Doctor was amazed.

"What!?" he yelled. "Their position's correct, just...no Gallifrey."

The Doctor and the Moment vanished from their spot inside a military headquarters to the outside of the colony ship they had been on a moment before, The Doctor's earlier incredulity (and, if he was honest with himself, a bit of excitement) at seeing a giant robot fight a giant monster all but forgotten when he had seen the ship's coordinates and stellar maps.

A small piece of Dalek casing drifted by. As the Doctor looked closer at the asteroid field surrounding the giant ship, he could see bits of

recognizable orbital colony architecture on one face of some of the larger asteroids. His face paled, then he sputtered a bit about impossibility, and turned to the Moment.

"So, how, exactly, does my removing Gallifrey from the time stream lead to America fighting off alien invasions I've never heard of using giant robots piloted by teams of five child soldiers with attitude?"

The Moment shrugged, and grinned.

"Sorry, no idea. This body's a pink, though. Want to guess what color Ear-boy will get?"

The Doctor's shoulders slumped.

"No. Take me back and send out the distress call to Sexy for each of my incarnations and lets get this over with. I'll be damned before I do any of that bloody posing, though, and Sexy is only doing Megazords if she REALLY wants to".

The TARDIS, catching the tail end of the conversation, blinked her lights eagerly at the mention of the word "Megazord". The Doctor could only groan once again in response.

7.10 (Gamerex27)

"Very well," the DM said, "Bob got the highest initiative roll. What will you do?"

Silence.

"Bob?"

"YOU MUST LOOK AWAY FOR HIM TO MOVE," said the party's Cyberman Artificier.

"I thought he unfreezes when the sun comes down," muttered the DM (who, now that the Doctor thought about it, looked sort of

familiar).

"IT IS A QUANTUM LOCK," the Cyberman replied. "AN INVENTIVE, IF INEFFICIENT, MECHANISM."

The DM sighed, and hid his gaze behind the screen. The Dalek turned its eyestalk away, and the Doctor, sighing heavily, shut his eyes.

He heard a die fall on the table, and a voice came in through the nearby radio. " *Natural 20* ," it said. *"I blast the Bunnycat with a Magic Missile.* "

"Oh," the DM sneered, "I'm sorry, but you have to say what you're doing *before* you roll."

"RE-ROLL! *RE-ROLL!* " the Dalek echoed.

While the Weeping Angel couldn't move, the Doctor could have sworn that he saw its eyes twitch. *"Fine,* " the voice sighed. *"By the way, the Angel wonders if the delivery boy will arrive soon."*

"For the last time," the DM hissed, "you can't eat the delivery boy's timestream. If he goes missing here, no restaurant will want to deliver us food ever again."

7.11 (Scorntex)

It was that time of the Loop when the Doctor was feeling old. He was back in his first ever face, young and curmudgeonly and angry at the humans for not being smart enough. He'd been doing the usual, but now... now he was at the end.

Cold and old and feeling the Oncoming Hobo getting closer and closer minute by minute. And the first one was because he was stuck in the Antarctic again, waiting for the Cybermen to show up. There

were a few differences right away. No mention of any "Z-bombs" this time, for one. He wasn't entirely sure whether that was good or bad.

He had been wondering about telling the Cybermen about the existence of dwarf planets, if only to see what they'd say, in those strange sing-song voices they had.

He'd forgotten about those. Good grief, he thought to himself, he really had been in this body for a long time if he was having memory issues.

Then came the familiar scenario of the Cybermen taking over the base. They effortlessly overpowered the guards, and marched confidently into the control room.

The Doctor stared blankly at what came through those doors. They looked like Cybermen, for the most part, until the head. Instead of the familiar handle-bars, they instead had... well, what looked like straw hats.

" *W* e *a* r *e the* Cider- *mennn* ," the Cy-... Cider-Leader stated, in what sounded exactly like a west-English country accent.

" *Oh-arrh* ," another added.

At which point the Doctor, unable to help himself, regenerated laughing.

7.12 (Evilhumour)

"Oh, Twilight, I can barely hold back my love for you," Rainbow Dash swooned.

"Wait there speeder, I saw her first!" the farm pony protested, eyeing the other mares with angry glares.

"Dearies, she is mine!" the white unicorn humfped.

"No, she is mine! MINE!" the yellow pegasus shouted.

"Girls, I cannot choose between any one of you!" Twilight said moving in a tight group with the others, beginning to kiss-

"Um...what?"

The members of the Silence looked up from their pony dolls to see the shocked face of the Doctor and his companion rolling on the floor with laughter.

"YOU SAW NOTHING!" the former priest shouted, slamming the door closed and locking it this time.

The Doctor blinked at the closed door and then at Sarah Jane Smith who was on the floor.

"Doctor, do you know why I am on the floor?"

"I haven't got the foggiest of ideas but I have a feeling there is something to do with it behind this door..."

7.1: Lina's not seen very often these days, so she needs some Character Development.

7.2: Lex is one of the very few that knows that the Master is Looping.

7.3: Sound advice. And to be fair, they *were* very cross eyebrows to begin with.

7.4: Dalek in the window. Not the best present to receive.

7.5: And the Doctor forms the head! And torso.

7.6: Some replacements can be very odd. In the end, however, the Master of Oz was able to get Restac home.

7.7: Eight is probably the most idealistic Doctor.

7.8: Ace is the founder of the Crowning Moment of Awesome page on TV Tropes, for beating up a Dalek with a baseball bat.

7.9: Based on a canon event/Freeze Frame Bonus in Power Rangers: Lost Galaxy.

7.10: Gaming with the villains. The Sontaran Barbarian couldn't make it that night, he had to crush a civilization to dust.

7.11: Actually a thing from a 2011 DC comic "Knight and Squire," as well as a reference to a real-life tradition in western England.

7.12: It's a secret to everyone. Also, when you want someone to never see something, remember to also tell them to go away.

Chapter 8

A group of teens and two adults stood in the school library, gathered around a table.

"Hey, welcome to the Vampire Slayer Loop," said one. "I'm your local Anchor, Xander Harris, and these are my fellow natives: Angel the vampire and Giles the librarian."

The two in question waved.

"I'm Dave Stuttler," continued the only man not introduced, who sounded remarkably like Hiccup. "Anchor of The Sorcerer's Apprentice. Apparently, Xander and I have been best friends for years."

"Yeah, that means you're replacing Willow. Judging by the Loop name, I guess you're good on the magic end."

Dave bounced slightly in place. "I-I'm also a physicist. In my baseline."

Xander smiled, "So, good on the tech side, too. Alrighty. So, who's replacing our beloved Slayer?"

"Well, I'm Susan Summers for this Loop, but my home Loop is Equestria, where I'm Sunset Shimmer."

"And is there a reason you said to not invite Cordelia's replacement? I thought all you ponies were friends."

Sunset sighed and nodded. "Adagio's not a Looper. She also happens to be the closest thing I've got to an in-Loop arch-nemesis."

"Yep, she's your Cordy." Xander clapped his hands. "So! First up, we deal with the Master. Not that Master, though he has replaced ours

from time to time."

"Yes," added Giles. "I'm told one of the Doctors usually takes my place during those times. I hope to actually meet him someday, though."

Deep under the library, a black, rotted figure sat on a throne of rock, four vampires kneeling before him.

"My faithful servants," croaked the Master, "soon the Harvest will commence. With enough sacrifices, I will be free and whole once more. Until then, however, lay low - our kind aren't the only ones attracted by the power of the Hellmouth."

"Yes, Master," chorused the vampires, then they rose as one and left the cavern.

The Master grimace in his rotted form. He hated Awakening in this decayed form. Except when it was as Mumm-Ra - that transformation tended to be quite heady.

Still, it would be nice to do some real Evil for a change. Every little act he managed was one more that proved that those blasted Elements didn't actually have a lasting effect on him.

He would gather his power, every Loop a little more, in secret. And then, when the Loops finally were over, he would strike.

And he would truly be the Master of All Matter.

8.2 (Gamerex27)

Walking around the corridors of whichever evil scientist they were trying to stop (the Doctor honestly had trouble telling them apart at this point), he and Sarah Jane froze as two guards rounded the same corner as them.

"Oi!" one of them said, pointing his gun at them. "You're not supposed to be here!"

Thinking fast, the (Third) Doctor pulled his wand out of his Pocket, and pointed it at both men. "Expelliarmus!" he said.

However, instead of blasting the guns out of both guards' hands, a swarm of bees emerged from the business end of the wand. Shrieking in terror, both men promptly fled from the intruders, as the bees chased after them.

"...That's not what the spell's supposed to do, is it?" Sarah Jane asked, raising her eyebrows.

Looking at the wand again, the Doctor sighed. "Unfortunately, yes," he replied. "It seems that I have drawn the wrong wand: this one is the 'Scarecrow's.'"

"But why *bees* ?" the reporter asked, still confused.

"I haven't the faintest idea," the Time Lord replied, equally baffled. "I seem to recall hearing that 'Shulk' chap mentioning there was a bee infestation all over Yggdrasil. I'm just thankful that this particular body isn't allergic to them."

8.3 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

The Doctor (Number Ten) looked at his hand, then back to the tree sitting in front of him. Donna breathed a sigh of relief. "Good thinking, Doctor. Why a tree?"

The Doctor looked again between the tree that had once been a Dalek and his wand, "I was trying to banish it."

8.4 (Gamerex27)

The War Doctor blinked as he Awoke. Looking to his sides, he saw his Tenth and Eleventh selves beside him.

Slowly, the older Time Lords turned to look at the Moment, then at the red button all three of them had their hands on.

"Tell me that's not-?" Ten said, sounding more annoyed rather than depressed or weary (which he would normally be at this point).

"It is," Eleven sighed. "Oh, *God* , they *are* everywhere, aren't they. Like...well...in a swarm."

"Well," the War Doctor said, "since it's not a mass-murdering superweapon this time, and since it apparently won't affect Time Lords, I don't see any harm in using it now. Shall we?"

Nodding, the three men pushed down on the giant red button, just begging to be pushed, and it activated.

"E-MER-GEN-CY! *E-MER-GEN-CY* !" Daleks all across the fleet declared, as a swarm of abominations, each the size of a small moon, emerged from Gallifrey and flew right at their ships,

And somewhere, deep in his twisted, blackened heart, the Dalek Emperor felt fear. "NOT THE BEES! *NOT THE BEEEEEEEES!"*

8.5 (Scorntex)

Donna Awoke. Not even five seconds later, she regretted that, as her head exploded with pain.

Oh God, I've not woken up hung-over again, have I?

As she waited for reality to stop spinning and de-blur, or un-blur, or whatever the correct scientific term was supposed to be, she tried to remember exactly what it had been she'd been doing just before. For

whatever reason, her brain was steadfastly refusing to yield any info on that score. She was pretty sure she could remember laughter...

After several minutes of sitting and trying to get the pain to dull, the blurs turned into her bedroom. Now it was just a matter of waiting for her Loop Memories to come back, which probably meant another pile of mum issues to add onto the pile.

Then, as reality became increasingly less fuzzy, she saw something lying on her bedside table. It was a note. Intrigued, she tried to reach out for it.

After several attempts, she managed to lift it, and read.

Dear Miss *Noble*

She stopped almost immediately. Miss? Who did this person think they were, calling her miss?

Fighting down her mild case of anger, she read on. Admittedly, not for very long, since the note consisted entirely of:

Don't do that.

Skuld.

And then it came back to her. She'd been trying to grow a TARDIS last Loop. Almost succeeded, too.

The mystery solved, Donna went back to the problem of the headache. If she recalled correctly, there was some aspirin in the bathroom. Once she took care of that problem, she supposed it was just a matter of waiting to see if and when the Doctor would show up.

It was two weeks before Donna realised something was off, starting with her granddad. Mercifully there wasn't anything different about him, but whenever he talked about aliens, he never mentioned any

of the incidents that the Doctor had been involved with, which raised Donna's suspicions.

Then she checked the internet for anything about Cybermen. She found information about them all right.

As it turned out, they were fictional cyborgs from the long-running British science fiction show, *Doctor Who* .

At which point Donna began cursing, and didn't stop for some time.

8.6 (Jacob Thursday)

"Shaggy in the Werewolf Car is in the lead folks! But what's this!? OH! Triple threat with three, count 'em three simultaneous Blue Shells! Fluttershy is playing for keeps, folks!"

"It seems Herbie and Doctor 3's special, Bessie, are having out on the 2345th turn, while Link in the Hyrule Express seems to have engaged Link upon The King of Red Lions and Link on Epona in epic swordplay!"

"Look out, folks! Dick Dastardly has set dynamite on the tracks! Only to be sucked up by Kirby on the Warp Star... OH SH** HE'S GONNA BLOW!"

kabewoom

"Oh, look at that. It seems, quite ironically, that both The Great and Powerful Trixie in the Stage Wagon, and the Blue Demoman in the BLU Express have both been put out of the race! Thank the Admins for those Pinkie Pylons, eh folks?"

"And now a word from our sponsor."

8.7 (Evilhumour)

"What?" The Doctor looked over his shoulder as something just hit the TARDIS hard enough to send it spinning out of control. Looking up, he saw a large red S embedded into his ship..

" *What?* " He looked up to see the fleeing signs of what looked to be an elementary school flying away.

"HI THERE!" A small robot with green eyes appeared from the side of the TARDIS, smiling at him.

" **What?!** "

8.8 (Scorntex)

The Doctor was dead.

Not his usual brand of dead, where he was back and up on his feet looking for a new wardrobe ten minutes later. This was more the "have-stopped-breathing, might-not-make-tea" dead.

He tried to remember what he'd been doing. And then the smell of incense and old time came flooding back to his nose.

Karn. He'd gone to Karn, and Cass again. And it hadn't gone terribly well. Hence the dead. From the way his head hurt, a girder had hit him on the head. Or something girder-y.

A girder on the head. He wasn't about to live that one down for a few Loops. Almost as bad as the encounter with the Great Joltik some time back.

There was the familiar and singularly unpleasant feeling of coming back to life. For all the Sisterhood of Karn were terrifyingly good at fixing the tiny defect of death, it still hurt. Almost as much as the dying.

Their leader shuffled into view. The Doctor tried to look as tall and important as he could (all the more important given he hadn't even had a chance to wear his formal ragged clothing).

"Ah, I see I'm on Karn. This is Karn, isn't it? Which would make you the Sisterhood, and since you're the only ones here, you found me in the wreckage of that ship."

Their leader, Ohila if he remembered correctly, didn't look very surprised at that. "You know the ship is wrecked?"

"Well, I was there. Definitely the experience of a lifetime, I'd recommend trying it, if you ever get bored with living forever on a dead planet."

Ohila barrelled past him. She was amazingly good at that. "We have restored you to life, but it is a temporary measure. Talk fast, you have little under four minutes."

The Doctor, the Oncoming Storm, the Bringer of Darkness, He Who Should Never Be Allowed Near Christmas, Him In The Stupid Coat, stared levelly at the Sisterhood's leader.

"You know, that's always burned away in the back of my mind. Do I really have only four minutes to live?"

With some effort, he forced himself to his feet, eyes still locked on Ohila. "Because this whole situation seems highly suspect to me. A spaceship, with one woman, crashing on Karn, right within walking distance of your little cave."

" *Temple* ," Ohila stated.

"A spaceship with none of its systems working, but still able to send out a distress call. One that I happened to pick up, in the middle of a Time War. And you just happened to have means of reviving me on hand. I'd have thought even for you they'd have taken time to prepare."

"We have many spaceships crashing on Karn," Ohila insisted. "It is a known peril, as you saw when you last visited here with your companion."

"Wasn't done yet," he said, "I think you're lying about my time limit. I think in four minutes I will still be very much alive. Because you need me for something."

Ohila's eyes narrowed dangerously. "The Time War. The war between the Daleks and the Time Lords grows more fear-"

"Yes, I know. Reality is threatened and I am the only one who can save it. Because I am the Doctor, the man who defeats the Daleks. Saves worlds."

His voice was quiet, like the eye of a storm. "But I have fought Daleks. Time and again I have destroyed Daleks. And they survive, while I loose all the things that matter."

"You cannot escape the war," Ohila said. "No-one can. Every part of time, every moment of time, is breaking and tearing, as the abominations this war has unleashed run rampant through history. If you could end it, you wi-"

"I know. I would save countless lives."

"Because you are the Good Man."

"The man who makes people better," he said, without joy or satisfaction. Just a statement of fact. There was noise as the Sisterhood brought Cass's body in.

"She is beyond our help," Ohila noted, as he moved towards her. He stopped as she did.

"Amazing, really. You didn't even need to look at her to notice that. You should move to London," he noted as he turned on his screwdriver, giving Cass a cursory scan. She was utterly dead, yet

surprisingly intact for someone who'd had a small spaceship on top of her. "Find a traumatised war veteran, become a consulting resurrector. You might even make some money out of it."

"And that," he added, "is also something. You saying she's dead, and since naturally I have no idea what your potions do, I'd probably give up on trying to save Cass here. And if I were in a slightly more despondent mood, I'd probably be easy to talk into doing something really reckless."

He took a deep breath. "Except I still don't believe what you said. How long is there left?"

"A minute," Ohila said. The Doctor just folded his arms, and glowered at her.

"Fine then. I'm game. We'll see who rusts first."

He took a small amount of satisfaction at the Karnite's blank look at that.

Seconds ticked past. And more seconds. And more. And more.

Finally, four full minutes had passed. And the Doctor did not instantly drop dead.

The Doctor unfolded his arms. "Well," he said, trying not to let the rising fury in his voice show, even as Ohila's eyes went wide. "I suppose that is that."

He moved in close towards Ohila, who tried stepping back as she approached. "I'm leaving now," he said, with an eerie calm. "Don't try and stop me. Don't try and contact me again. And pray to whatever God you choose that we don't meet again. But don't worry, I'll sort out the Time War. My way. Free of charge. Because I am the Doctor. And that is what I do. Goodbye, Ohila."

He turned around, and picked up Cass' body. Without a single look back, he walked out of the cave, toward the TARDIS. As he went, he tried to think of a lovely planet to bury Cass on. The Eye of Orion, perhaps. Somewhere quiet. Peaceful. That sounded nice to him.

8.9 (Evilhumour)

"Wait, wait, wait, *wait* ." The man was holding onto the railing with his legs nearly giving out on him. "There's *thirteen* of you now?"

The Doctors nodded their heads at the captain.

"Best day-" At that, Captain Jack Harkness just fainted with the biggest smile on his face.

8.10 (crossoverpairinglover and OathToOblivion)

(crossoverpairinglover)

Stepping out of the T.A.R.D.I.S shortly before he was scheduled to meet Rose for the first time, The Doctor looked around trying to ascertain exactly where he was.

"I WILL NEVER CONVERT! THE FIRE OF MY SOUL WILL NEVER BE DULLED BY WHAT YOU CALL PERFECTION! IT'S THE FLAWS THAT SPARKS MY FIRE!"

The unnecessarily loud voice that shouted out from the distance from the massive robot that was the Gurren Laggan (and one of it's most famous, bombastic and shade loving drivers) battling with what appeared to be the Bureau.

As the massive red robot caused what appeared to be a half dozen Bureau Pegasi to spontaneously explode, the Doctor shook his head as he turned to open the

It would appear he would not be needed here, perhaps he could get back to where he actually had to be...

WHACK

Without thinking, he walked right into the T.A.R.D.I.S door, that would not open.

Pointing a Kingdom Key at it, The Doctor let loose a blast of light right at the door.

It promptly made a farting failure noise like the wands from the world of the Fairy God Parents.

"TAKE THIS YOU FOUL FALSE ZECORA! YOU'RE RHYMING IS WORSE THAN A OLD FEDORA!" Kamina (if the Doctor recalled correctly)'s loud voice echoed off from far away, apparently fighting (and mocking) Zecora. "THIS IS FOR ALL MY FRIENDS YOU KILLED, ESPECIALLY THE TOY-MAKER! GIGA-DRILL-BREAKER!"

"Serpent's Tail!"

With the slimy, dragon like Shen-Gon-Wu in hand, the Doctor turned intangible and flew right towards the door of the T.A.R.D.I.S (Who was acting normally before he had gotten stuck here)

He slammed right into the door, his only copy of that rather useful Shen-Gon-Wu flying away into the distance.

"THE SITH I'D EVER GIVE UP! THE FIERY TEACHINGS OF MY MASTER FLOWS THROUGH MY VERY CORE! I'LL NEVER LOOSE TO YOU, NOT WHILE MY FIGHTING SPIRIT REMAINS!" It might be the frustration the Doctor was hearing, but it almost sounded like Kamina was female.

It seemed there was was no other option but to try and find someone to help him out, so he sent out a ping.

Oddly enough, he got nothing back, even with Kamina within enhanced, bend reality at your will, hearing. Which was, in itself, odd.

Odder still, was what he started to notice as he began apparating around, looking for any sign of the Kamina who may be female.

The desert, which was quite clearly the desert that the war between humanity and beastman was fought in, was also...off somehow.

It might just be him, but the colors seemed, faded somehow.

Then, he found the blur.

A big, freaking, blur that seemed to cut off the desert from...something else.

With a ponderous look, the Doctor idly considered poking the wall, but decided to simply play it safe and instead tossed a rock at it.

The pebble went through...as a large, green horse head burst out of it radiating enough anger and radiation to unnerve even a Dalek.

"WHO HIT FLULK WITH PEBBLE!"

The Doctor was promptly eaten alive like some Titan fodder in Trost.

Ultimate Hulk Fluttershy. Like regular Hulk Fluttershy, but cannibalistic.

Ouch.

(OathToOblivion)

Suddenly, the Doctor woke up from where he'd actually been sleeping for once. He breathed rather heavily, both hearts pounding as he tried to take in what he'd just been dreaming about. Then he noticed a certain piece of food that he had been eating before he had gone to sleep.

"Note to self: banana pizzas are not in the least fantastic."

8.11 (Scorntex)

The Doctor pressed the button. Suddenly, half a dozen Daleks appeared.

"IN-FORM HIGH COM-MAND! THE DOC-TOR HAS PRESSED THE BUTTON! HE IS NOW A PRI-SON-ER OF THE DALEKS!"

The Doctor stared at the Daleks, then to the button, then back to the Daleks, then back to the Daleks.

"How'd you build that with no hands?"

The Daleks somehow managed to stare at the floor awkwardly.

"WE SHALL EX-PLAIN... LATER."

The Doctor wiped some sweat off his brow. It was the ultimate temptation. A big red button. No idea what it would do.

He still wasn't sure why he had taken it from Gune that time he'd been replacing Cale on the hunt for the Titan.

Maybe it had something to do with the button. So few things in his universe used a big red button.

After a few agonizing moments, the Doctor reached forward to push the button. If it was something bad, the Loops would take care of it.

"No, I don't think so, Doctor," said Sarah Jane Smith, snatching the mysterious device off the table.

"Oh, but Sarah..." whined the Doctor, attempting puppy dog eyes that somehow managed to clash with his curly hair.

"No. We'll get this looked at by a proper engineer before you do anything with it. For all we know, it could cause a crash like what Lyra did over in Equestria's Loops."

The Doctor sighed and nodded contritely. "Yes, I suppose you're right. I'll just stick it back in my pocket-" Sarah moved the device out of his reach.

"And then you'll just try again when no one else is Awake. No. I'll hang onto it. Maybe have Batman take a look next time I'm Lois Lane."

The Doctor was trying very hard not to pout. And failing miserably.

8.1: The Master plays the long game, especially now that he's truly immortal.

8.2: Several Doctors have been to Hogwarts, and each has their own wand. Sometimes they get mixed up in the chaos.

8.3: And you never get quite the right results with another wizards wand, even when that wizard is another of you.

8.4: Of course, that still leaves the corruption of the Time Lords to deal with.

8.5: Since time capsules are sapient life, trying to grow one is similar to having a child who can time travel. Which is nasty-terrible.

8.6: With Fused Loops, the Wacky Races get wackier all the time.

8.7: ... Yeah, I don't even know.

8.8: When this happens, he tends to walk away safely, only to regenerate later anyways. Sometimes, though, he makes it out of the cave and drops.

8.9: Captain Jack just can't tell you what he's thinking right then.

8.10: Dreams can be really bizarre things sometimes.

8.11: The Doctor just can't resist a big red button.

8.12: Grune's box is a mystery for the ages.

Chapter War

War.1

The Doctor had been feeling apprehensive about this Loop for a while. His home planet was still Gallifrey and everyone still had two hearts, but outside of that, nothing was the same. No TARDIS, no regeneration, basic human-length lifespan, and he couldn't even find any mention of Earth when he was looking through the archives. He had sent out a ping and received a couple in kind, but he wasn't a hundred percent sure where it came from aside from off world.

He had spent the Loop doing his best to advance some of the technology of the false Gallifrey, which was already at in-system space flight, and had barely managed to get them to something resembling faster-than-light speed from behind the scenes when the hammer dropped.

A monstrous ship arrived in orbit and broadcast a signal to all of Gallifrey that managed to get the Lord President and the Council to surrender immediately. They had been keeping a secret from the general populace, one that only the members of the presidency or council (both of which were life appointments here) could ever learn.

They were a colony for a dying Earth, a colony specifically bred to replace the failing hearts of the human race that hadn't left the Sol system.

But, before the Earth ship could begin its harvest of the Gallifreyan population, a new ship appeared in orbit and launched several fighter ships, one of which was humanoid. Instantly, the Doctor grabbed one of his spare ships from his pocket (he'd never put the TARDIS in there, so it was always handy to have a back-up in situations like this) and took off, sending out another ping as he broke atmosphere.

The response was almost instantaneous and accompanied by a hail from the large white ship.

"I was wondering who sent us that ping. I am Captain Magno of the Nirvana, and who might you be?"

"This is the Doctor from Gallifrey. I presume you're ship is full of Loopy people?"

The elderly captain on the other end of the channel chuckled. "Sometimes, Doctor. This Loop it seems to mostly be myself and a couple of our bridge crew. With young Hibiki not being Awake, I presume that you are an Anchor?"

"Yes, I am. Only a few of you Awake, and you can speak of things so openly regardless? Fascinating, simply fascinating. Permission to come abroad- aboard?" The Doctor didn't have much to say, as the battle in orbit behind him was going amazingly well. Every attempt the large harvester ship made to destroy the Nirvana's ships was easily avoided and routed. The humanoid fighter ship was also somehow combining with three of them for different effects, which was definitely something he'd be interested in finding out more about.

War.2 (wildrook)

"GRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!" a familiar voice yelled. "IN-FOR-MA-TION COR-RUPT-TED! TOO MA-NY VI-RUS-ES! CAN-NOT CON-TAIN IN-FLUX OF...EX-TER-MIN-ATE! EX-TER-MIN-ATE! EX-TER-MIN-ATE! EX-TER-MIN..."

That's when it self-destructed. The onlookers were surprised because Daleks don't self-destruct.

"What just happened?" Donna asked the Doctor.

"I think it may have tried to hack into something it shouldn't have," the Doctor replied, putting his glasses on. "If the melted monitor and tower are any indication."

"Yeah, don't know what's on there that would do...THAT..."

"Well, it's certainly not anything we can fathom...at least..."

War.3 (KrisOverstreet)

"I can't believe he refused!"

The head of the Celestial Intervention Agency paced his office, tucked away in a discreet but central area of the great cathedral of the Time Lords, and waved his hands in frustration. "He knows better than anyone else what a pervasive evil the Daleks are! And yet he refuses to prevent their making?"

Cardinal Borusa smiled his little smile. "The Doctor has always been an independent soul. I presume he had moral objections?"

"He did," the CIA chief nodded, "but that wasn't why he refused. He told me that history had linked Gallifrey and Skaro; either Time Lords and Daleks both exist, or neither exist, and any attempt by one to erase the other would merely spark off a Time War of horrors that neither side could ever win." He sniffed his derision at the thought. "Poppycock. We, the rulers of Gallifrey and the keepers of the Laws of Time, destroyed by a race of psychotic pepperpots?"

Borusa could have warned him that the Doctor, even as a student, had possessed insights few others could comprehend, but which always turned out to be true. It made up for his abysmal lack of application to studies. When the Doctor spoke from the heart, only fools turned a deaf ear.

But Borusa already had things in mind for the future, and that future did not include the Celestial Intervention Agency. So if it got caught

breaking the Laws of Time- as erasing a race from history surely did- and then failed in the attempt... well, that would suit his purposes quite well.

Instead he asked, "What did you do with the Doctor, then?"

"Oh, I let him go on his way with his pet apes," the CIA chief grumbled. "My threat to strand him on Skaro was a bluff. The Doctor has pulled our butts out of the rocket blast too many times to abandon him. There would be a stink. He has admirers among the younger set here, I understand."

"Indeed so," Borusa nodded. "And quite a number of his classmates have gone rogue as well."

"Precisely my thought," the CIA chief nodded. "So I decided, if one rogue will not cooperate, why not another?"

"What an intriguing thought," Davros rasped, his permanently closed eyes widening slightly in wonderment. "A single button. Press it, and the entire universe spontaneously ceases to exist. Such incredible power. Such glorious power. Would I use it?" The shriveled Kaled scientist tilted his head, pondering the question for only a few beats. "Yes. Yes, I would. To have my last thought before oblivion be that everything that ever lived died by my hand- by this weakened, shriveled hand..." He clenched the one limb that still functioned into a fist. "How could I not use it?"

"How not, indeed?" the Master agreed, smiling at the artificial third eye glowing blue in Davros's forehead. But internally, he thought, *And that, Davros, is why I am a Looper, and you never, ever, ever will be. I admit I am insane, but you are just plain mad.*

And I thought I wanted to meet this...thing. A pox on the sin of curiosity. My dear Doctor, you can have it. I'll just stick with megalomania. It's what I know.

After a bit more toadying the Master managed to make his escape from the creator of the Daleks. He spent several seconds in a small lab by himself, rubbing his arms until the sensation of his skin crawling went away. *I would rule the universe well,* he thought. *That thing in the glorified wheelchair would break it just to see the pretty shards. Such sinful waste. How... evil.*

I think, if Davros ever became a Looper, there would actually be something in the universe I fear more than death. As it is, that man unnerves me so badly I can't hear those accursed drums anymore.

Oh, wait. There they are again.

For once the Master found the four-stroke drumbeats only he could hear comforting.

Now, how about we go prepare some fried calamari, Skaro style?

War.4 (zeusdemigod131)

Dan was having a rotten day. Usually, that was a given for the man, but this time, he had a reason... well, a reasonable reason, for his anger.

"Mister Mumbles?"

His cat was missing... again.

"I swear, if this is that same crazy lady from last time..." he said with a growl. "Mister Mumbles?"

Peeking outside his apartment, and ignoring the various eviction notices, he began looking around for his missing cat.

"That's it," he said after several seconds. "I'm calling Chris," Dan pulled out his phone and hit his friends number in speed dial. "Not like he has anything better to do anyway."

While the phone was ringing, Dan noticed something odd about his neighborhood. "Hey! I thought I blew up that animal shelter!"

The animal shelter, the same one where he'd found Mister Mumbles, was once again standing at the end of his block.

"Oh, I get it, they rebuild, and they think they can steal my cat!"

" 'ello?"

"Chris, it's Dan, meet me at my place, and bring dynamite."

"What?"

"Just do it!"

click

Meanwhile, several thousand light-years away, and about ten thousand years in the future, a strange man in a blue box stared at his phone. "What?"

Looking at the TARDIS' monitor and seeing that the phone call had come from twenty first century California, the man, currently wearing what had been dubbed his ninth form, once again said. "What?"

Dan grumbled to himself as he exited the still standing animal shelter holding a black and white, messy haired tabby cat. "Think they just claim that they've never seen me before huh?" He asked Mister Mumbles. "I know I've seen that hippie before, so I know he's lying, just like I know he's lying about the animal shelter never being blown up. I never forget an explosion."

"Meow." Mister Mumbles said before she nuzzled up against Dan and purred.

"Aww, I missed you too," Dan said, smiling. "Now let's get home and wait for Chris to show up with the dyna-ow!"

Dan rubbed his head as he fell backwards. "Ow... who puts a phone booth... anywhere! Who needs phone booths!" He got up and kicked the blue box. Unfortunately, he stubbed his toe in the process. "OW! Stupid thin... wait... no way," he smirked and leaned against the phonebooth. "I know how that goes."

Dan felt pretty proud that he'd remembered to stop kicking the thing after it proved ineffective. "See Mister Mumbles, you just have to-"

" 'ello?" Dan quickly learned a new lesson, don't lean against doors.

"Ow." Dan landed flat on his back, his head in between the shoes of a man with a buzz cut wearing a leather jacket.

"Are you alright?" the man asked, he had a British accent.

Dan groaned. He HATED the British. "Yeah yeah," he said, brushing himself off and standing up. "Watch where you're going next time."

"Excuse me?" the man asked, confused and offended. "You walked right into my TARDIS."

"TARDIS?" Dan asked. "What kind of stupid name is TARDIS!?"

"It's not stupid! It stands for... wait, you're the angry young man who called me, aren't you? Asking for dynamite?"

Dan gasped. "I called Chris asking for dynamite!" Dan grabbed the man by his collar. "Who are you and what did you do with my friend?!"

"Okay, first thing, hands off," he pushed Dan back and stepped into the TARDIS' doorway to get further from him. "Second off, I'm the Doctor, and third I didn't do anything with your friend."

"A doctor?!" Dan shouted. "I hate doctors! A doctor once tried to kill me with a super virus!"

"Really?" the Doctor asked, rubbing his chin. "Tell me, have you been suffering through a temporal Loop lately by any chance?"

"What are you? Crazy!?" Dan shouted. "I'm not a time traveler! If I was, I would go back and convince Chris not to go through with his wedding."

"Mhm." The Doctor thought for a bit. He supposed it could just be a coincidence... if he believed in those. "Tell me, what led up to you calling me this morning?"

"I told you, ya crazy Brit, I was trying to call my friend Chris... oh right, I was accusing you of kidnapping him."

"I promise, if you tell me what I want to know, I'll take you to your friend," the Doctor said with a smile.

Dan growled. "Fine, I got up, found my cat was missing, saw that the animal shelter I blew up was back, got Mister Mumbles back." He held up his cat to make his point. "Then ran into your stupid box."

The Doctor smiled. That was all he needed. "Very well." He stepped aside. "Come into my TARDIS, and I'll take you to your friend."

"You... want me to go in the phone booth?" Dan asked.

The Doctor nodded.

"Alright, not gonna be the weirdest thing that's happened to me," he said with a shrug as he walked past the Doctor

As the short, angry man walked past the Doctor, the Time Lord smiled. "We'll see about that," he said as he shut the door.

Several hours later, the TARDIS materialized outside of a pleasant suburban home, and the doors swung open just as Dan walked out,

grumbling to himself and holding Mister Mumbles. "Stupid tree, stupid Loops, stupid Doctor."

"Oh stop your whining," the Doctor chastised. "You were going to get 'the talk' sooner or later."

"I don't care!" Dan shouted. "I don't want to be in these stupid Loops!"

"Well too bad!" the Doctor yelled back. "Now, normally I'd be willing to help you, maybe take you on an adventure, but you tried to smash the TARDIS' control panel so... good luck." The Doctor closed the doors and the TARDIS faded, leaving Dan alone in front of Chris and Elise's house.

Standing there, Dan felt something boiling inside of him, something he'd felt many, many, many times before.

"INFINITE LOOOOPSSS!"

War.5 (Scorntex)

It was too late. Something had gone wrong, and Mister Finch and the rest of the Krillitanes had cracked the Skasis Paradigm, despite K-9's best efforts.

The Doctor braced himself. Rose (or far more likely, Mickey) screamed, and Sarah was utterly quiet as everything went distressingly green.

And then there was a sad sounding noise, and several Krillitane were standing around looking utterly confused. Brother Finch turned to look at his fellows, then to the Doctor, with an utterly perplexed look on his face.

"You..." he hissed. The Doctor just shrugged.

"At the risk of making a blow to my ego, I..." he paused, looking toward Rose and Sarah (and Mickey), and sighed wearily, "I didn't do anything."

Finch's face passed between utter confusion and cold fury.

"Hold on then," Sarah said, "if you didn't do anything, who did?"

One of the Krillitanes, having noticed something while everyone else was standing around, screeched and roared. Mister Finch swivelled to look at whatever it was that it was making a noise about, then growled even more.

Of the humans in the room, only the Doctor knew why. As he later explained (once they had escaped from the very serious peril of thwarted school-teachers / bat-creatures), someone had gotten into the programming the Krillitanes were using and reprogrammed it. And he had a sneaking suspicion as to who.

The fact that they'd started with the message: "The Skasis Paradigm is the property of the Noble Corporation. All rights reserved." really helped in that regard.

Some time before...

In the dark school room, the only sound was that of someone humming to themselves. And somehow they managed to sound distinctly smug about it at the same time, as they worked away at the computer, occasionally stopping to double-check their work.

Finally, satisfied with a reprogramming well done, the very-much Awake Donna Noble merrily activated her mostly-stolen transmat device, leaving the whatever-they-weres to find she'd replaced their Skasis Paradigm with the works of Agatha Christie, but with all the endings removed.

She couldn't wait to see how the Doctor would try and explain his way out of that.

War.6 (OathToOblivion)

"Doctor, wait!"

The Doctor blinked as he Awoke, unconsciously applying Bessie's brakes before he could go zooming off. Quickly, he went over his Loop memories before finding that, once again, he was in the middle of the Death Zone on Gallifrey with Sarah Jane. He rather disliked Waking up in the middle of this. It gave him no real time to come up with a simple plan for defusing it. And considering he had awoken in his third incarnation, that meant that the Scarecrow and his original self would be Unawake. That was going to be a chore, but at least his fifth self would also be Awake. But back to the matter at hand.

He and Sarah both turned around, seeing a figure cloaked in black standing a ways behind them. Sarah's question of who it was was a clear tip-off that she wasn't Awake herself, or at least not Awake yet. Assuming everything was baseline for now, he knew who it was. "I have a sneaking suspicion I know who," he said for Sarah's benefit, before backing up Bessie to properly greet the person who was undoubtedly the Master.

For the time being, he decided to semi-parrot the script, as it was. "Jehoshaphat, it really is you," he said, looking at the Master. He decided to dispense with accusing him of bringing them there. Nobody on Gallifrey would let the Master anywhere near the Time Scoop, after all.

"Doctor, who is it?" Sarah asked again.

"Well, it's my best enemy. He likes to be known as the Master, don't you?" he tossed at his...friend? Enemy? Dare he even think it...frenemy? "My, my, my, but you've changed. Another regeneration?"

"Not exactly," the Master said, just the same as the Doctor remembered. ...But maybe it was just him, but did he seem a bit...dull when he said that? ...Probably just his imagination.

"I take it you are responsible for our being here in the Death Zone?" the Doctor questioned, injecting just the right amount of suspicion into his voice so that it seemed natural. Yes, he had told himself not to just automatically blame the Master for things, but it would look strange if he didn't ask, wouldn't it?

"For once, I'm innocent, here at the High Council's request to help you, and your other selves." He wasn't imagining it that time. The Master...seemed bored as he spoke the words that the Doctor remembered. But he wasn't doing anything out of character for the Master, so it couldn't have been another Looper, could it?

"You? Sent by the Time Lords? I expect you have proof?" the Doctor said skeptically.

"See for yourself. I carry the Seal of the High Council." Ah yes, the Seal of the High Council. He was going to need that later, assuming he couldn't avert the Time War entirely. The Doctor took it, seemingly to check its validity. Internally, he was thinking of something else entirely. Was it possible that the Master was Looping? Based on what other Anchors had said, it made all too much sense if he was. In all his lifetimes, the Master was the one person he had known the longest.

"Hm...very well then. Get on. But no funny business, alright?" the Doctor warned the Master. For his part, the Master blinked in surprise. Clearly, he hadn't expected the Doctor to be so accommodating. ...Or could it have been surprise that the Doctor was deviating from what he remembered from previous Loops?

"Funny business? My dear Doctor, would I ever do such a thing to you?" the Master asked almost mournfully, and with a bit more animation than he had been showing beforehand. Of course, the

Doctor knew that he was simply trying to get under his skin, so he ignored it.

"Knowing you? Yes. Now get on." ...Okay, he didn't ignore it completely.

"Doctor, are you sure this is a good idea?" Sarah Jane hissed in his ear.

"Quite frankly, Sarah? No," the Doctor admitted. "But if he really is here to help me, then who am I to turn him away? Besides, I know how he works, so he won't be able to surprise us," he added under his breath, knowing full well that the Master's stolen Trakenite body would be able to hear him. He seemed almost amused by that.

As the Doctor drove Bessie off in the direction of the Tomb of Rassilon, he couldn't help but reflect on things. Was it possible for the Master to be Looping? ...He'd have to probe him carefully if that was the case.

War.7 (Scorntex)

It was an unusually pleasant morning in Chiswick, and Donna Noble (presently working for H.C. Clements) was making her way to the local bus stop, utterly ignoring what sounded like a dodgy leaf-blower, or something like that.

As she was almost at the main road, a man appeared in front of her. Tall, thin, greying, and oddly familiar (she was sure she'd seen him on the telly somewhere, but if she had, she must've been hammered at the time), and glowering at everything like life itself just wasn't measuring up to his expectations.

"Morning," he growled in what she guessed was a Scottish accent, before grabbing her hand and dropping something into it. "Here, Donna. Y' can have the TARDIS this Loop. Bye."

And with that he stomped off. Donna never saw him again, and never figured out what he'd meant.

In hindsight, the Doctor would admit that he probably should've checked whether Donna was Awake before sulking for an entire Loop.

War.8 (Evilhumour)

The Master smiled. He was happy, so very happy. Many would have seen this as a punishment loop, and considering what he did in that under water hell, pitying that squid enough to torch the entire city to the ground, he did deserve some form of punishment, he figured.

But this?

He watched one of those creatures with a TV in their stomach, one named Twiley-Wiley, run past him as she went to play/work with the others.

This was pure paradise for Masty-Wasty.

War.9 (Gamerex27)

"EX-TER-MI-NA-"

Before the Dalek could even finish talking, Jack twitched in place, then ducked, as the Dalek's laser narrowly missed him.

Grabbing his handgun from the ground, he popped back up, aiming at the Dalek's eyestalks, and shooting them three times in quick succession.

They weren't dead, of course, but the shot was enough to disable their vision for a few moments-just long enough for him to grab at their casings, and yank one Dalek after another out of their

battlesuits. Using the final three bullets in his gun, he shot all three of the abominations dead.

"Ha!" he declared. "Finally did it this time! Dunno if that broke the loop," he admitted to himself, "but the whole 'no more painful immortality' is a start."

The Doctor Awoke as his hands were precariously resting on the detonator to blow up the Earth.

"Yeah," he muttered, "no."

Taking his hands off of the detonator, he ignored the Dalek Emperor's rant and pondered to himself how to take out the Daleks this time. Turn them into frogs? Drain the battlesuits of all their power? Use a Word of Power or something to force them to back off?

Huh. They normally would have started firing at him right now. Did the Bad Wolf get here earlier or something?

Turning around, he saw the smoking, hole-ridden Daleks falling to the ground in unison, and Jack standing by the door, casually blowing the smoke of of the business end of his gun.

"I thought you'd be dead," he said, ignoring the furious self-proclaimed god of the Daleks in the background.

"With enough practice, it's just a matter of where to shoot," Jack replied. "So, now that I can ask you this time, do you know about the whole 'time loop' thing going on?"

"I was wondering if you'd ever Wake Up," The Doctor said with a grin. " Fantastic. I'll explain later. Or, well-"

The TARDIS materialized at the back of the room, and Rose in full Bad Wolf stepped out.

"I am the Bad Wolf," she declared, continuing on in her usual speech, seemingly not noticing that the Daleks on the station were already dead. Then again, there were several million Daleks in orbit right now, and the Doctor usually did need Bad Wolf's help to take care of them.

"Suppose I'll be regenerating in a few minutes," the Doctor joked. "I'll leave it to the next one."

"Pushing all the work onto the next guy in line?" Jack asked, laughing. "C'mon, that's not like you!"

"I have to suck all the Time Energy out of Rose in a few seconds, anyways. May as well get started. See, there's this tree called Yggdrasil..."

War.10 (Scorntex)

The Master, Prime Minister of Great Britain once again, leaned back in his seat, checked to make sure the phone was still unplugged, and grinned.

Outside, a dinosaur (he wasn't really sure which one. One giant angry lizard was as good as any other to him) roared as it made its way through the typical London afternoon traffic.

Lazarus had more than earned his ridiculously high government grant. And all it had taken was a few minutes of conversation (and some mild hypnotism) to get the old fool to change his plans. Actually creating the things had been a bit more difficult, but fortunately they'd had a good-looking Time Lord to "help" them.

There was the sound of a bus being knocked over. The Master's grin grew ever wider. At least, until he realised the BBC was probably filming some of the carnage. Then he started looking for the TV remote.

War.11 (Gamerex27)

The Doctor dropped his sonic screwdriver, numbly staring at the space where that green...thing once was.

"What...what the hell was that?!" Rose said, blushing crimson at the sight that had just, mercifully, been banished from his TARDIS.

"Some kind of creature spawned by humanity's collective unconsciousness," he replied, after taking a moment to calm himself. "Like those imps and succubi we saw outside, before. A lust based one, probably."

"That," Jack Harkness said, zipping up his trousers, "was Mara, the demon lady of temptation. And one of my exes, too."

"Somehow, I'm not surprised," the Doctor muttered, massaging his aching temples. "Did you have to start flirting with it, again? It didn't seem to happy to see you, even before you started punching it."

"Oh, you know," he replied, turning to face them with a sheepish grin plastered on his face. "Last time we saw each other, she tried to sell me out to the Time Agents again for sex, so I had to pay her back."

"Well, take it outside the TARDIS next time!" Furiously, the Doctor stripped off his leather jacket, throwing it on the TARDIS console's nearby chair. "Do you have any idea how hard it is to dry clean that? And the TARDIS's laundry machine doesn't work well with blood!"

"Couldn't...you just drop it off at a dry cleaner, and take the TARDIS to the next day?" Rose said, still gaping at the space where the demon once was.

"Oh, Rose, you know how hard precision steering is with the old girl," he replied. "And since she drained all the TARDIS's energy, we're stuck here in this time for a few days!"

"Ah." Rose was still staring at the space where Mara had been. "I-I think I'm going to get some chips," she finally said. "I need to get out of here for a bit."

"Bring some back for me!" Jack asked as Rose ran out of the TARDIS.

Once she was gone, the Doctor turned to face the immortal captain again, fury on his face. "Look, just 'cause you're Looping now, doesn't mean you can just do what you like!"

The former Time Agent just shrugged at this. "Look, I just got back from dealing with the Three Families again last Loop, alright? I needed to unwind somehow!"

"Well, take it outside of my TARDIS next time!" the Doctor. "I won't have you and a giant green..." he waved his arms, "thing, snogging and hitting each other in my ship!"

"Alright, alright, fine." Jack walked towards the TARDIS doors, then stopped. "You want to get a drink after this? Once we've closed that door to Hell, anyways."

"Fine. God knows I need it, after all this."

War.12 (OathToOblivion)

Zurvan steepled his fingers as he looked over his terminal. It looked like he had done too good a job. When he and Jormungandr had fixed the Doctor's coding so his regenerations would always be the same, it seemed that he coded the 'Meta Crisis' event too hard. In a baseline Loop, the Doctor was always shot by a Dalek to trigger his eleventh regeneration into his twelfth incarnation, which kept the same face as his previous one. In variants, something else took the role, but he always got shot.

The problem here was that the trigger for that regeneration was too narrow. He should be able to easily dodge getting shot, and keep going on without having to regenerate. His Anchor may be resigned to that, but Zurvan was nothing if not determined. He swore he would get this Loop running, and he did, didn't he? He may not be the coding whiz Hephaestus was, but he'd fix this bug that he'd caused, without a doubt!

Maybe if he tried that?

"Hit the deck!" Upon hearing those words on Awakening, the Doctor immediately fell to the pavement. There was the sound of a beam weapon, and what was unmistakably a Dalek crying out in anguish. There was a short moment of silence, before the Doctor poked his head back up. There was Rose, where she usually was, and there was Jack, whose gun was smoking. Oh, and there was a broken Dalek over there, but never mind that!

"Doc, you alright?!" Jack called out as he ran up.

"I'm fine, Jack. And don't call me 'Doc'!" the Doctor said indignantly. After getting that out of the way, he turned to the person he had been running towards.

"Doctor," Rose whispered.

"Rose," he said in return with a smile on his face. The two immediately embraced for a quick second, before the Doctor had to, much to his displeasure, extricate themselves from it.

"Right! Before any more show up, back to the TARDIS!" he declared. "Rose, you go on ahead. I need to talk to Jack for a second," he hastily said. Rose nodded her acknowledgement, then ran off to where Donna and the TARDIS were.

"Jack, how did-?" The Doctor was at a loss for words on how easily Jack had destroyed That Dalek.

"Pretty good, huh? I noticed that you got a bit upset when you were talking about it last Loop, so I figured, why not?" Jack said conversationally.

"Jack, I always get hit by That Dalek, or at least an analogue, no matter what I do. How did you do that?" the Doctor asked in shock.

Jack processed that for a second, before shrugging. "I dunno. Guess I'm just that awesome!" he declared.

The Doctor rolled his eyes at that. "Alright, back to the TARDIS, before more show up!" he repeated. The two of them immediately ran back to the blue box, miraculously not getting ambushed by another Dalek. The Doctor was surprised. Could his luck in this regard have finally turned around? He scarcely hoped it. Maybe he'd get more than 9 years out of this body now!

"Right, what's our game plan?" Jack asked when they were all safely in the TARDIS. Right, the Crucible, Davros, and the whole fleet of Daleks.

"Don't worry, I have a-EGH!" The Doctor was about to reassure them, when he felt a sudden pain. He grimaced in pain, before falling to his knees.

"Doctor?!" the chorus of voices rang out from the other three, before they rushed over to him. The Doctor attempted to say something, but the instant he opened his mouth, a gold mist flew out of it.

"What?" he gasped out.

"But...you didn't get shot! Why are you-?" Jack said in confusion. The Doctor instead stared at his hand, which was beginning to give off a goldish glimmer.

"What?!" he repeated.

"N-No, you can't! I just came back, you can't!" Rose pleaded.

"Would someone please explain what the hell is going on?!" Right, Donna wasn't Awake. But why was this happening?! He'd beaten the curse of That Dalek. As the mist started forming all over his body, Jack caught the two women by the arm and pulled them back.

"Both of you, back!" he called, bringing them to the other side of the TARDIS console. And as the Doctor's arms splayed out and he began letting off a stream of regeneration energy, he had only one thing to say.

"WHAT?!"

Zurvan winced. Apparently not...

War.1: Entire planets can Loop into VanDread as targets for the Harvest.

War.2: 4chan is a dangerous place...

War.3: The Master may be a bad guy, but he's not an Omnicidal Maniac, even on his worst days.

War.4: Dan vs. The Infinite Loops.

War.5: Sometimes, the knowledge of a Time Lord can be a fun and dangerous thing.

War.6: The Doctor starts to suspect.

War.7: Cross-temporal pings aren't yet a thing.

War.8: "Television in their stomachs! Now that's evolution!"

War.9: Members of the Infinite Loops. Prepare to dance.

War.10: It's the little things.

War.11: BARROWMAN!

War.12: Some glitches are harder to be rid of than others.

Chapter 10

9.1 (OathToOblivion, Alex Prior, Bardic_Knowledge, Scorntex)

Most people, when they suddenly find themselves back in their youth after having died, then transformed into a robot they had fought for a good chunk of their career would panic. But for Brigadier Sir Alistair Lethbridge-Stewart, there was only one thing he could say.

"Doctor, I have no idea what you have done to Time *this* time, but I must ask you to fix it."

The Doctor blinked as he heard those words. They had been discussing his recent foray into that parallel universe where Britain was a fascist republic, when the Brigadier had simply stopped for a moment before saying that rather bizarre sentence. "My dear fellow, what exactly are you talking about?" he asked in confusion. He hadn't even restored control over the TARDIS yet!

"You know what I'm referring to. The last thing I remember was dying and becoming a Cyberman, and now I'm back at UNIT? Clearly, you must have broken something," the Brigadier stated stoically.

The Doctor blinked for a moment. It took a while for what his friend had said to sink in. "Good heavens! Brigadier, you're Looping?!" he said in shock. Unbidden, a smile crept up his face as he realized what this meant.

"Looping?" the Brig repeated in confusion. Of course, it could have also been because of that strange smile on the Doctor's face. It was honestly starting to unnerve him.

The Doctor managed to snap himself out of the shock after a bit. "It'll take some time to explain, I'm afraid. I might as well start with the basics, though. You see, underlying all of reality is this computer.

Most people who are caught in this phenomenon typically use a tree as a metaphor..."

"I see. So that's what happened," the Brig said to himself after hearing the Doctor's explanation. "Tell me, Doctor, is there anyone else from our universe caught in this mess as well?" he questioned.

"Aside from us, there's Sarah Jane, as well as three of my traveling companions from later in life that you've never met: Clara Oswald, Donna Noble, and Jack Harkness."

"And there's nothing we can do to help fix things?"

"My dear fellow, our very existence helps fix the damage to reality."

"Right, well that's all well and good, but what exactly are we supposed to do then?" the Brigadier insisted on asking.

"Well, Brigadier, I find that one must have a hobby. There's a lass from another Loop with time travel who has taken to inventing devices and techniques that can ease her adventures. Another, a unicorn, in fact, seeks to prove to herself that most difficult of things: that she really is a good person deep down. Then there's those Overlords and those like them. They're evil, dastardly folk, but they still have fun even when their plans are being foiled."

"I imagine you do quite a bit of that foiling yourself."

"What sort of man do you take me for, Brigadier? Of course I do, when I meet them."

"Are there any other military men 'Looping,' as you put it?"

"Oh, yes, quite a few. For example, there's the Imperium of Man, almost their entire upper echelons are Looping at this point; there's also Shining Armour. I think you'd like him."

The Brigadier waited for the Doctor to explain who (or knowing the Doctor, what) these names were. Instead, the man smiled and went back to poking his vehicle. Against long-ingrained training, Alistair found himself just briefly smiling in satisfaction.

"Well, that's one thing about you that hasn't changed, I see."

"Oh?" the Doctor asked.

"You still talk utter nonsense."

The Doctor turned back sharply to look at the Brigadier, his expression shifting between several extremes at once, before he conceded. "True. But I do a rather splendid job of it, don't you think?"

9.2 (masterofgames)

The Doctor paused mid step as he passed by the student's lounge, once more undercover as a teacher. Taking a single step back, he gazed through the door at the Dalek lounging on the couch, watching TV and reading a comic, a backpack of textbooks lying to it's side.

After a moment, the Dalek slowly turned its top to face him.

"...Don't you have midterms tomorrow?"

The Dalek almost seemed to shrug, as it turned back to the TV. "PRO-CRAS-TIN-ATE!"

9.3 (Gym Quirk)

King Claudius took one more look around his private office to ensure that he was alone.

Alone, except for his nephew, Prince Hamlet, who stood patiently waiting for his uncle to explain why he wanted this private conversation.

Satisfied that they were in private, Claudius eyed his brother's son. "Well, Doctor, this could prove to be more than a little inconvenient for at least one of us."

"I must admit, Captain Picard, that this is a new one for me. I am, of course, familiar with the source material, but I gather that you have some first-hand experience with the setting."

9.4 (katfairy)

She'd been looking forward to this. She'd had Fused Loops before, but this was her first solo Loop as a visitor. And in this Loop she was only eighteen. Donna Noble, established coordinator from Alto Mare (well, that was one way to get to Venice), was Awake and ready to be magnificent. Her Loop memories told her that she was just beginning the Contest circuit in Sinnoh, and her first Contest was in two days. She was already in Softsands Village, she had her Contest pass, and she had time to practice with her Pokémon beforehand. She only had two with her, and one was a recent capture, but she still felt she could do this. Between Looping and not being in danger of her head exploding her confidence had increased a lot, but she hadn't had a chance to really test herself yet. There was always that small, nagging voice (which sounded so much like her mother, and wasn't that a shock) that insisted that she couldn't hack it without the Doctor backing her up. Time to prove it wrong.

But first, she was going to take the time to do some serious ogling. Back home she'd have shrugged him off as too young, not without regret, but she was just enough older than him that she'd have felt like a cougar. Here, he was at most six years older; fair game, in her book. Of course, he might be gay, but if he was, well, she could still enjoy the view. Tall and slim; not like that ancient scarecrow she usually palled around with, but almost graceful, and with an arse you could bounce a sixpence off. Long, glossy black hair dipping over one blue eye. Serene smile that was the real thing, not just pretending; after so many Loops, she could tell at a glance. Dressed straight out of a romance novel, in shades of green. Yeah, likely gay,

but there was still no harm in asking. Besides, if they hit it off they could have fun bloke-watching together.

"Hey, sailor, buy a girl a drink?" She never had been very patient; might as well make her interest known from the start. The hottie raised an eyebrow at her, smile increasing slightly.

"I'm afraid I am not a sailor, and the drinks here are free." He also had a dead sexy accent and a sense of humor; no way was she ever that lucky. Hope did spring eternal, though.

"Then I'm buying." She headed over, got new drinks, and returned; the fact that he hadn't used that to escape was a good sign. "So, I'm Donna from Alto Mare. Coordinator. Single."

"I am Nando, a Pokémon Bard. I have recently chosen to attempt both Gyms and Contests. And I also am single." There was a gleam in his eye that she recognized from long experience; the man was actually interested. She couldn't believe her luck. "This does make us rivals, but that need not make us enemies."

"More fun to be friendly anyway."

"Yes, indeed."

It was, too; they spent the afternoon together, and while Nando deflected anything beyond getting-acquainted moves, it was with a hint of deferred gratification, not rejection. She was good with that; she wouldn't say no to a nice romp on occasion, but she liked having someone who would stick around even more. And as much as she hated to admit it, holding off until after the Contest was sensible; she wasn't sure how she'd react if she lost to him, or vice versa. Waiting was the right thing to do. Dammit.

There wasn't much time for flirting the next day, although they met for both lunch and dinner. Donna spent both morning and afternoon making sure she could actually do what her Loop memories told her, running not just her Pokémon through their paces, but herself. She

was glad that this was one of the first Contests of the season, and nobody was expected to do anything very elaborate yet; in fact, her Loop memories indicated that it coordinators who did tended to find themselves looked at as showoffs and that it tended to backfire in the long run, as they were expected to build to something much more spectacular for the Grand Festival. No, she'd stick to simple but effective for her first-ever Awake Contest.

The evening was given to grooming the Pokémon, which unlike the practice session tended to be a group effort, with Coordinators trading tips while assessing the competition. It wouldn't always be like this, she knew, but this was a friendly group; Donna wanted to win, but wouldn't feel bad if any of them turned out to be better than her. They were all good kids, not like some in her Loop memories. Although she still thought it was worth forfeiting that ribbon for the pleasure of slapping Harley's face. Good thing she wasn't likely to run into him for a while; now that she was Awake, there were all sorts of dirty tricks she could remember and it would be way too tempting to use them on the prat.

In the green room the next morning, the camaraderie was still there, although with an edge of nerves attached. Donna was worried about making an ass of herself, and she'd bet the others were feeling the same. Nando did a good job of hiding his nerves, but Donna knew better; he was being a little too careful about his outfit, repinning the feather in his hat one too many times and polishing his harp every few minutes. Donna wasn't so worried about her own outfit: a simple, draped purple dress with matching pumps. A heavy silver necklace and bracelets set it off nicely, and to top it off she tucked a peony, white with flecks of deep red, in her hair, right where the rolled sides merged into the herringbone braid. She looked damn good, and she knew it. Now she just needed to remember her routine. She sat next to Nando, guiltily enjoying the slight jump he gave; he'd been so ridiculously calm that she'd been wanting to ruffle his feathers. On many levels.

"You look lovely," he said, smiling.

"You're not half-bad yourself," she replied. "Nervous?"

"No," he said, but when she raised an eyebrow at him and gave a significant glance to the hands that had started polishing his harp again, laughed quietly. "Perhaps a little. I have performed often, but this is my first Contest. In the past, I have done Gym battles, which is not the same, and while I had considered trying my hand at Contests, it was only a few weeks ago that I finally made up my mind to do so."

"Wouldn't have guessed you for the indecisive type."

"It was less that than simply not having sufficient motivation. It looked interesting, but I enjoy making the rounds of Gyms and studying the various Gym Leaders. I was unsure if I wished to give that up."

"So what changed your mind?"

"I met some children traveling together: a breeder, a trainer, and a coordinator. The trainer and the coordinator were both so passionate in their views that I decided that there was no good reason not to do both. I have been trying not to second-guess myself ever since. Once this Contest is over, I should regain my equanimity, whether I win or lose."

"So, a bit nervous about facing something completely new, then. Nothing odd about that. Honestly, this one feels like the first for me too." He didn't need to know why, although she'd bet he wouldn't even blink if she told him why. Maybe she would later; he was calm, sensible, and intelligent, and might be able to help her reason out a few things. Oh, she'd had some lovely chats with Sarah Jane, and some of the visiting Loopers had been helpful, but they were all either so used to it that they'd forgotten what it was like at first or their experiences were just too different. And then there was Derpy. Yeah, she'd love a chance to talk with someone who wasn't going to flip out, or talk down to her, or talk to her like she already knew what

was going on, or… Well, she'd just talked herself into it, assuming that there were no hard feelings after the Contest.

There wasn't any more time to talk; Nando had to go make his Contest debut. She watched him on the screen, issuing polite commands to his Roselia, who followed them flawlessly; he showed no sign of any second thoughts. He came back with his usual serene smile, and only Donna heard his faint sigh of relief as he sat next to her. She grabbed his hand, giving it a quick squeeze before she headed off for her own entrance.

She'd never thought of herself as a performer, but the second she stepped on stage, all her nerves vanished. She knew what to do, and so did her Eevee, and they both did it. She was rather proud of her idea for it to use Shadow Ball, then Quick Attack to bounce it back and forth as though it was playing tennis with itself. The crowd certainly enjoyed it, and the judges gave her full props (including the expected "Remarkable!") before she headed backstage. A few thumbs up greeted her, and Nando nodded approvingly as she sat by him again.

The battles were a rush. She wasn't much for fighting (well, physical fighting, at least), but this was more like a cross between a football scrum and a beauty pageant. She and her Shinx swept her first two opponents, and the third gave her some trouble but she managed to squeak by. That put her in the finals—facing Nando. Because the universe—multiverse—just loved screwing her out of the opportunity to get with a decent bloke. Nando raised an eyebrow at her, and she returned it with a what-can-you-do grin. Then, because she was long past the stage where she'd try to let the guy win to bolster his fragile male ego, she called out Shinx.

"Well, at least it was close."

"Thank you for not holding back."

Donna and Nando walked back to the Pokémon Center together, admiring Nando's Softsands Ribbon. Donna couldn't say she regretted anything beyond not winning; she hadn't screwed up, and Nando wasn't being a jerk about winning. Not that she'd really expected that last, but she had experience with people not handling victory well.

"A long time ago—another person ago—I might have done," Donna said. "Impressing you would have seemed more important."

"Then I am glad that I met this you," Nando said, meeting her eyes. "I prefer honesty, even when it is not in my best interests."

Well, that didn't make things too awkward. She hadn't had time for any second thoughts about discussing the Loops with a non-Looper, and besides, she'd done it often enough with Gramps without crashing the Loop; maybe that was Yggdrasil's way of telling her to get on with it. Problem was, they were almost back to the Pokémon Center, and she didn't want to discuss it there where others might overhear. Time for a long shot.

"Nando? Would you mind a… well, a companion, for a while? I've got something I need to talk to someone sensible about, and while that's not why I approached you—I saw that smirk, mister, don't think I didn't—I think you're just what the Doctor ordered." True on so many levels. She'd tried to talk to different versions of the Doctor, but his third face had finally admitted that he was probably the worst one to give her advice. She liked that one, silly velvet jacket and all; of all the Doctors, he was the most willing to be both blunt and as kind as he could be under the circumstances, and had fewer qualms about admitting when he couldn't handle a situation than any of his selves except the young blond guy. And that one was a bit scared of her, not that any of him would ever admit it.

"If I can be of assistance, then I shall. I travel alone because that is simply how life is at the moment; I enjoy traveling with others when our roads are the same. And I can cook."

"Marry me." Thankfully he didn't take her seriously. She wasn't bad in a kitchen, but even her Loop memories had her eating a lot of cold meals while camping. "I'm good at setting up tarps, though, in case of rain, and I can build a fire that doesn't smoke."

"Then I shall let you build the fires."

They entered the Pokémon Center together, handing over their Pokémon to Nurse Joy and accepting her congratulations and praise. The next few hours were filled with chats with the other coordinators as well as trainers who had watched the Contest; there would be no chances to be alone until they left the next morning. She took the time to organize her thoughts, realizing that simply knowing that she was going to be able to talk to someone was helping ease a lot of her worries. She slept better than she had in a while, waking up ready for anything. She and Nando headed out of town, easily keeping pace with each other.

"We heading anywhere in particular?" She watched a Mothim flutter across a field, debating if she should catch it for a second before deciding not to.

"There is a Gym in Eterna City, as well as a museum I wish to visit. My Sunflora is fond of art, although it is quite nervous in crowds."

"Eterna City." Donna nodded, a mental image forming of a place holding onto its past so tight nothing new or exciting was allowed to poke its head up. "We're probably going to need a nice peaceful museum visit by then."

9.5 (Grunkle Stan)

The doors to the TARDIS opened and the Doctor stuck his head out. He was greeted to the sight of Daleks...in a diner. It wouldn't have been the most unusual thing he'd ever seen, if they weren't firing nerf darts at all the people trying to eat. Before the Doctor could make up his mind on what to do, a Dalek noticed him.

"IT IS THE DOCTOR!"

"IRRITATE!"

"IRRITATE!"

"IRRITATE!"

The Doctor slammed the TARDIS doors closed as fast he could. Standing with his back to the doors, he started to wonder if he should go back to help the people in the diner, when a nerf dart fell to the floor. Judging where and how the dart fell, it must have been attached to his forehead. After staring at the dart for a bit, he had his answer. "Nope!"

9.6 (masterofgames)

The Doctor sat at a table in a bar, slightly raising his head off the table a few inches, then letting it drop back down with a thunk. Across from him, Clara made no attempt to hide her smirk. "Oh come now, Doctor, I'd think you would appreciate one of them learning the value of a hard day's work."

Across the room, the Dalek behind the counter paused from cleaning a glass and looked up at them. "IN-TOX-I-CATE?"

Clara raised her pint with a grin. "Still a bit left, no need for refills just yet."

The Dalek nodded and returned to cleaning.

9.7 (Scorntex)

It was a rare moment in the strange Loop he found himself in, where no-one was attacking the Doctor and his friends, or chasing them, or trying to incarnate them. And with that came a near sense of

boredom, as they all lounged about the massive beach-house they'd found themselves on. Finally, desperate to do something that wasn't practicing his stances, the Doctor had decided to go for a walk. On the way, he'd found something that piqued his interest, and decided to bring it up with his associates.

"Hey," he said, shaking the group out of their malaise, "Look what I found."

The look on the local Anchor's face, as well as that of his sister, was interesting. A mixture of fear, surprise and annoyance. From the other side of the courtyard there was an annoyed groan from their princely associate as he saw the poster the Doctor was holding.

"Ah," Sokka enunciated. "That."

The Doctor looked at the poster, then back to Sokka. "You've seen this before?"

Sokka nodded, with the air of wisdom only an Anchor could provide. "Yes. First time through, I was the one who suggested going to that play. I thought it'd be fun."

Katara placed a sympathetic hand on his shoulder. "You couldn't have known."

"Known what?" The Doctor asked, intrigued. He didn't see what the harm was. He'd met enthusiastic devotees more than once. What could possibly have been wrong with seeing an In-Loop play about himself?

"It's bad," Toph helpfully supplied, from the shade of the porch. "Really bad. And I say that as the only one present who remotely likes it."

"Under-acted and over-acted at once, not to mention under-budget. Basic details ignored, characters warped completely..." Zuko said,

with no small air of personal offense, before trailing away into angry muttering.

"Even when we've tried giving the people behind it pointers," Katara added, "It's still pretty awful. And it always ends with the Fire Lord killing the Avatar, then burning the world to the ground."

With that, there was a gloomy silence. The Doctor rolled up the poster, then looked back to the other Loopers. "Probably for the best," he murmured. "Usually when I got to theatres bad things happen."

"Pretty sure that play counts as a "bad thing"," Toph supplied.

The other Loopers looked at the Doctor. "If you want to go see it yourself," Sokka offered, hesitantly, "You can. Just to let you know, it will be bad."

The Doctor looked down at the poster, to the other Loopers, then up at the brilliant blue sky, as strange birds circled lazily in the warm sea air. "Maybe not. I'll find something else to do."

Not even a second later, he realised what he'd said wrong, when Toph sprang up.

"Hey," she said, "If you're looking for something to do, you could practice your Bending."

"But, I-"

As he tried to come up with an explanation as to why not, she marched over towards him. "No excuses. Your Earthbending needs work."

Sokka and Katara watched as their teammate effortlessly dragged the Doctor across the courtyard, shaking their heads. "Wanting to watch the Ember Island Players," Sokka said, mournfully.

"Always the same," Katara sighed.

The two watched as Toph started "instructing" the Doctor, before glancing at one another. "You still wanna go see what it's like this time, don't you?" she asked, already having a good quess as to his answer. Sokka hung his head in shame.

"Yeah."

9.8 (OathToOblivion and Crisis)

Well, when whatever was done to Amy at Demon's Run didn't remove her ability to have other children in this Loop, he didn't see this coming.

The Doctor tried to prevent himself from laughing as he saw how Amy and Rory's youngest child, still a baby, squirmed as they tried to feed him. A few snickers escaped his mouth regardless, drawing the baby's attention. The baby gave him a death glare and made to say something. Normally, that would end in failure, but good thing the Doctor spoke Baby.

" *If you ever tell Rock about this, I will* kill *you* !" Bass Williams, normally known as Bass Wily, snarled. Unfortunately, since he had opened his mouth to do that, Amy was able to finally able to stick a spoonful of baby food into it.

The Doctor had to steady himself to remain standing as the baby Bass made a disgusted face and tried to spit the baby food back out.

" *Repeatedly* !"

9.9 (Scorntex)

He Awoke to the familiar sound of his TARDIS touching down again. With the expectance forged of however many Loops it had been, he stepped out on to the unsuspecting soil of planet Earth.

The Master grinned to himself, as he began going over the plans he had prepared, and which ones he would use for the current Loop.

"Fancy meeting you here," a voice said from behind him. The Master stopped dead, and his veins turned to ice. Reaching into his pocket, he prepared to bring out whatever weapon he had lying arou-

A fist collided with his jaw, and everything instantly went black.

Brigadier Sir Alistair Gordon Lethbridge-Stewart (CMG, CBE, DSO) stared down at the unconscious Master, and nodded with both the satisfaction of a job well done, and no small amount of personal satisfaction. He turned to the grinning collection of mad men standing behind him, one or two of whom were taking photographs. The rest had just decided to film the incident.

"Now then, gentlemen, might we try and find a way of keeping this maniac imprisoned for more than a few minutes?"

At this, one of the War Doctor's eyebrows raised. "Oh," the man said, "I'm sure we can think of something..."

9.10 (frozenLake and OathToOblivion)

The Doctor, locally known as Doctor Whooves for this loop, groaned on the ground, his present body drained by Tirek, who had already left to go after the Unawake Twilight Sparkle. He was currently contemplating the current loop he was in. In this loop, he had hailed from a planet known as Gallopfrey, which appeared to be a variant of his home. His loop memories had supplied him with the knowledge of multiple regenerations, up to his current form, which appeared to be a pony variant of his eleventh incarnation, the "Tenth" Doctor. After Awakening, he had picked up his current companion, Derpy Hooves, who seemed to be Awake for the loop. Where she was right now, the Doctor didn't exactly know. She had requested to be dropped off at Ponyville a little bit after the incident with the vines

coming from the Everfree, and he had been popping around by himself since, which wasn't all that long, for both personal and worldly time frames.

As he was pondering the present loop, the Doctor's thoughts were interrupted by the light flowing through his body. Ah yes, regeneration. Perhaps he would be able to get a second shot at Tirek after all. It would be rather awkward, as the incident with him losing his hand-er, hoof-had not been repeated in this variant, but at least he would still be recognized, due to the matching form of the regeneration.

Moments later, after the energy from the regeneration had passed, the Doctor stumbled for, catching his hand on a nearby street lamp. Wait, hand?

Zurvan stared. And stared. And stared some more. There was an oncoming headache as he attempted to make sense of what he was seeing.

The in-Loop form of the Doctor was equinoid. Therefore, he should have remained equinoid upon regeneration. Instead, he had regenerated into his usual humanoid Time Lord self from baseline.

Which was not supposed to happen!

Apparently, fixing the "Meta-Crisis Regeneration Patch" was going to be even trickier than he had assumed. Maybe he should get some professional-?

No. He'd done this, so he'd fix this. That was that, and he wouldn't consider anything else.

9.11 (Scorntex and KrisOverstreet)

"CARD-IN-AL JAAST! FETCH THE COM-FY CHA-AAA-IR!"

"Why would Daleks have chairs?"

"... WE WILL EX-PLAIN LA-TER!"

Prisoners of the Holy Inquisition, the Doctor and Donna stood and awaited their sentence, to be handed down by the Pope Dalek:

"EX-COM-MUN-I-CATE!"

9.12 (Scorntex)

The Master, or more accurately, the Mistress, awoke to a splitting headache. A splitting headache and a lack of any means to kill anything within shooting distance. Whatever Loop she had wound up in, it wasn't off to a great start.

And why everything was so washed out, she'd no idea. Maybe it was a local thing. Maybe it was her, since she could've sworn everything was getting more colourful by the minute.

She decided to go over her Loop memories. She moved past the unimaginably dull memories of who she was the minute she got a good look at the world behind them. One human would-be scientist was the same as any other.

What she found didn't impress her. Earth, but not Earth. Several hundred years before she usually first wound up there, with very little in the way of centralised governments. Some kind of war a few decades back, missing heroes, anarchy all over, one lone figure trying to forge a new government out of the ruins. Technology was leaps and bounds ahead than it should otherwise have been.

However, amidst the piles of utterly boring trivia, there was one thing that stood out to the Mistress. A phrase that kept repeating itself.

Mad science rules the world. Badly.

And she could feel the beginning of it in her mind, the irresistible compulsion to build something, *anything* , and fast. Increasing, moment by moment. And she didn't have the hearts to fight it.

The former Mitzi Clay grinned in the typically unhinged fashion of a Spark deep in thought. It felt like a very good day for science.

9.1: Readers! A salute for the Brigadier! A-TEN-SHUN!

9.2: They never really do get around to exterminating everything, do they?

9.3: Actor Allusions, go!

9.4: Donna enjoys travelling with the Doctor, but she does want so time alone every now and then.

9.5: The Daleks can be so annoying at times.

9.6: There are no bar fights in a Dalek Bar.

9.7: A different Loop than the previous Doctor-Avatar, but the first time the Doctor wasn't quite playing baseline.

9.8: The Ponds/Williams tend to name their kids after music. So do Doctors Light and Wily.

9.9: The Brigadier has a history of cold-cocking the Master.

9.10: Buggering Buggy Bugs!

9.11: NO-ONE EX-PECTS THE DA-LEK IN-QUI-SI-TION!

9.12: The Master has *need.* The Need to INVENT! The Wulfenback family should be warned...

Chapter 11

10.1 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

William Hartnell flicked the switch of the set piece in front of him. The camera crew would show up later. What would this new show, this...Doctor Who bring to the future of the world? His head lifted up, to see another, younger man who just stared at him with a surprised but pleased expression. Hartnell eyes widened as he saw saw in the youth's eyes a history boundless and endless, that stretched from the beginning of the stars to the very end of time itself. The youth's eyes went just as wide. For a moment, the actor wondered what the youth saw when he looked into his eyes.

Somehow, no words were said. Hartnell knew he should be asking who this man was. He clearly looked more like a college professor or a dandy perhaps, not one of the film crew. However, the man seemed right in place, as if he was exactly where he should be. An odd thought occurred, was this man the future of the show perhaps? There was talk of his character, the doctor, transforming into a new doctor, or "regenerating" as the term was being passed around, when he retired.

He gave a small, reassuring grin to the man, maybe his replacement in the near future. He seemed oddly out of place, just right for the character he was set to play.

The younger man gave a grin of his own, flipped a couple switches and twisted a dial in a similar method that Hartnell just did. Then, the man leaned against the "TARDIS" gauges. Hartnell looked down at his console when several of the noisy film crew stepped in, sharing a joke he missed. There was a brief hum a few minutes later, causing Hartnell to look back to the young man, who was gone, as if like a ghost.

Clara sat in a nearby diner, scooping a single bite. The Doctor arrived moments later and dug into his fish fingers, though the custard was nowhere to be seen since the restaurant didn't sell it. Clara asked, "So, did you see what you wanted to see?"

The Doctor's usual manic expression of glee seemed almost at peace for once, giving her the answer to her question.

10.2 (Drakohahn)

The Doctor was finding it very weird that he was being followed around by a few Daleks and they weren't trying to kill him or anything. Rose seemed to grow more paranoid of what they wanted as they silently trailed behind, just watching and never acting. After deciding that enough was enough, he turned to them and asked.

"Why are you following us?"

After a brief moment of silence as they looked at each other, they replied.

"GRA-VI-TATE!"

10.3 (masterofgames)

The Doctor watched as the Dalek gazed at the simple mousetrap, just lying on the floor in front of it with a mouse caught by the tail.

Several moments passed. The Doctor could swear the Dalek's eye stalk was starting to twitch.

"E-EX... EX-TER... E-EX-TER-MI..." the Dalek stuttered.

The Doctor merely watched in confusion.

"EX-TER-MIN... EX-TER..."

And then the Dalek snapped.

"NO! AB-SURD! IM-POSS-I-BLE! A MERE LATCH AND SPRING HAVE BES-TED A DA-LEK! THIS CAN NOT BE! E-MER-GEN-CY! E-MER-GEN-CY! EX-IS-TEN-TIAL CRI-SIS! I DO NOT KNOW WHO I AM! UP IS DOWN WITH-OUT THE AID OF ART-I-FIC-IAL GRAV-I-TY! BLACK IS WHITE WITH-OUT THE IN-VER-SION OF THE NEG-A-TIVE! WHAT AM I DO-ING WITH MY LIFE!?"

Rose merely smirked and elbowed The Doctor in the side as the Dalek shuffled into a corner and started sobbing. "Pay up."

The Doctor sighed, digging through his pockets and slapping five quid into her open hand. "Double or nothing on the Cybermen?"

"You're on."

10.4 (Alex Prior)

The Doctor Awoke and, from habit, immediately checked himself. *'Body of my final self in first regeneration cycle, check. Bowtie, cool. Snazzy greatcoat, curious... Vortex manipulator?'*

He looked at it. Then he checked his Loop Memories. *' Doctor Jack Harkness? This is going to be a long Loop.'*

He shrugged. At least he could have some fun making fun of himself-

The Doctor paused, then grinned. Maybe it wouldn't be a long Loop after all.

Rose wasn't sure what to make of the odd doctor. He kept insisting that bowties were cool, told her that the Doctor had extremely conspicuous ears and when she asked about Spock, whipped out a tricorder for some reason. And that was nothing compared to when he met the Doctor. He'd *kissed his hand* for god's sake!

The Doctor was having the time of his life. All right, perhaps the hand-kissing might have been going too damn far, but the look on his face had been more than worth it. It still cracked him up!

'Now what to do about Satellite Five...'

The Doctor had to admit, things could have gone better. His In-Loop self considered him a flirtatious clown (and now that he pondered about it, there was a *truly* creepy image to go with that phrase), he was what his Time Lord senses would have considered an abomination, and he was stuck in the nineteenth century with a malfunctioning Vortex Manipulator.

On the one hand, he could repair it in moments and be out of there in an instant. On the other, he could finally learn more about Jack's Torchwood life. *Decisions, decisions...*

10.5 (Dave ID)

"Doctor, what are you doing with those turntables?" Rory asked.

"I figured I would try and fit into the DJ niche. Why do you ask?" was the Doctor's response.

"Most don't play 'The Wheels on The Bus' on any DJ set."

"...Don't judge me, I'm new."

"R *i* ght."

10.6 (Scorntex, 9.12 cont.)

Beetleberg, the place the Mistress had Awoken in, was an interesting local. Ruled by a Tyrant, named Beetle, located somewhere in

Romania, and guarded by deceptively lethal-looking robots (or, as everyone in the Loop called them, Clanks, a name the Mistress had to agree was suitably fitting). It was home to the world-famous Transylvania Polygnostic University (Motto: Know Enough To Be Afraid), and ruled with an iron-fist by this Beetle person, whom the Mistress had apparently been working for as an assistant. Apparently, lawbreakers were placed inside massive jars until dying of hunger, thirst or dehydration.

She'd barely been Awake five minutes, and already the Mistress liked the sound of this Loop more and more.

This lasted until she encountered one of the aforementioned "clanks", all of which deemed her late. It took several second, an eternity to a Time Lord, to realise they meant late for school.

Begrudgingly, she found herself being pointed in the direction of the university, each ro-... clank she met feeling the need to remind her she was late. It was their luck she didn't have a screwdriver on her, was all she could think. Well, she was beginning to think a lot of things possible to do with those stupid clanks. Apparently they, and the large *thing* guarding the university, were supposed to be state of the art. Her Loop Memories suggested otherwise.

Science would have to wait. Not even a Time Lord could fight against the horror of School Loops, not without a screwdriver.

On entering the university lab she usually worked in, a man her memories identified as Professor Hugo Glassvitch informed her she was late.

"I KNOW!" she bellowed. Something about the harmonics sounded off. However, the professor didn't seem at all annoyed by her yelling. Perhaps he just didn't have tenure.

"You're only a little late." He observed.

Now that she had a moment to look about, the Mistress noted that the lab was... well, it looked like there was a small, localised war between the scattered parts, the things in jars (some of which twitched, and looked suspiciously like cheese), and masses of paper.

"By the way," he noted, as she removed the large overcoat she'd been wearing since she'd woken up, "I found your latest machine."

She turned to look at him. Clanks, her memories informed her, could only be built by a Spark, which she most assuredly wasn't. But that didn't explain the wonderful sight she saw in the man's hand. It was a small, almost perfectly smooth sphere, slightly larger than his hand, of a polished gold-bronze colour.

"Does it work?" the man asked. She stared at it. A Toclafane? Here? With her own resources. That was... interesting. Interesting indeed. As to the man's question, she wasn't sure herself.

"I wanted to show it to you, before I showed it to the m-" She stopped, and had to reassure herself she wasn't speaking about herself. "To the master."

"Good idea," the man smiled warmly. "We wouldn't want to waste his time."

That didn't sound so threatening. From what her memories indicated, she was a complete incompetent, unsuited to anything but the most basic menial tasks. And if this Beetle was the sort of daring law-maker who shoved people into cute glass jars, he wasn't likely to keep someone ar-

She stopped dead when her memories showed her what Beetle looked like. Perhaps, however, he was. Since her memories politely informed her that Beetle looked astonishingly like The Doctor. Particularly that cold, manipulative one, the one who disguised the cold-blooded strategist beneath woolly jumpers and pratfalls.

She supposed that probably explained who the Anchor was, then.

"Let's see it," Glassvitch said. Cautiously, she looked for somewhere to activate her little Toclafane. There was a button on the top, which she pressed. There was a click, then several more clicks, a small hum... the sphere began to rise.

And then the shell flew apart, one chunk heading straight out the window.

"That's disappointing," the Mistress said. Glassvitch placed a hand on her shoulder. Instantly, unbidden thoughts loomed out of her mind, mostly along the lines of *"how dare he!"*

"At least this one actually moved before it blew up. That's an improvement, no?"

She stared at the fragments, not really paying attention. The poor little Toclafane, dead before it ever had the chance to maim, or burn, or even vaporise. Well, perhaps she would just build a better one, when she got five minutes alone, and a good set of welding equipment...

Then she noted the angry human entering the room, rubbing his head, and holding a fragment of her poor failed creation. He was Professor Silas Merlot, and he didn't like her. The venomous glare he shot her was proof enough of that. Apparently he was just generally contemptuous towards everyone, with her as a special case. She couldn't really blame him. UnAwake her had been as dumb as... well, a *human.*

"I don't know why you encourage her, Glassvitch," the man grumbled. "We have enough problems."

"Problems?" the other Professor repeated.

"Baron Zeitenbach is here." Glassvitch's cordial attitude vanished. From what the Mistress's memories were supplying, that wasn't unjustified. This "Baron" was a Spark, a powerful one, and worse than that, he was fanatical, ruthless and determined, having carved

out an increasingly large portion of Europa and forced it to endure peace. Anyone who objected, and brought his ire down on them, woke up to find themselves facing an army on their front lawn.

He sounded intriguing. And dangerous. And maybe a little bit sexy.

Merlot waved a hand in her general direction. "Miss Clay, get this place cleaned up. You have half an hour."

She looked from the back of his head to the disaster area around her. "By myself?" she asked. He swivelled, shooting her a death glare, albeit not a very effective or impressive one.

"Don't get impertinent with me, Miss Clay," he snapped. "The Master may derive some amusement from your pathetic antics, but if this lab is anything but spotless, you'll see how patient Baron Werfenbach is with dealing with incompetents. Now, move!"

Slowly, she turned away from him. Spontaneous murder was sounding increasingly pleasant, though without any sort of particle weaponry it would make such a mess, and there'd be witnesses, and it'd soon turn into one of those plans where she'd have to kill *everyone* . She just settled for thinking about what sort of horrible revenge she would get on him when the time came, oh yes she would it would be exquisite and he'd pray for mercy as she showed him, and then everyone. *She'd show them! SHOW T-*

She stopped, and looked down at the goldfish she was carrying. The mad throb, and the urge to build some sort of death ray faded back into her normal insanity. No, murder would have to be shelved, along with science. She looked up at the giant thing attached to the ceiling. It didn't seem to serve any useful purpose, as near as she could determine. Was it the local equivalent of art?

Twenty-nine minutes, and some careful thinking later, she had everything reasonably tidied up, and had gotten to work examining the remains of her darling Toclafane. She wasn't entirely surprised to find no traces of organic material in it, and disappointed to see her

unawake self hadn't even tried including a laser cannon, much less even a slightly jagged piece of metal. She did find two little extendable hands.

She heard Glassvitch and Merlot return, and their amazed gasps, as they admired the utterly clean laboratory.

At which point the doors to the lab burst open, and a... thing, a "Jaegermonster" apparently, walked in, demanding no-one move. This was backed up by the group of tall, and unfriendly looking brass clanks, each holding rifles. Unlike Beetle's works, these newcomers looked efficient. Frighteningly efficient.

Then she heard the voice. "Thank you, unit commander. You may stand at ease."

Between the robots were four men. One was a man with four arms, who practically radiated blandness. The other was the Doctor. Who was arguing with the Doctor. Behind them, looking about the laboratory was... the Doctor.

Wait, The Mistress thought. What?

She blinked. There were three of them. Three Doctors in one place. The slightly scary Seventh Doctor, replacing university professor / local tyrant "Professor Beetle", the unbelievably grim and dour warrior, replacing the local dictator, one Baron Zeitenbach, and the tall, skinny one her Simm-self had met. Her memories didn't have any knowledge about him, but from the similar style of dress to the Baron, she'd have guessed a son. Or possibly a clone of some kind.

Before she started formulating a place for escape, she realised something. None of them recognised her, none of them were looking at her, though it probably helped that two of them were arguing about something or other. The Mistress tried to look as inconspicuous as possible. This situation looked like it was going to be entertaining. Though likely confusing, given they were all the Doctor. Perhaps, an

unusually sane and ration part of her mind suggested, it would've been an idea to go by

"You have had plenty of time, Beetle," the Doctor said, stopping mid-march to glance at the Mistress, and the two men standing nearby. His frown changed slightly. "Who are these people?"

The Mistress felt slightly less cautious. He didn't seem to recognise her, or if he did, he wasn't letting it show. She took the fact that none of the impressive looking rob- clanks flanking him were aiming their incredibly large guns at her as a good sign, though the Jaegermonster the Baron had brought with him was looking in her direction. She paid it no mind.

"And this is our lab assistant, Miss Clay," she heard Beetle say. Then he stopped, and whipped around to look at her. She desperately wished she had a weapon of some kind at hand.

"Miss Clay, where is your locket?!" he yelled. She hadn't been expecting him to say that. Slowly, her Loop memories reminded her she'd had an encounter with two particularly unpleasant looking humans while walking to the university. They'd made off with this locket Beetle seemed so concerned about, and almost immediately after she'd woken up, and paid it no mind.

"There was an electrical anomaly," she supplied. Her memories suggested more than that. Most electrical anomalies didn't come with giant blue rents in space and time. "I was accosted trying to get away."

For whatever reason, Beetle became increasingly panicked. "Accosted? Stolen? *In my city* ?! This is terrible. *Terrible* !"

He immediately started pushing the Mistress towards the door. "I'm feeling fine," she tried to say, but he ignored her, his mind already racing away. If it lead to those thugs being put in one of those giant jars she'd seen, she was okay with it.

He shushed before she could finish her sentence. "No, you're obviously distraught, my dear." Her thoughts went to strange places again.

"I want you to go home. Yes, go home and have a nice lie down, and I'll have the watch find your locket as quickly as possible."

She opened her mouth to object. After all, three Doctors in one room who weren't trying to kill her, defeat her and break her stuff was a rare occasion, but it would have given her the perfect opportunity to practice some science, maybe build a TCE or two before getting down to some serious science. Her mouth snapped shut.

"Wait!" the Doctor... the Baron declared, the man looking at her with those eyes of his. "You actually saw the event?"

"Oh, yes," she said, casually. "I was right in the middle of it, actually."

One of his eyebrows moved. "Stay," he commanded. "I might have questions for you, later."

She heard Beetle whisper a no behind her. That struck her as curious. He was afraid. No, more than afraid in fact. And anything that had any Doctor terrified that wasn't her fault was... interesting. Then she saw the look change to anger.

"Klaus! This girl has had a terrible shock! You must let her go home!"

The Baron didn't even turn to look at Beetle. "I'm truly impressed by your concern for your people, but the young lady appears stable." She had to fight the urge to grin madly. That was the first time anyone had called that since... well, actually, since ever. Probably because it wasn't true at all.

"Let us get down to business." He marched towards Glassvitch and Merlot. The Mistress watched, noting the look of terror on the latter's face with no small amount of satisfaction. It wasn't quite the same as

setting some large animals on him, but a Doctor was a good enough replacement for the moment.

Then she heard the name of the machine. A "dihoxulator". That gave her pause. It sounded like... she frowned. The machine itself was a piece of junk. Any idiot could see that.

"Gilgamesh?" she heard the Baron call out. The Doctor, the young and sexy one, looked up from whatever it was he'd been doing and marched over towards the machinery. The Mistress watched as the two of them talked about the machinery, Beetle glowering at them from the side. Whatever it was they were talking about, she didn't hear, on account of the two men gossiping next to her.

"We weren't expected to finish this," she heard Merlot grumble. "It's a test."

"Then we're failing," Glassvitch said.

"Not us, Glassvitch," Merlot growled. "His son. Gilgamesh Zeitenbach is the Baron's only heir."

The Mistress stopped listening. She was thinking about other things, like the locket that had Beetle so wound, and the Toclafane that hadn't worked. A dozen different thoughts crowded around an already crowded mind, and she found herself humming an odd tune to herself.

And suddenly a lot of thoughts starting straightening out, making more sense. She had an increasing desire to build something, anything. And then Merlot yelled at her.

"Miss Clay!" he barked, "Stop that infernal humming!"

The thoughts vanished into the aether. She turned to glare at Merlot with all the force she could muster. For an instant he looked momentarily terrified, always a gratifying sight to see, but then the self-focused anger returned.

Whatever he was about to say was forestalled by the noise from the young Doctor. He had been analysing the machine, and not having a great amount of success. He was shouting and raving, his hair suddenly dishevelled, and his voice taking on some strange, but not entirely unappealing, qualities.

"THIS IS ALL WRONG! I WOULD EXPECT A FIRST YEAR STUDENT TO DO BETTER THAN THIS!" He started tearing into the machinery, with little to no effort. "YOU HAVE FORCES CANCELLING OUT THE ENTIRE STRUCTURE! WHERE ARE YOUR PLANS?!"

Merlot yelled again, at her, distracting the Mistress from some very unusual thoughts involving the Doctor and wrenches. "Miss Clay! They were on the main board! Where did you put them?"

She looked back at the man. Exactly what reaction she was supposed to have, it probably wasn't meant to be anger. "You told me to clean everything up," she stated, "Not my fault if you didn't tell me you didn't want things cleaned up."

There was a satisfying look of fury on his face, one she really wished she could've removed. "They're probably in the cupboard," she noted, pointing towards the cupboard some thoughtful persona had labelled "storage".

"Not that it matters," she added, "That thing'll never work."

There was a moment of utter silence. The young Doctor looked from her, to the machine, then back to her, then back to the machine. His jaw shifted. He looked towards the Baron.

" *Actually* ," he said, "I think she's right."

"What?" the Baron asked. There was something that could have been mistaken for a chuckle from the Jagermonster.

"Well... yes," the Doctor said. "What you want is possible, but your theoretical structure is flawed. There's no way this machine could ever work."

The Baron, without even moving, somehow managed to look like he was looming, and when he spoke, his voice was utterly cold. " *Think carefully* , boy," he growled.

" *Are you saying I am* **wrong** ?!"

The Doctor paused, before nodding. "Yeah."

And almost immediately the man's snarl vanished replaced with something like... paternal pride. "You are quite correct, my son."

There were two incredibly loud "whats" from Merlot and Glassvitch. The Mistress just watched, from a safe distance, as the Doctor glared. All that work that the two men had been so invested in, three months if her memory served her correct, just for a test. It was impressive. And Merlot looked like he didn't like being the butt of the joke.

"Now I understand," he declared. Glassvitch turned to look at him.

"What? You're the one who's always going on about how little time we have for our own work."

"Oh, yes," the man said, "but now I understand why the *great* Doctor Beetle couldn't be bothered to work on this oh-so-important assignment. Unlike we mere mortals, he had real work to do."

Beetle jumped in. "Merlot, I don't like your attitude."

"Oh, really?" the man yelled, before striking the Doctor. That got the Mistress' attention. And the Jaeger's too, as it drew a weapon. However, the Baron ordered it down. From where she was sitting, the Mistress heard him mutter something to his... son about "employee relations".

Beetle, for his part, sputtered. "I'll-" he began, but Merlot, of whom the Mistress was thinking increasingly little, kept going. She tuned out the familiar rant, something about attention, serving faithfully, wouldn't put up with it, don't have to take this sort of thing. She removed some non-existent grit from under her nails.

Then she saw Merlot move over to a level, still ranting. But the Doctor was looking increasingly unnerved at what he was saying. "Perhaps he would like to see the important work that has been keeping our Dr. Beetle so busy!"

He pulled the level, even as the Doctor screamed at him to stop. There was a loud "clunk", followed by an ominous hum. A section of the wall began to slide backward, revealing something...

She looked, and saw the strange sphere, one half made of clear glass, the other of machinery, and dials. Inside the glass section, things slithered and moved and bubbled in unpleasant ways. She could just vaguely make out one eye looking out lazily from the depths.

The Baron was glowering. The Jaeger was snarling. The clanks were pointing their rifles at Beetle. And Merlot was still ranting. She was very tempted to throw the Toclafane at him, but given he was a human, it likely wouldn't have even dented his skull. That, and whatever was inside the sphere was truly fascinating, in the most hideous way.

"One rule," the Baron said, once Merlot had finished. "I made one rule when I left you this city. "Report all unusual discoveries. Devices of the Other-" That caught the Mistress' attention, as did the obvious capital letter in the last word. And there was a lot of emotion behind it. "-are to be turned over immediately. You *agreed* ."

"A decision made under duress is worthless!" Beetle roared. "You threatened my city, my university. I'd have agreed to anything. You were in control then."

"And now?" The Baron asked. At which point the roof was torn open, the large thing that The Mistress had encountered on the way into the university looming over the room. It helpfully informed all present not to move.

"Now I am in charge!" Beetle laughed, triumphantly. "What do you think of that?"

The two other Doctors looked at one another with an incredibly casual air. Not that the Mistress could blame them. It was just a ro-... clank, and not even a very flashy looking one either. Though the steam hissing from its "cheeks" was a nice touch.

"Yes, Gil," the Baron said, in the same way someone talked about the weather. "What do you think of that?"

"What?" the younger-looking Doctor asked. "Is this another test?"

"Oh no," the Baron said. "He's quite serious. But I am interesting in your analysis."

The Beetle Doctor just looked confused, and annoyed. Fair enough, the Mistress thought to herself. If she was holding someone at robot-point, the polite thing to do would at least be to treat her like she was still in the room. Some people, she reflected, had no manners.

Like the small army of zeppelins she could just make out above the university. That was almost certainly cheating. Though she did wonder how Beetle didn't seem to notice them.

"If we attack him," Gil said, "the Clank kills us. But if he kills us, our clanks will kill him. An apparent standoff."

"Correct!" Beetle said, not noticing the zeppelins, or the noise of violence from outside. "Now-"

Gil just glared at him. It was, the Mistress had to admit, a most impressive one. "Now, being short, he's placing emphasis on

appearance, and style."

"I'm not that short!"

The young man just continued. "Thus the use of one big but slow clank, instead of surrounding us with the squadron of smaller, but faster clanks surrounding the building. Probably because he thinks he's got us all kept up here."

"And I do!" Beetle yelled.

"And that'd work if we were alone," Gil finished. And then the giant robot's head exploded. Slowly, it collapsed, trailing smoke and pieces as it went. Several of those smaller clanks were making their way into the room at that very moment. Almost immediately thereafter, they were shredded by a hail of bullets.

"Dem," the Jaeger grumbled. "Dot vos easy."

"My clanks!" she heard Beetle yell. The Baron just nodded, grimly. But really, sending robots against any Doctor, even an UnAwake one, Beetle should've really seen it coming.

"By now the city is secure," she heard the Baron say. She did a double-take. He'd been present, what, barely ten minutes, his armies half an hour, and he'd managed to subdue a town ruled by a mad scientist in such a short time. That was... intriguing. Quietly, she slipped the Toclafane into her pocket.

"Blast it, Klaus!" Beetle said, "This is my city."

"No," the Baron retorted. "It became my city years ago. I merely let you administrate it."

The man could barely sputter out a why. For a brief instant, the Mistress felt a bout of... well, it probably could have been sympathy. She knew what it was likely when the Doctor swooped in and stole her things in a ridiculously short amount of time...

Fortunately, such moments passed quickly.

"But why?" Beetle sputtered.

"You mean withholding a Hive Engine isn't enough?"

The man looked surprised. "But that would mean..." he trailed off, "even before Merlot... you knew!"

"Of course I knew," the Baron said. "And I had hoped that I was wrong. But..."

He sighed, "Oh, well."

The man frowned for a moment, before he continued. "However, that said, I still have use for y-"

"NO!" Beetle roared. One of his hands moved to the clasps of his cloak (which the Mistress had noted looked like questions marks. It seemed some strange fashion choices just couldn't stay dead). He wrenched it off, and then, with a sudden snap, it unfolded into a small beetle-like object, little wings glinting in the light. "YOU WILL NOT GET ME! YOU WILL NOT GET ANY OF US!"

The strange device flitted through the air in her direction. Then she noticed the Doctor next to her, and holding a wrench. In a deft (and well-aimed, all things considered) throw, he hit the device, sending it flying...

Straight back at Beetle. She didn't see exactly what happened next, on account of the Doctor throwing himself around her (And wasn't that a dream come true), and the massive blast that threw them off their feet, as the other Doctor was the victim of a spectacular, if oddly-sized explosion.

It took a few seconds for her to realise, what with the spinning, and the ringing from the blast and the fact that her heart was going at a tremendous rate that she was holding on to the Doctor as much as

he was holding on to her. There was a moment of mutual awkwardness as they let go and tried to look elsewhere.

Now this, more than one part of her mind spoke up, looked very promising.

"Gil?" she heard the Baron speak out.

"I'm fine," he said quickly, before turning back to her. "And you, Miss Clay?"

"Dizzy," she admitted, cautiously. Then she became all too aware of the smell of burning human. Glassvitch was standing over what was left of the Doctor.

"His head!" the Baron barked. "How's his head?"

She did briefly wonder about that. Did this Loop have some manner of revival methods? Methods that did not require human sacrifice or time lord intervention? What fun. If she ever got around to studying any science. However, Glassvitch's reply, and the Baron's colourful response to said replying, indicated it had drawbacks, like needing the brain. How disappointing, she thought. She'd come back from worse than that.

"I'm sorry." Gil said. She saw it in his eyes. He was shocked. Goodness, but he never looked so sorry when it was one of *her* plans he foiled.

"He did throw a bomb at..." she decided to go for a more neutral approach. "At us."

"A poor excuse," the Baron frowned. Gil just glowered right back.

"He threw a bomb at her!"

"Hey," the Jaeger spoke up, holding up part of Beetle's remains and grinning. "Hy won't say he vas scthupid, but I hain't finding a lot ov brains in here!"

The Mistress glared. The Doctor (A Doctor, part of her noted) was dead, and they were discussing everything like it was some manner of kitchen accident. They were joking. It was like *none of them had ever murdered a local politician before* . Did they have *any* idea what they were meant to do next? She though n-

And then suddenly everything was pain. Violent, stabbing pain. "My head," she groaned, "You people are so terrible at this. Think of the locals..."

The Baron apparently heard her comments. She could see it, through the haze. Gears were turning in his mind, plans within plans.

"Of course, how to handle the situation," the man ruminated.

"If I might, Herr Baron," Merlot spoke up. The entire room went a very specific type of quiet. Merlot himself actually seemed to realise how bad a move this had been, but decided to press his advantage anyway. "This need not be so difficult. Very few people... actually *saw* -"

Whatever he was about to say next was cut off as the Baron lifted the man upwards. The Mistress grinned. Finally! She thought, violence!

"I despise traitors," the Baron growled. "I consider Beetle's death your fault. Without your theatrics, I might have saved him. I am very annoyed."

Here it came, she thought to herself.

"So now, I'm going to put *you* in charge."

Missy's grin vanished, and she felt a profound sense of disappointment. How typical of the Doctor, leaving people who needed killed alive. She took solace in the confused and terrified look on Merlot's face.

"And the first time you make a mistake, I'm shipping you to Castle Heterodyne." Instantly all hope faded from Merlot's eyes, replaced with a deep, powerful look of panic and desperation. So, that was something, thought the Mistress.

"No!" he pleaded. "All I wanted-" The Baron raised a hand.

"What you wanted is irrelevant. Now, I want Dr. Beetle lying in state - for viewing, by midnight, with a hero's funeral to be held the day after tomorrow."

"But, my work," the man whimpered pitifully. "I just wanted to do something important..."

"He was trying to turn chalk into cheese," Glassvitch stated. The Jaeger laughed uproariously at that. Then, the sad, pathetic look on the man's face vanished, replaced entirely by seething anger, and he pointed a finger at the Mistress.

"Well, I can at least do ONE good thing today! Miss Clay - GET OUT! You're banned from this university forever!"

She blinked. She couldn't honestly believe what she'd heard. She stared at him. "Really?" she said. Merlot grinned in a passing imitation of madness.

"Of course! Didn't you hear the Baron?! I'm in charge!"

She considered this. No school. No having to go to lessons, no hanging around humans all day, learning and relearning things Gallifreyean children were taught in the nursery. The mad grin on her face was probably not at all what Merlot had been expecting.

"Thank you!" She grinned, hugging the pathetic man as she did. She was so happy she didn't even bother trying to disintegrate him. "Thankyouthankyouthankyou!"

She turned to see the other two Doctors were still in the room. And staring at her in a funny way. She didn't care. She was free! Free to commit science on an unsuspecting Loop! And given what she'd seen so far, she figured she'd be running it within a year.

She ignored them as she happily walked out of the room, humming cheerfully to herself, in a strange tune that somehow cancelled out all ambient noise around her.

Which meant she didn't notice the Baron noticing that.

10.7 (Alex Prior)

The Doctor stared. Granted, Awakening as Dorothy Gale had thrown him for a Loop, metaphorically and literally. The scarf-instead-of-slippers had traumatized him, the Scarecrow had somehow turned out to be Jack Skellington (rather charming fellow, actually), and the Cyber-Tin-Man was almost to be expected, really. But this?

The big, shaking cat turned had his eyes at him and said, in the leafiest tone he'd ever heard from that voice, "I'm Roary."

"Master, I sense undue levels of stress on you. Do you require an alcoholic beverage?"

K-9 really could be a blessing sometimes.

10.8 (OathToOblivion)

"Kite, why exactly are we doing this?"

"Simple, Doctor. I run a Galaxy/Photon deck, and you're looking to run one yourself. Of course I want to see how we stack up," Kite Tenjo, Number Hunter extraordinaire, shrugged.

"Well, in this regeneration anyway. All my other selves are planning to run their own Decks," the Doctor, currently a 14-year-old version of his Warrior incarnation, stated. He had been interested in the card game that was known to its home as Duel Monsters, and everywhere else as Yu-Gi-Oh!, for a while now, ever since he was introduced to it by Yugi himself. Of course, like most things about him, the interests of each of his incarnations were vastly different, and they all were planning to run different decks. As for himself, he was looking to run a Galaxy/Photon deck.

So when he found himself in Heartland City, what else could he do? "That still doesn't explain why we need to duel. Can't I just run through my strategies with you?" the Doctor protested.

Kite shook his head. "It's easier to test strategies and devise counters to their counters when you're in an actual duel. A dry run, if you will," he explained. "Only," he realized as something struck him, "your Extra Deck has Numbers, right? Be careful with them," he advised.

"Not to worry, Yugi told me about that problem. All my cards came from the Hub," the Doctor reassured him.

Kite still wasn't convinced though. "Well, be careful anyway. Sometimes the in-Loop Numbers don't interact well with out-of-Loop ones, and I know for a fact that you have the Galaxy-Eyes Numbers in there," Kite warned him.

"I'll be careful, don't worry," the currently-not-a-Time-Lord Anchor stated, waving his hand to brush aside Kite's concern. Kite pursed his lips. Having heard the exact same thing from Yuma many times, he knew full well that sooner or later *something* would happen. What was it about Anchors disregarding their safety anyway?

"Alright then. Luckily, we're in the middle of nowhere, so we can get away with Solid Vision," Kite said, activating his Duel Disk. The Doctor did the same, using a Battle City model that looked like it had parts that had been repaired with hobbled together pieces of Duel

Academy Disks, modern-styled Disks, and even Disks from Yuya's section of the Loop.

"8000 a piece?" the Doctor questioned. Kite thought it over for a sec, before nodding his agreement.

"Alright then," he said slowly as the two of them drew their hands.

"DUEL!"

10.9 (wildrook)

"They said my first Fused Loop would be unfamiliar," Jack muttered, groaning at the antics of the Animatronics as he listened to the Phone Guy. "Machines trying to kill me is familiar territory...especially when there are kids stuffed in them."

He then looked around for them to show up.

"Either way, what they've got planned for me will hurt either way. And I REALLY don't feel like getting stuffed in one of those suits..."

10.10 (Scorntex)

The being across from him frowned, his blazing red eyes dimming as he stared at the man opposite.

"So, you wish to join us out of... scientific intrigue?" he asked, treating the word the same way most people treated explosives.

"Partially," the Master admitted. He felt it best to leave out what else he'd wanted to do in his current behemoth of a body.

The mechanoid he was talking to looked sceptically at him, like he was mad. Which in fairness, he was, though at least in his current form it was much more restrained than usual. However, even in a forty foot tall body made of metals he didn't even know the names of,

he was still undeniably The Master. Or, Overlord, as his present body was called.

"We don't often get visiting Loopers who want to join us. And definitely not because of curiosity. Can't say I blame them, either. We do include maniacs, cheaters and the odd terrorist among our number."

There was a pause before the smaller mechanoid added a disgusted sigh. "And *Starscream* ."

"What, pray tell, is a Starscream?"

At that, the mechanoid looked at him with genuine surprise, as if he had asked why the sky was blue (actually, on the planet they were on at that moment, it was green).

"You'll know," came the dour response. "Trust me, you'll know. And if you want to kill him, you're perfectly welcome to try. Just know that it probably won't stick."

The Master considered the annoyed look that passed across the mechanical beings' face, and felt a momentary feeling of if not sympathy, then at least understanding. Then he held out a hand. "Anyway, welcome to the Decepticons, *Overlord* ."

10.11 (Alex Prior)

The two men were leaning on a wall in the TARDIS corridor, snickering.

"Sometimes, you just have to relax and fall back to the good, old stuff," commented the red-headed one. "Am I right, Fred?"

The red-headed clone nodded. "Right you are, George. If one needs to *unwind* , the *regular* stuff would work best. Wouldn't you agree, Doctor?"

The aforementioned Time Lord was busy trying to glare a hole through the toilet door.

"I have *no* idea how you two managed to sneak U-No-Poo into my food, but you will regret this! The Fury of a Time Lord knows NO BOUNDS!"

The Twins merely high-fived.

10.12 (Hvulpes)

Clara had entered the TARDIS to see the Doctor working furiously with a blackboard, likely trying to find the monster under the bed again. Which had been her. But a closer look at it revealed that it was different. It was all about... the Daleks.

"What are you working on?" she asked as she was curious why he was focusing on the Daleks.

"Simple. You were right again." he told her, which confused her.

"I like being right, so what was I right about?"

"I have been treating the Daleks as pests, as monsters, as a sort of demonic cockroach which I keep on destroying only to have them show up again when the lights are off. However, due to the loops, it has given me... time to think. I think I finally realize now that the Daleks aren't pests, or monsters. They are victims. Victims of the monster that was Davros. He genetically engineered them, brainwashed them and cybernetically manipulated their armored bodies to keep them from being able to choose any path but pure hatred. Tainted by inhuman rage and the occasional fear.

"You were right. As victims, they don't need a warrior or a hero. What the Daleks need to regain their souls and even have a chance to live peacefully with the rest of the universe... is a Doctor.

"So as Doctor of the Daleks, I am working on their course of treatment. Between me and my other incarnations... one of us might be able to come up with a cure for...Dalekism, as it were. One the patient might survive," he said as he continued with his work.

Clara smiled at the showing of those traits which made her friend the Doctor. It was always a nice thing to see.

10.1: We're all different people, when you think about it. But that's okay, you gotta keep moving. Just so long as you don't forget all the people you used to be.

10.2: Apparently, their thrusters aren't powerful enough to achieve escape-Doctor velocity.

10.3: They wanted to see if the Daleks were a better mouse-trap.

10.4: Replacing folks around your own Loop generally happens more often than replacing those from outside it.

10.5: Trying a little too hard at being young, there, Doctor.

10.6: The continuing Miss-adventures of Mitzi, TIME LADY **GENIUS** !

10.7: Twelve and puns. Do not mix.

10.8: The Doctor wanted to brush up on playing card games to save the world.

10.9: Fortunately for Captain Jack, being killed isn't the end. Unfortunately for Captain Jack, dying *hurts* .

10.10: It's always good to observe evil factions in action.

10.11: The Weasley Twins. Never trust anything they give you. Or your food if they're in the same room.

10.12: Time to heal...

Chapter Ten

Ten.1 (Awesomedude17)

"Smooth, plastic, blocky at some places..."

POP

"And parts of us are detachable!"

The War Doctor sighed as the others were marveling at the plastic blockiness of themselves during this LEGO loop.

"OH, maybe I could wear a fez by..." Eleven picked up a narrowing peg, and placed it on top of his head.

"Hmm, it's missing something."

"More like there one more thing on you that doesn't need to be there," War replied, rolling his eyes.

"...I don't understand."

Ten.2 (Alex Prior)

The Doctor was a smart man. At least every incarnation (if not more) prided himself on his intelligence. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that he had managed to miss something of this magnitude. Curiously enough, it did.

It had been an odd loop, thus far. It had been completely baseline, if you didn't count the fact that oh yes, his Companions had been placed on a randomizer.

The shop-girl calling him 'Professor' should have, admittedly, been the first clue. Her telling Van Statten's Dalek that the Imperials

looked a little better only set off a small niggling in the back of his mind. But when she asked the Dalek Emperor about the whereabouts of Davros...

"Ace? Do you happen to be Looping?"

"If you're talking about me suddenly waking up as a shopgirl years in the past, sure. Why?"

The Doctor sighed. "I'm sorry, Ace, I'm not usually that slow. You see, there's this tree called Yggdrasil..."

Ten.3 (Scorntex)

The Doctor Awoke, and quickly did a check. Tall. Angry. Scottish. Everything was good.

No, wait. He only had one heart. Everything was no longer good.

"Jesus Christ, Doc! You just nuked Einstein!"

He realised he was holding something. It looked remote-ish. And there was someone with him. Young man, somewhere between sixteen and early forties was his guess, and staring at him blankly.

His Loop memories quickly filled him in.

Eugh. He'd just tested a time machine powered by plutonium on a dog! That was horrible. Who tested a time machine on a dog? That always worked out poorly. And he'd borrowed the resources from...

Suddenly, the young man opposite grabbed him and dragged him to the side. There was a lot of light and sound, and a car punched its way through time and slowed to a halt. Inside was a confused yet otherwise completely fine dog.

For a few seconds, the Doctor found himself at a loss for words. It felt wrong. Like only having one heart.

"Uh... hey?" The young man from before said. He glowered at him (not his best glower, he admitted, but he was in a state of shock).

"I'm Marty. Marty McFly," the strangely dressed young (or possibly old) man said, holding out a hand. "You're the Doctor, right?"

"I am," he said. The man grinned.

"Nice to meet another time traveller."

Something about the name, and the car sounded very familiar... but he couldn't recall why. Then he looked at the car.

"Is that your time machine?" he asked. Marty slowly withdrew the hand and nodded.

"Yeah. A friend of mine is usually the one that builds it. Guess you must be replacing him, then."

"No," the Doctor said. Clearly this Loop didn't require much brainpower in its Anchor. "I'm just filling in while he gets a sandwich. Ignore me, I'm only smarter than everyone on this planet."

Marty glanced about for a moment, as the Doctor strode towards the car and examined it. Then he examined it again. Then he gave it an experimental kick.

He swivelled back to look at Marty. "Right, this friend of yours. Where'd he built this time machine?"

"In his lab. It's not far from here." Marty gestured, before blinking. "Uh... why, exactly?"

"Because," the Doctor declared, "I take it this is the only means of time-travel available?"

"Yeah..." Marty decided to lie.

"Right then. I'm not going around the universe in a dodgy American car. I'm buildin' a proper time machine, and I don't care what any Admin says!"

Marty just stared at the irate Time Lord. "Well, the Doc did make one out of a train..."

The Doctor's head swivelled around, the glare returning. "A train?!"

He shook his head. "Not going around in a train. Can ye imagine me saying that? 'I'm the Doctor, I travel in time an' space and trains'. No-one's gonna say that!"

And with much grumbling, and a few angry words with a bewildered Einstein, the Doctor set off for "his" laboratory, muttering angrily under his breath all the way.

Marty waited until he was out of sight before removing the backup DeLorean from his Pocket. A few quick trips to solve the usual problems, he told himself. He had a feeling the Doctor was going to need supervision, and given there didn't seem to be anyone else around, it looked like that was his job.

After reintroducing Biff to his old friend the manure truck first, though.

Ten.4 (phantomdemon2)

This Loop was *hell* .

The Time War was waging across all of time and space, reality was tearing, repairing, never existed and always existed simultaneously in the war between Time Lord and Dalek. Worse than then it was originally, if you could believe that!

In the middle of this great and terrible war was a man, both young and old, who wanted to simply travel the universe and help those he

could. That man was the Doctor, the Thief of the Type-40 TARDIS, and protector of humanity. The Doctor was dead, but at the same time he wasn't. Temporarily revived from death by a potion, he was given a choice to turn away from his name and end the Time War or die.

Silly Doctor, Sexy won't let you hurt yourself that easily. The grinding of the Time Rotor echoed throughout the room where the Doctor was confronted by the Sisterhood of Karn, as the doors to the TARDIS swung open. Inside was his Companions, all of them, pulled from time and space into that blue box to help save the most beloved thief in the universe.

"You didn't think we were going to let you do this alone, did you?" the Brigadier asked from near the control panel. The Doctor, with tears streaming down his face and a smile tugging at his lips walked into his home with Cass's body, ignoring the twitterings of the Sisterhood.

"Why don't we show those Daleks a thing or two, Professor?" Ace asked as she did a few practice swings.

"Yes, let's," the Doctor replied, the whirs and groans of the TARDIS sounding.

Maybe this Loop wasn't going to be as bad he had thought, he mused, placing Cass's body respectfully off to the side.

Ten.5 (crossoverpairinglover)

"ALL HAIL THE ALL-MIGHTY TALL-EST DA-LEK!"

The Doctor, after poking his head into the Dalek rally, turned and walked away at the sight of this loop's lead Dalek (who was literally a Dalek on top of a headless Dalek).

Ten.6 (Drakohahn)

"ILL-U-MI-NATE!" said a Dalek as it flicked on a nearby light switch. It had been standing there for awhile, just playing with it like a little kid.

"DE-LU-MI-NATE!" And just like it had been doing for the past couple hours, it had been flicking the switch on and off.

"ILL-U-MI-NATE!" Light on once again...but then before it could flick the switch off again, the light bulb burned out. It sounded very saddened by the loss.

Ten.7 (Evilhumour)

The Doctor frowned as he sat on the edge of the TARDIS, staring down at Equuis in low orbit as he tried *again* for the billionth time to get *down* there!

"It's not been a *billion* of times Doctor," Twilight rolled her eyes, already predicting his rant after hearing it for so long. She was busy with Applebloom to try and figure out what magical aspect was preventing the TARDIS from landing. "And I think we're getting close to cracking the case of the magical interference Doctor."

"Right right, just doing boring non-moving stuff," he grumbled, this body was too energetic to stay still for more than five seconds and the ponies destroyed a large number of his fezzes too.

"Ah've got it!" Applebloom shouted, bring the two over to the filly at the monitors. "It seems to be that an overabundance of Earth pony magic producing a magical resonance interfering with the TARDIS's landing programs." Squinting, the filly tapped the screen showing an image of Applejack bucking a tree, with apples falling into buckets. "There! That's the resonance that's stop-Oh come *on* !" the filly shouted as the two other loopers facehoofed as they realized the horrid joke in place.

Ten.8 (Lurks in the Dark)

Alex Mercer sat in a wrought iron chair of the small cafe that he had allowed Dana to drag him to, proclaiming that they had an espresso to die for, and poking fun that he wouldn't met if he happened to get a bit of sun. She was ordering the beverages right now, leaving Alex alone; he had Awoken early, and taken steps to make sure that things never went to Hell, so he was simply enjoying the peace with his sister. He glared at the gathered patrons from the shadows of his hood, frankly not giving a damn to the askew side glances most of them were given him due to his rather intimidating a appearance.

Anyone looking at him might think he was people watching. He was not. Alex Mercer already knew far too much about people, and what they were really like, to ever want to voluntarily learn anything else about them.

"Well now!" a chipper voice exclaimed, and Mercer suddenly found the seat in front of him occupied by an eccentrically dressed man, wearing, of all things, a bow tie. Mercer gave the stranger the best death glare that he could deliver, the one that usually tweaked a human's lizard brain into recognizing the fact that they were in the presence of an alpha predator, and made them get the fuck out of his vicinity; the stranger didn't seem to even bat an eye.

"No need to be like that!" the man exclaimed. "The sun is shining, it's a beautiful day to be alive! Why waste it with such an unpleasant attitude!" White teeth flashed in a fearless smile at the virus collective.

Alex stared at the man who seemed to either knowingly or unknowingly have a death wish. He sent out a Ping, and cursed blackly in vast multitude of human languages when the man before him returned his signal, smiling even wider.

"Go. Away," Alex threatened, making his foot extend a tendril of viral matter to snake around the visiting Looper's leg, tightening

threateningly. The other man blinked at the sensation, looked under the table, and his brows rose at the sight.

"Well, that's a neat trick!" he said and his hand suddenly dived into his interior breast pocket and came back out with... *something* ... It looked like one of those generic alien devices from the old black-and-white science fiction films. The man aimed it down at his leg, and suddenly it like Alex had been shocked, as the tendril temporarily went numb.

Alex responded by turning his face into a gaping hole, much like a lamprey, with far too many teeth. The stranger wasn't impressed. Alex debated shifting his arm into a blade and bisecting the fool right here and now, but he really didn't want to have to deal with traumatizing Dana.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he growled out in a guttural tone of voice.

"I'm the Doctor!" the man introduced himself, extending a hand to shake him, with no seeming fear. Either this Looper was insane or he knew he could handle whatever he might think Alex was (or *thought* he could, at the very least.)

Alex made a point of ignoring the offered hand. "Doctor Who?" he asked, and immediately got the impression that he had been baited into something, as the man simply smiled in a very smug and satisfied manner at his question.

"Just the Doctor," the visiting Looper said, fishing into his coat pocket and taking out a wrinkled white bag, offering it towards him. "Jelly baby?" he offered, and Alex saw that it was filled with a fruit candy. When he didn't respond, the Doctor shrugged, dug his own hand into the sack, and happily popped a handful of the confections into his own mouth, chewing with relish. "I love these things. Humans make the most wonderful things, don't they?" he asked, gazing about the gathered patrons with awe, waving jauntily to a small child who had been observing him from next to his mother.

Alex snorted, drawing a look from the Doctor.

"Oh, you don't think so?" the Doctor asked.

"I *know* humans," Alex answered, not commenting on the fact that this Doctor had revealed that he apparently wasn't human, or at the very least, not a normal one. "Underneath, almost each and every one is a petty, self-absorbed sack of flesh that only cares about one thing, and one thing only: his or herself."

"Ah..." the Doctor nodded, seeming to understand him. "Mind reader, I take it? Some form of telepathy?" he wondered.

Alex responded by flashing a smile that literally had far too many teeth and was physically wider than it should have been. "Something like that," he commented softly, waiting to see how the Doctor would react. "Let's just say there's something to that old saying, 'You are what you eat.'"

The Doctor, to his credit, didn't react, save for popping another handful of candies into his mouth, chewing them thoughtfully as he seemed to mull over the fact that he sitting across from something that ate humans, and as far as he knew, human-shaped beings.

"You're not wrong," the Doctor said, looking at the other humans around them. "A lot of them do stumble and fall, often times." Alex snorted – *that* was an understatement. "I'm a time traveler myself," the Doctor confided. "I've seen humanity at its worst: the Holocaust, Dictatorships, ... I won't even mention some of the things that they do in the future," he said, waving a hand to dismiss the subject. "But... well, it's about finding the light in the darkness, you see. For every murder and rapist that exists, there's a unique, wonderful human who goes out of his or her way to help a stranger, invent some new form of art or medicine to help his or fellow man!

Some of them are, sadly, beyond help," the Doctor said, appearing genuinely sad about this fact. "But the trick is to find a person who's

worth protecting, and believe that other people can be like them! Living lonely isn't anyway to live at all," the Doctor advised.

Alex wanted to scoff and demand that the Looper leave his sight and not bother him for the rest of the Loop, but he found his eyes drawn to a person in the cafe. Dana was helping an elderly lady carry her order to her table, which was apparently what was taking her so long, and Alex found himself taking in the carefree smile and easy way she so effortlessly thought to help the older lady. His sister noticed him, and flashed him a smile that seemed to be slightly apologetic at making him wait; Alex waved off her concerns and motioned for her to take her time.

When he turned, the Doctor was gone. Alex was sure he might have been able to find him, if he had cared to expend the effort, but he turned his attention to his sister.

"Sorry for the wait," she apologized, setting a cup of coffee before him. "I got you a one of these, too," she said with enthusiasm, placing a pastry of some kind on a napkin in front of him. "They're amazing!" Alex looked down at the pastry and up to her expectant and beaming face. He took a bite and chewed it.

"It's good," he commented, and though he said it in a disinterested tone, Dana smiled wide at the praise.

"I know, right!" she said, happily taking her own pastry and biting into with obvious relish after dunking it in her drink.

Alex stared at Dana.

"Do I have crumbs on my face?" she asked, wiping around her mouth area with a napkin. Alex shook his head without a word.

Looking at his sister, Alex was forced to admit to himself that if humanity could produce someone like her, then maybe the Doctor wasn't an insane crackpot after all.

Ten.9 (Scorntex)

"Jack?"

"Yeah, Doctor?"

"Can I ask you something?"

The moderately drunk time-traveller looked at the Doctor's ear. "Sure."

The Doctor tapped against the bar, frowning. "I understand you decided to take part in a musical production this Loop."

"Probably." Jack shrugged.

"Highly successful. Sold out consistently it's entire run. Swept the Tony awards. Does that ring a bell?"

Some recognition seeped in through the booze haze, and Jack nodded non-committally. "Sounds familiar."

Then he realised the Doctor was looking utterly perplexed. "So, can you explain *why* someone decided to make a musical about the Daleks?"

Again, Jack shrugged. "Dunno. Maybe it seemed like a good idea at the time."

Ten.10 (Detective Ethan Redfield)

Zurvan should have seen this coming. Since the loop where the Doctor regenerated from his equine to human form, he knew it was only a matter of time until someone took notice. Sure enough, Sleipnir viewed the video logs on his terminal and, after giving Zurvan a good ribbing, sent a report to Hephaestus. Within a cycle, the Greek had arrived and was tapping away at the console while

Zurvan just sat in the corner, fuming silently to himself. The Greek God noticed this and shrugged, "You should have told me sooner."

Zurvan sighed, "I wanted to fix this myself."

Hephaestus took no note of Zurvan's reply and continued tapping away at the screen. Finally, a ching noise echoed from the console, causing Hephaestus to clap his hands together, "Yes! Now if my coding is right, the point of the Doctor's eleventh regeneration should be variable now, allowing for the Doctor to dodge the Dalek beam and keep on living as usual."

The Doctor seemed bored as his hand fell once again down the cliffside. He rose from his back and said, "You cut my hand off."

He had a plan to deal with Davros' return this time around, but it required him to go baseline for quite awhile. The Sycorax leader shouted in victory as the Doctor rose, "And now I know what sort of man I am. I'm lucky, because quite by chance I'm within the first 15 hours of my regeneration cycle, which means I have just enough cellular energy to do...this."

Suddenly, his body started glowing golden yellow. He blinked in confusion as he looked at himself. His regeneration cycle has started. He recoiled in shock. "What?! But wait! I'm not dying or dead! My hand being cut off shouldn't be enough! And it always happens just as That Dalek kills me. That's not fair!"

With that, his body exploded as he regenerated his hand and wasted his eleventh regeneration again.

Hephaestus flinched as Zurvan quirked his eye at the admin. The Greek God held his hand to his chin and sputtered, "Uh, yes, this can...happen...from time to time..."

Zurvan just laughed as he walked down the hall, heading to grab a coffee from the break room. Hephaestus groaned and bent over the console again, "Back to square one."

With that, he saved his coding for future review and set the console to restore the original coding after this loop ended.

Ten.11 (Scorntex)

"Doctor?"

"... Yes, Donna?"

"Where the flipping heck did the TARDIS go?"

The two looked at the spot where not ten minutes previously there had been one TARDIS. Now, instead, there was only empty air.

Donna Noble summoned up the full range of unamused annoyance. "Is this gonna be Rome all over again?"

The Doctor did not respond, instead finding himself staring at the empty space. The two stood there, Donna occasionally glowering at passers-by, who seemed confused as to why two strangers were staring at a blank wall. Or possibly because the two of them seemed to be the only people in San Francisco dressed like human beings, and not escapees from a science-fiction convention.

Above them, Starfleet shuttlecraft buzzed through the air.

After a few seconds of silence, Donna's phone went off. She fished around in her pocket, and turned it on. "Oh." She finally declared. Slowly, the Doctor turned to stare at her. She just blinked.

"Says 'ere that the TARDIS has been impounded," she declared. "Some people called the... Department of Temporal Investigations."

A haunted look overcame the Doctor's face. Donna recognised that one immediately.

"Know them?" She barely tried not to grin.

The Doctor just nodded. "I've met them before," he sighed. "They're some of the most small-minded, petty, unambitious beings ever to exist."

"How bad?" Donna asked.

"They don't think time-travel is fun," the Doctor said, with all the gravity of a funeral. "Y'know the Starfleet Loopers?"

"Yeah." Donna lied.

"Well, these people are the reason we don't know who most of them are." The Doctor groaned. "C'mon. We'd better go find them. Sooner we get this over with, the sooner we can get the TARDIS back."

Many Loopers knew of Starfleet. Many of them were aware of the feared Department of Temporal Investigations, one of the greatest reasons the Loopers from that particular Branch never made themselves known. Any who had ever visited knew of the reason why this group of utterly unremarkable entities was so feared, the mountains worth of dry, soul-sucking paperwork.

As far as anyone knew, no Looper in all of Yggdrasil could've possibly been so small-minded, officious and flat-out boring enough to be a member.

As far as they knew.

In the central London (England, Earth, the Terran System) office, one of the leading forces behind the Department gazed out of their window at the sight of a typical London afternoon in spring.

Gray and slightly damp. Very British.

A noise cut throat the individual's private reverie. Swivelling their chair, they pressed on the device.

"Yes?"

"Admiral." It was a non-descript DTI agent, *"We have two visitors to our Pluto impound. They are... insisting we illegally confiscated their time-travel mechanism."*

The Admiral frowned. "Did you inform them as to standard DTI protocol regarding all unidentified time-travel mechanisms?"

There was a momentary pause. Even through the comm, the admiral could hear someone yelling, and loudly at that. They sounded English.

"Yes, Admiral. They refuse to fill in the requisite paperwork."

The Admiral stared idly at her fingernails. "Well then, inform them that unless they are willing to sign a handful of release forms, we cannot possibly give them their vehicle back."

"Of course, Admiral."

"Delgado, out." And before the person at the other end of the line could say anything, Admiral Antoinette Delgado (or as she preferred, the Mistress) turned the comm off. Following that, she allowed herself to lean back in her chair, and smiled a satisfied grin at the thought of the Doctor battling the baffling levels of bureaucracy this Loop came built with (with a few key touches of her own, of course).

She wondered if he'd even bother going through it all, or just storm off in a huff.

Either one sounded good to her.

Ten.12

"There's a bar in the TARDIS?" asked Sarah Jane.

The Doctor stood behind the counter, mixing up a drink with all the flare of his Eleventh self. "It's not always here, but I've had occasion to use it from time to time. Oh look, a pun."

"Does the Professor ever drive the TARDIS drunk?" Ace whispered.

"He can barely drive it sober," replied Clara. "Would you want him to try?"

"Can we please stop insulting our host?" chimed in the Brigadier. "I must say Doctor, this is a fine establishment. Quite the collection you have, as well."

"Have to be careful, though," commented Jack. "Some of this stuff is so old it'll kill you. Best leave those for me."

Ten.1: In celebration of the Doctor's appearance in LEGO Dimensions

Ten.2: And Dorothy "Ace" Gale McShane joins the Loops!

Ten.3: 'Cause when you time travel, you should do it in style!

Ten.4: The Children of Time leave no man behind!

Ten.5: Daleks can be really Irken at times.

Ten.6: It was then that Clara realized she needed to work on her Dalek servant programme.

Ten.7: Hint: It's an old saying that involves daily repetition.

Ten.8: Doctor's unwavering faith in humanity can inspire some of the worst misanthropes.

Ten.9: That being said, *Space/Time For Davros* was a surprise hit.

Ten.10: And the Second-Tenth Doctor Glitch continues.

Ten.11: The Mistress of Time Trolling.

Ten.12: Alcoholic of want and Space, any all drink you Time.